DIVINE POEMES

Reuiſed, and Corrected with Additions

By the Author Fra: Quarles.

Printed for Iohn Marriott in St Dunſtons Church yard

DIVINE POEMS.

Containing

The Hiſtory of { JONAH. / ESTER. / JOB. / SAMSON.

SIONS { SONETS. / ELEGIES.

Written and newly augmented,

BY

FRA: QUARLES.

LONDON,

Printed by *M.F.* for *I.M.* and are to be ſold by *Lawrence Blaikelocke*, at his ſhop at the ſigne of the Sugar-loafe, next Temple-Barre in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1638.

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TO THE SACRED MAJESTIE of King CHARLES.

SIR,

WHen your Landed Subject dies, and leaves none of his Blood to inherite, the Lawes of this your Kingdome finds the King heire: In this Volume are contained severall Poems lately dedicated to divers of your Nobility, whom they have out-lived; So that the Muses (who seldome or never give honour for lives) have found them all for the King, which I have here gathered together, and prostrated before the feet of your Sacred Majesty. Indeed one of them I formerly dedicated and presented to your selfe. So that now they are become doubly yours, both by Escheate, and as Survivour. And if you

pleaſe to owne mee as your ſervant, your Majeſtie hath another Title good, by which I moſt deſire they ſhould be known yours: I will not ſinne againſt the common good, ſo much as to expect your Majeſties ſerious eye upon them: If when your Crowne ſhall be moſt favourable to your Princely browes, you pleaſe to afford a gracious hearing, they will with the helpe of ſome benevolous Reader, and your Royall acceptance (I hope) reliſh in your ſacred eares, and receive honour from your accuſtomed goodneſſe, farre above their merits, or the expectation of

Your true-hearted and

loyall Leigeman

FRA: QUARLES.

To the READER.

I List not to tyre thy patient Eares with unneceſſary Language, *(the abuſe of Complement,) My mouth's no* Dictionary: *it onely ſerves as the needfull* Interpreter *of my Heart.*

I have ſent thee the firſt fruits *of an abortive* Birth. *It is a dainty* Subject, *not Fabulous; but* Truth *it ſelfe.*

Wonder not at the Title (A FEAST FOR WORMES:) *for it is a* Song *of* Mercie: *What greater* FEAST *than* Mercie? *And what are* Men *but* WORMES?

Moreover, *I have gleaned ſome few* Meditations, *obvious to the* Hiſtorie;

Let me advise thee to keep the Taste of the one, whileſt thou readeſt the other, and that will make thee reliſh both, the better.

Vnderſtanding Reader, favour mee; Gently expound, what it is too late to correct,

He leva le Golpe, Dios ſea con ella.

Farewell.

THE

THE PROPOSITION of this first Worke.

TIs not the Record of great Hectors *glory,*
Whose matchlesse Valour *makes the* World *a Story;*
Nor yet the swelling of that Romans *name*
That onely Came, *and* Look'd, *and* Overcame:
Nor One, *nor* All *of those brave* Worthies *nine,*
(Whose Might was great, and Acts almost divine,
That liv'd like gods, *but dy'd like* Men, *and gone)*
Shall give my Pen *a Taske to treate upon:*
I sing the praises of the KING *of Kings.*
Out of whose mouth a two-edg'd Smiter *springs,*
Whose Words *are* Mystery, *whose* Works *are* Wõder
Whose Eyes *are* lightning, *& whose* Voyce *is* Thũder;
Who like a Curtaine *spreads the* Heavens *out,*
Spangled with Starres, *in Glory round about:*
'Tis He *that cleft the furious waves in twaine,*
Making a Highway passage *through the* Maine:
'Tis He, *that turn'd the waters into* Blood,
And smote the Rocky stone, *and caus'd a* Flood;
Tis He, *that's justly armed in his* Ire,
Behinde with Plagues, *before with* flaming fire;
More bright than mid-day Phœbus, *are his* Eyes,
And whosoever sees his Visage, dies.
I sing the Praises of Great Judahs Lyon,
The fragrant Flowre *of* Jesse, *the* Lambe *of* Sion.

Whose

Whose Head *is whiter than the driven* Snow,
Whose Visage *doth like flames of* Fier *glow :*
His Loynes *begirt with golden* Belt, *his* Eyne
Like Titan, *riding in his Southerne* Shine,
His Feet *like burning* Brasse, *and as the noise*
Of surgie Neptunes *roaring in his* Voyce,
This is that Paschall Lambe *whose deareſt* blood,
Is soveraigne Drinke, *whose* Flesh *is saving* Food:
His precious Blood, *the Worthies of the* Earth
Did drinke, which (though but borne of mortall *birth)*
Return'd them Deities : *For who drinkes* This,
Shall be receiv'd into Eternall Bliſſe;
Himselfe's the Gift, *which* He *himselfe did give,*
His Stripes *heale us, and by* His *Death we live;*
He *acting* God *and* Man, *in double Nature,*
Did reconcile Mankinde, *and* Mans Creator.
I, here's a Taske *indeed; If* Mortals *could*
Not make a Verse, yet Rocks *and* Mountaines *would:*
The Hils *shall dance, the* Sunne *shall stop his Course,*
Hearing the Subject *of this* high *Discourse :*
The Horse *and* Gryphin, *shall together* sleepe,
The Wolfe *shall fawne upon the silly* Sheep,
The crafty Serpent, *and the fearfull* Hart,
Shall joyne in Consort, *and each beare a part,*
And leape for Joy; *when my* Urania *sings,*
She *sings the praises of the* King of Kings.

The

The Introduction.

¶ THat Ancient Kingdome, that old *Assur* sway'd,
Shew'd two great Cities: Ah! but both decay'd,
Both mighty Great, but of unequall growth;
Both great in People, and in Building, both;
But ah! What hold is there of earthly good?
Now grasse growes there, where these brave Cities stood
The name of one, great *Babylon* was hight,
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight
From high Armenia to the ruddie Seas,
And stores the Land with rich Commodities.
¶ The other *Ninus*, Nineveh the *Great*;
So huge a Frabrick, and well-chosen Seat,
Don *Phœbus* fierie Steeds (with Maines becurl'd,
That circundates in twice twelve houres the world)
Ne'r saw the like: By great King *Ninus* hand,
'Twas rais'd and builded in th' *Assyrians* Land.
On one hand, Lycus washt her fruitfull sides,
On t'other, Tygris with her hasty Tydes.
Begirt she was with wals of wondrous might,
Creeping twice fiftie foot in measur'd height.
Vpon their bredth (if ought we may relie
On the report of Sage Antiquitie,)
Three Chariots fairly might themselves display,
And ranke together in a Battell ray:
The circuit that her mightie Bulke imbraces
Containes the mete of sixtie thousand paces:
Within her well-fenc'd wals you might discover
Five hundred stately Towers, thrice told over;
Whereof the highest draweth up the eye;
As well the low'st, an hundred Cubits hie;

All

All rich in thoſe things which to ſtate belong,
For beautie *brave*, and for munition *ſtrong*:
Duely, and daily this *great Worke* was tended
With *ten thouſand Workmen*; begun and ended
In *eight yeares ſpace*: How beautifull! how faire
Thy Buildings! And how foule thy *Vices* are!
¶ Thou Land of *Aſſur*, double then thy pride,
And let thy Wells of *Joy* be never dry'd,
Thou haſt a *Palace*, that's renown'd ſo much,
The like was never, is, nor will be ſuch.
¶ Thou Land of *Aſſur*, treble then thy *Woe*,
And let thy *Teares* (doe as thy *Caps*) o'rflow;
For this thy *Palace* of ſo great renowne,
Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſackt, and batter'd downe.
But cheare up, *Niniveh*, thine inbred might
Hath meanes enough to quell thy *Foe-mans* ſpite:
Thy Bulwarks are like *Mountaines*, and thy Wall
Diſdaines to ſtoope to thundring *Ordnance* call:
Thy watchfull *Towres* mounted round about,
Keepe thee in ſafetie, and thy *Foe-men*, out:
I, but thy *Bulwarkes* aid cannot withſtand
The direfull ſtroke of the *Almightes* hand;
Thy Wafer-wals at dread *Jehovahs* blaſt
Shall quake, and quiver, and ſhall downe be caſt:
Thy watchfull *Towers* ſhall aſleepe be found,
And nod their drowſie *heads* downe to the ground:
Thy Bulwarkes are not *Vengeance*-proofe; thy Wall
When *Juſtice* brandiſheth her Sword, muſt fall:
Thy loftie *Towres* ſhall be dumbe, and yeeld
To high *Revenge*; *Revenge* muſt win the field;
Vengeance cries loud from heaven, ſhe cannot ſtay
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brimm'd her *Vials* full of deadly *Bane*:
Thy *Palace* ſhall be burnt, thy *People* ſlaine;

Thy

Thy *Heart* is hard as *Flint*, and ſwolne with pride,
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltleſſe *blood* are dy'd;
Thy ſilly *Babes* doe ſtarve for want of *Food*:
Whoſe tender *Mothers* thou haſt drencht in *Blood*:
Women with childe, lie in the ſtreets about,
Whoſe *Braines* thy ſavage hands have daſhed out;
Diſtreſſed *Widowes* weep, (but weepe in vaine)
For their dear *Husbands*, whom thy *hands* have ſlain.
By one mans *Force*, another mans devowr'd,
Thy *Wives* are raviſht, and thy *Maids* deflowr'd;
Where *Juſtice* ſhould, there *Tort* & *Bribes* are plac't,
Thy' *Altars* defil'd, and *holy things* defac't:
Thy *Lips* have taſted of proud *Babels* Cup,
What *thou* haſt left, thy *Children* have drunke up.
Thy bloody *ſinnes*, thine *Abels* guiltleſſe *blood*,
Cries up to heaven for *vengeance*, cries aloud;
Thy *ſinnes* are *ſeire*, and readie for the fire,
Here rouze, (my *Muſe*) and for a ſpace, reſpire.

TO

TO THE MOST HIGH HIS HUMBLE SERVANT IMPLORES HIS FAVOrable Assistance.

O All-sufficient GOD, *great* LORD *of Light,*
Without whose gracious aide, and constant sprite,
No labours prosper, (howsoe'r begun)
But flie like Mists before the morning Sunne:
O raise my thoughts, and cleare my Apprehension,
Infuse thy Spirit into my weake invention:
Reflect thy Beames upon my feeble Eyes,
Shew me the Mirrour of thy Mysteries;
My Art-lesse Hand, my humble Heart inspire,
Inflame my frozen tongue with holy fire:
Ravish my stupid Senses with thy Glory;
Sweeten my Lips with sacred Oratory:
And thou (O FIRST *and* LAST*) assist my Quill,*
That first and last I may performe thy will:
My sole intent's to blazon forth thy Praise;
My ruder Pen expects no crowne of Bayes.
Suffice it then, Thine Altar I have kist:
Crowne me with Glory; Take the Bayes that list.

A FEAST FOR VVORMES.

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,
Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.
1638.

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A FEAST FOR WORMES.

THE ARGUMENT.

The word of God to Jonah came,
Commanded Jonah to proclame
The vengeance of his Majestie,
Against the sinnes of Ninivie.

Sect. 1.

TH' Eternall Word of God, whose high Decree
Admits no change, and cannot frustrate be,
Came downe to *Jonah*, from the heavens above;
Came downe to *Jonah*, heavens anointed Dove,
Jonah, the flowre of old *Amittai*'s youth,
Jonah, the Prophet, Sonne, and Heire to Truth,
The blessed Type of him, that ransom'd us,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus:

« *Arise; trusse up thy loynes, make all things meet,*
« *And put thy Sandals on thy hally feet,*
« *Gird up thy reines, and take thy staffe in hand,*
« *Make no delay, but goe, where I command;*
« *Me pleases not to send thee (Jonah) downe,*
« *To sweet Gath-Hepher thy deare native Towne,*
« *whose tender paps, with plenty overflow;*
« *Nor yet unto thy brethren shalt thou goe:*

Amongst the Hebrewes, where thy spredden fame
Fore-runs the welcome of thine honour'd name.
No, Ile not send thee hither: Up, arise,
And goe to Nineveh, where no Allies,
Nor consanguinity preserves thy bloud,
To Nineveh, where strangers are withstood:
To Nineveh, A Citie far remov'd
From thine acquaintance, where th'art not belov'd:
I send thee to Mount Sinai, not Mount Sion,
Not to a gentle Lambe, but to a Lion:
Nor yet to Lydia, *but to bloody* Pashur,
Not to the Land of Canaan, *but of* Ashur,
Whose language will be riddles to thine eares,
And thine againe will be as strange to theirs:
I say, to Nineveh, the worlds great Hall,
The Monarchs seat, high Court Imperiall.
But terrible Mount Sinai *will affright thee,*
And Pashurs *heavy hand is bent to smite thee:*
The Lions roare, the people's strong and stout,
The Bulwarkes stand afront to keepe thee out.
Great Ashur *minaces with whip in hand,*
To entertaine thee (welcome) to his Land.
What then? Arise, be gone; stay not to thinke:
Bad is the cloth, that will in wetting shrinke.
What then, if cruell Pashur *heape on stroakes?*
Or Sinai *blast thee with her sulphorous smokes?*
Or Ashur *whip thee? or the Lions rent thee?*
Pish, on with a courage; I the Lord have sent thee:
Away, away, lay by thy foolish pitty,
And goe to Nineveh, that mighty City:
Cry loud against it, let thy dreadfull voice
Make all the Citie echo with the noise:
Not like a Dove, *but like a* Dragon goe,
Pronounce my Judgement, and denounce my Woe:

Make

« Make not thy bed a fountaine full of teares,
« To weepe in secret for her sinnes. Thine eares
« Shall heare such things will make thine eyes run over;
« Thine eyes shall smart with what they shall discover.
« Spend not in private those thy zealous drops,
« But hew, and hack; spare neither trunke nor lops:
« Make heaven, and earth rebound, when thou discharges;
« Plead not (like Paul) but roare (like Bonnarges)
« Nor let the beauty of the buildings bleare thee,
« Let not the terrors of the Rampiers feare thee;
« Let no man bribe thy fist, (I will advise thee)
« Nor fowle meanes force thee, nor let faire entice thee;
« Ramme up thine eares: Thine heart of stone shall be;
« Be deafe to them, as they are deafe to me:
« Goe, cry against it. If they aske thee why?
« Say, heavens great Lord commanded thee to cry:
« My Altars cease to smoake; their holy fires
« Are quencht; and where prayers should, their flame aspires;
« The fatnesse of their fornication fries
« On coales of raging lust, and upward flies,
« And makes me sick: I heare the mournfull groanes,
« And heavie sighs of such, whose aking bones
« Th'oppressor grindes: Alas, their griefe implores me,
« Their pray'rs, preferr'd with teares, plead loud before me:
« Behold, my sonnes, they have oppress, and kill'd,
« And bath'd their hands within the blood they spill'd:
« The streame of guiltlesse blood makes suit unto me,
« The voice of many bloods is mounted to me;
« The vile profaner of my sacred Names,
« He teares my titles, and my honour maims,
« Makes Rhet'rick of an oath, sweares and forswearest,
« Reckes not my Mercy, nor my Judgement feares:
« They eate, they drinke, they sleepe, they live the night
« In wanton defiance, and incleane delight.

« Heavens winged Herald Ionas, *up and goe,*
« To mighty Niniveh, Denounce my woe.
« Advance thy voice, and when thou hast advanc'd it,
« Spare Shrub, nor Cedar, but cry out against it:
« Hold out thy Trumpet, and with louder breath,
« Proclame my sudden comming, and their death.

The Authors Apologie.

IT was my morning Muse; A Muse whose spirit
Transcends (I feare) the fortunes of her merit;
Too bold a Muse, whose feathers (yet in blood)
She never bath'd in the *Pyrenean* Flood;
A Muse unbreath'd, unlikely to attaine
An easie honour, by so stout a Traine;
Expect no lofty *Hagard*, that shall flie
A lessining pitch, to the deceived eye;
If in her Downy Soreage, she but ruffe
So strong a Dove, may it be thought enough;
Beare with her; Time and Fortune may requite
Your patient sufferance, with a fairer flight.

The generall Application.

TO thee (*Malfido*) now I turne my Quill;
That God is still that God, and will be still.
The painfull Pastors take up *Jonah's* roome,
And thou the Ninivite, to whom they come.

Meditat. 1.

HOw great's the love of God unto his creature?
Or is his Wisedome, or his Mercy greater?
I know

I know not whether: O th'exceeding love
Of highest God, that from his Throne above
Will send the brightnesse of his grace to those
That grope in darknesse, and his grace oppose:
He helps, provides, inspires, and freely gives,
As pleas'd to see us ravell out our lives;
He gives us from the heape, he measures not,
Nor deales (like *Manna*) each his stinted lot,
But daily sends the Doctors of his Spouse,
(With such like oyle as from the Widowes Cruse
Did issue forth) in fulnesse without wasting,
Where plenty still was had, yet plenty lasting.
I, there is care in heaven, and heavenly sprights,
That guides the world, and guards poore mortall wights;
There is; else were the miserable state
Of man, more wretched and unfortunate
Than savage beasts: But O th'abounding love
Of highest God! whose Angels from above
Dismount the Towre of Blisse, flie to and fro,
Assisting wretched man, their deadly foe.
What thing is Man, that Gods regard is such?
Or why should heaven love rechlesse man so much?
Why? what are men, but quickned lumps of earth?
A Feast for Wormes; a bubble full of breath;
A looking-glasse for griefe; a flash; a minute;
A painted Toombe, with putrifaction in it;
A mappe of Death; A burthen of a song;
A winters Dust; A worme of five foot long;
Begot in sinne; In darknesse nourisht; Borne
In Sorrow; Naked; Shiftleffe and forlorne:
His first voice (heard) is crying for reliefe;
Alas! He comes into a world of griefe:
His Age is sinfull, and his Youth is vaine,
His Life's a punishment; His Death's a paine;

His life's an houre of Ioy, a world of Sorrow;
His death's a winters night, that findes no morrow:
Mans Life's an Hower-glaſſe, which being runne,
Concludes that houre of joy, and ſo is done.
Jonah muſt goe, nor is this charge confin'd
To *Jonah*, but to all the world injoyn'd;
You Magiſtrates, ariſe, and take delight,
In dealing Iuſtice, and maintaining right;
There lies your Niniveh: Merchants ariſe,
And mingle conſcience with your Merchandiſe:
Lawyers ariſe, make not your righteous Lawes
A trick for gaine; Let Iuſtice rule the cauſe:
Tradeſmen ariſe, and plie your thriving ſhops
With truer hands, and eate your meat with drops:
Paul to thy Tents, and *Peter* to thy Net,
And all muſt goe that courſe which God hath ſet.
¶ Great God awake us in theſe drowſie times,
Leſt vengeance finde us ſleeping in our Crimes,
Encreaſe ſucceſſion in thy Prophets liew,
For loe, thy Harveſt's great, and workmen few.

THE ARGUMENT.

But Jonah *toward Tharſis went,*
A Tempeſt doth his courſe prevent:
The Mariners are ſore oppreſt,
while Jonah *ſleeps and takes his reſt.*

Sect. 2.

BVt *Jonah* thus bethought: *The Citie's great,*
And mighty Aſſhur *ſtands with deadly threat:*
Their

Their hearts are hardned, that they cannot heare:
Will greene-mood burne, when so unapt's the feire?
Strange is the charge: Shall I goe to a place
Unknowne and forraigne? Aye me! hard's the case
That righteous Isr'el must be thus neglected,
When miscreants and Gentiles are respected:
How might I hope my words should there succeed,
Which thrive not with the flocks I daily feed?
I know my God is gentle, and enclin'd
To tender mercie, apt to change his minde
Upon the least repentance: Then shall I
Be deem'd as false, and shame my Prophesie.

O heavy burthen of a doubtfull minde!
Where shall I goe, or which way shall I winde?
My heart like Ianus, *Looketh to and fro:*
My credit bids me, Stay; my God bids, Goe:
If Goe, my labour's lost, my shame's at hand,
If stay, Lord! I transgresse my Lords command:
If goe, from bad estate, to worse I fall:
If stay, I slide from bad, to worst of all.
My God bids goe, my credit bids me stay,
My guilty feare bids flie another way.

So *Jonah* straight arose, himselfe bedight
With fit acoutrements for hasty flight:
In stead of staffe, he tooke a Sheepmans weede;
In stead of going, loe, he flies with speed.
Like as a Hawke (that overmatcht with might)
Doing sad penance for th'unequall fight,
(Answ'ring the Falkners second shout) does flee
From fist, turnes taile to fowle, and takes a tree:
So *Jonah* baulks the place where he was sent,
(To Nineveh) and downe to Iaffa went:

He ſought, enquired, and at laſt, he found
A welcome Ship, that was to Tharſis bound,
Where he may flie the preſence of the Lord:
He makes no ſtay, but ſtraightway goes aboord:
His haſty purſe for bargaine findes no leiſure,
(Where ſin delights, there's no account of treaſure)
Nor did he know, nor aske, how much his Fare:
He gave: They tooke: all parties pleaſed are.
(How thriftleſſe of our coſt, and paines, are we,
Great God of heaven, and earth, to flie from thee!
Now have the Sailors drunke their parting cup,
They goe aboord, the Sailes are hoyſting up;
The Anchor's way'd; the Keele begins t'obey
Her gentle Rudder, leaves her quiet Key,
Divides the ſtreames, and without winde or oare,
She eaſly glides along the moving ſhore;
Her ſwelling Canvas gives her nimbler motion,
Sh'outſtrips the Tide, and hies her to the Ocean:
Forth to the deepe ſhe launches, and outbraves
The prouder Billowes, rides upon the Waves: (her,
She plies that courſe, her Compaſſe hath enjoyn'd
And ſoone hath left the leſſned land behind her;
By this, the breath of heaven began to ceaſe;
Calme were the Seas; the Waves were all at peace;
The flagging Mainſaile flapt againſt her Yard,
The uſeleſſe Compaſſe, and the idle Card
Were both neglected: Vpon every ſide
The gameſome Porpiſe tumbled on the Tide.
Like as a Maſtiffe, when reſtrain'd a while,
Is made more furious, and more apt for ſpoile:
Or when the breath of man being barr'd the courſe,
At length breaks forth with a far greater force;
Even ſo the milder breath of heaven, at laſt,
Lets flie more fierce, and blowes a ſtronger blaſt:

All

All on a sudden darkned was the Skie
With gloomy clouds; heavens more refulgent eye
Was all obscur'd: The aire grew dampe and cold,
And strong mouth'd *Boreas* could no longer hold:
Æolus lets loose his uncontrouled breath,
Whose language threatens nothing under death:
The Rudder failes; the Ship's at randome driven;
The eye no object ownes, but Sea and Heaven:
The Welkin stormes, and rages more and more,
The raine powres downe; the heavens begin to rore
As they would split the massie Globe in sunder,
From those that live above, to those live under;
The Pilot's frighted, knowes not what to doe:
His Art's amaz'd, in such a maze of woe;
Faces grow sad: Prayers and complaints are rife,
Each one's become an Orator for life:
The Windes above, the waters underneath,
Ioyne in rebellion, and conspire death.
The Seamens courage now begins to quaile,
Some ply the Pump, whilst others strike the Saile.
Their hands are busie, while their hearts despaire,
Their feares and dangers move their lips to prayer:
They pray'd, but winds did snatch their words away,
And lets their pray'rs not goe to whom they pray:
But still they pray, but still the wind and weather
Do turn both ship & pray'rs they know not whither.
Their gods were deafe, their danger waxed greater;
They cast their wares out, and yet ne'r the better:
But all this while was *Jonah* drown'd in sleepe,
And in the lower deck was buried deepe.

Medita. 2.

Meditat. 2.

BVt ſtay: this was a ſtrange and uncouth word,
Did *Jonah* flie the preſence of the Lord?
What miſter word is that? He that repleats
The mighty Vniverſe, whoſe lofty ſeats
Th'imperiall heaven, whoſe foot-ſtoole is the face
Of maſſie earth? Can he from any place
Be barr'd? or yet by any meanes, excluded,
That is in all things? (and yet not included)
Could *Jonah* finde a reſting any where
So void, or ſecret, that God was not there?
I ſtand amaz'd, and frighted at this word:
Did *Jonah* flie the preſence of the Lord?
Mount up to heaven, and there thou ſhalt diſcover
The exc'lent glory of his Kingly power:
Beſtride the earth beneath (with weary pace)
And there he beares the Olive branch of Grace:
Dive downe into th'extreame Abyſſe of Hell,
And there in Iuſtice doth th'Almighty dwell.
What ſecret Cloyſter could there then afford
A ſcreene 'twixt faithleſſe *Jonah*, and his Lord?
¶ *Jonah* was charg'd to take a charge in hand;
But *Jonah* turn'd his back on Gods command;
Shooke off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
And what was ſtrictly charg'd, he quite rejected:
And ſo he fled the power of his Word;
And ſo he fled the preſence of his Lord.
¶ Good God! how poore a thing is wretched man?
So fraile, that let him ſtrive the beſt he can,
With every little blaſt hee's overdon:
If mighty Cedars of great *Lebanon*,
Cannot the danger of the Axe withſtand,
Lord! how ſhall we that are but buſhes, ſtand?

How

How fond, corrupt, how ſenſeleſſe is mankind?
How faining deafe is he? how wilfull blind?
He ſtops his eares, and ſinnes: he ſhuts his eyes,
And (blindefold) in the lap of danger flies:
He ſins, deſpaires; and then to ſtint his griefe,
He chuſeth death, to baulke the God of life.
¶ Poore wretched ſinner, travell where thou wilt,
Thy travell ſhall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
Climbe tops of hils, that proſpects may delight thee,
There will thy ſins (like wolves & beares) affright thee:
Flie to the vallies, that thoſe frights may ſhun thee,
And there (like Mountains) they will fall upon thee:
Or to the raging ſeas (with *Jonah*) goe;
There will thy ſins like ſtormy Neptune flow.
Poore ſhiftleſſe man! what ſhall become of thee?
Where 'ere thou fly'ſt, thy griping ſinne will flee.
¶ But all this while, the ſhip where *Jonah* ſleeps,
Is toſt, and torne, and batter'd on the deeps,
And well-nigh ſplit upon the threatning Rock,
With many a boyſtrous bruſh, and churley knock.
God help all deſp'rate voyagers, and keepe
All ſuch, as feele thy wonders on the deepe.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Pilot thumps on Jonah's *breaſt,*
And rouſeth Jonah *from his reſt:*
They all caſt Lotts, (being ſore affrighted)
The ſacred Lott on Jonah *lighted.*

Sect. 3.

THe amazed Pilot finding no ſucceſſe,
(But that the ſtorme grew rather more than leſſe,

For all their toylsome paines, and needlesse prayers,
Despairing both of life and goods) repaires
To *Jonah's* drousie Cabbin; mainly cals;
Cals, *Jonah, Jonah*; and yet louder yawles;
Yet *Jonah* sleepes, and gives a shrug, or two,
And snores, (as greedy sleepers use to doe.)
The wofull Pilot jogs him, (but in vaine.)
(Perchance he dreames an idle word, or twaine;)
At length he tugs and puls his heavy coarse,
And thunders on his breast with all his force:
But (after many yawnes) he did awake him,
And (being both affrighted) thus bespake him:

« *Arise, O Sleeper, O arise and see,*
« *There's not a twiny thred 'twixt death and thee:*
« *This darkesome place (thou measur'st) is thy grave,*
« *And sudden Death rides proud on yonder wave:*
« *Arise, O sleeper, O arise, and pray;*
« *Perhaps thy God will heare, and not say, Nay:*
« *Repaire the losse of these our ill spent houres,*
« *Perchance thy God's more powerfull than ours:*
« *Heavens hand may cease, and have compassion on us,*
« *And turne away this mischiefe it hath done us.*

The sturdy Sailors (weary of their paine)
Finding their bootlesse labour lost, and vaine,
Forbare their toilesome taske, and wrought no more,
Expecting death, for which they lookt before;
They call a parley, and consult together,
They count their sinnes, (accusing one another)
That for his sinne, or his, this ill was wrought:
In fine, they all prove guilty of the fault:
But yet the question was not ended so:
One sayes, *'Twas thine offence; but he sayes, No,*
But 'twas for thy sake, that accuses me;
Rusht forth a third (the worser of the three)

And

And swore it was anothers, which (he hearing)
Deny'd it flat, and said, 'Twas thine for swearing:
In came a fift, accusing all; (replying
But little else) they all chid him for lying;
One said it was, another said 'twas not,
So all agreed, to stint the strife by Lott:
Then all was whist, and all to prayer went;
(For such a busnesse a fit complement)
The Lott was cast; 'tpleas'd God by Lotts to tell;
The Lott was cast; the Lott on *Jonah* fell.

Meditat. 3.

O Sacred subject of a Meditation!
Thy Workes (O Lord) are full of Admiration;
Thy judgements are all just, severe, and sure,
They quite cut off, or else, by lancing, cure
The festring sore of a rebellious heart,
Lest foule infection taint th'immortall part.
How deepe a Lethargie doth this disease
Bring to the slumbring soule, through careless ease!
Which once being wak'd, (as from a golden dreame)
Looks up, and sees her griefes the more extreame.
How seeming sweet's the quiet sleepe of sin?
Which when a wretched man's once nuzzled in:
How soundly sleeps he, without feare or wit?
No sooner doe his armes infolded knit
A drowzie knot upon his careless brest,
But there he snorts, and snores in endlesse rest;
His eyes are closed fast, and deafe his eares,
And (like *Endymion*) sleepes himselfe in yeares;
His sense-bound heart relents not at the voice
Of gentle warning, neither does the noyse

Of strong reproofe awake his sleeping eare,
Nor louder threatnings thunder makes him heare;
So deafe's the sinners eare, so numb'd his sense,
That sinne's no corrosive, breeds no offence;
For custome brings delight, deludes the heart,
Beguiles the sense, and takes away the smart.
¶ But stay; Did one of Gods elected number, (bet)
(Whose eyes should never sleep, nor eye-lids slum-
So much forget himselfe? Did *Jonah* sleepe,
That should be watchfull, and the Tower keepe?
Did *Jonah* (the selected mouth of God)
In stead of roaring judgements, does he nod?
Did *Jonah* sleepe so sound? Could he sleepe then,
When (with the sudden sight of death) the men
(So many men) with yelling shrieks, and cries,
Made very heaven report? Were *Jonah's* eyes
Still clos'd, and he, not of his life bereaven?
Hard must he wink that shuts his eyes from heaven.
O righteous *Isr'el*, where, O where art thou?
Where is thy Lampe? thy zealous Shepheard now?
Alas! the rav'nous Wolves will wort' thy sheepe;
Thy Shepheard's careless, and is falne asleepe;
Thy wandring flocks are frighted from their fold,
Their Shepheard's gone, and Foxes are too bold;
They, they whose smooth-fac'd words become the
Their works dissent, & first begin to faulter; (Altar,
And they that should be watch-lights in the Temple
Are snuffes, and want the oyle of good example;
The chosen Watch-men, that the Tow'r should keepe
Are waxen heavy-ey'd, and falne asleepe.
¶ Lord, if thy watchmen wink too much, awake the,
Although they slumber, doe not quite forsake them;
The flesh is weake, say not (if dulnesse seize
Their heavy eyes) sleep henceforth: take your ease;

And

And we poore weaklings, when we sleep in sin,
Knock at our drowzie hearts; and never lin,
Till thou awake our sin-congealed eyes;
Lest (drown'd in sleepe) we sinke and never rise.

THE ARGUMENT.

They question Ionah *whence he came,*
His Country, and his peoples Name.
He makes reply: They moane their woe,
And aske his counsell what to doe.

Sect. 4.

AS when a Theefe's appr'hended on suspect,
And charg'd for some supposed malefact,
A rude concourse of people, straight accrewes,
Whose itching eares even smart to know the newes;
The guilty pris'ner (to himselfe betraide)
He stands dejected, trembling and afraid:
So *Jonah* stood the Sailers all among,
Inclosed round amid the ruder throng.
As in a Summers evening you shall heare
In Hives of Bees (if you lay close your eare)
Confused buzzing, and seditious noyse,
Such was the murmure of the Sailers voice.

« *What was thy sinfull act that causes this,*
« *(Sayes one) wherein hast thou so done amisse?*
« *Tell us, what is thine Art (another sayes)*
« *That thou professest? Speake man, whence awayes,*
« *From what Confines cam'st thou? (A third replyes)*
« *What is thy Country? and of what allies?*
« *What, art thou borne a Iew? or Gentile? whether?*
« *(Ere he could lend an answer unto either)*

« A

« *A fourth demands, where hath thy breeding beene?*
All what they askt, they all askt o're agen:
In fine, their eares (impatient of delay)
Becalm'd their tongues to heare what he could say.
So *Jonas* (humbly rearing up his eyes)
Breaking his long-kept silence, thus replies:

« *I am an Hebrew, sonne of* Abraham,
« *From whom my Land did first derive her name,*
« *Within the Land of* Jury *was I borne,*
« *My name is* Jonah, *wretchlesse and forlorne:*
« *I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,*
« *For from before the face of God I flee;*
« *From whence (through disobedience) I am driven,*
« *I feare* JEHOVAH, *the great God of Heaven:*
« *I feare the Lord of Hosts, whose glorious hand*
« *Did make this stormie Sea, and massie Land.*

So said, their eares with double ravishment,
Still hung upon his melting lips, attent,
Whose dreadful words their hearts so near impierc't,
That from themselves, themselves were quite divers't.
As in a soultry Summers evening tide,
(When lustfull *Phœbus* re-salutes his Bride,
And *Philomela* 'gins her caroling)
A Herd of Deere are browzing in a Spring,
With eager appetite, misdeeming nought,
Nor in so deepe a silence fearing ought;
A sudden crack, or some unthought-of sound,
Or bounce of Fowlers Peece, or yelpe of Hound,
Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze, (gaze:
Where (senslesse halfe) through feare they stand at
So stand the Seamen, (as with Ghosts affrighted)
Entraunc'd with what this man of God recited:
Their tyred limbes doe now waxe faint, and lither,
Their hearts did yern, their knees did smite together:

Conge-

Congealed blood usurps their trembling hearts,
And left a faintnesse in their feeble parts:
Who (trembling out distracting language,) thus:

Why hast thou brought this mischiefe upon us?
What humour led thee to a place unknowne,
To seeke out forraigne Land, and leave thine owne?
What faith hadst thou, by leaving thine abode,
To think to flie the presence of thy God?
Why hast thou not obey'd (but thus transgrest)
The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgest?
Art thou a Prophet, and dost thou amisse?
What is the cause, and why hast thou done this?
What shall we doe? the tempest lends no eare
To fruitlesse chat, nor doe the billowes heare
Or marke our language: Waves are not attent:
Our goods they float, our needlesse paines are spent,
Our Barke's not weather-proofe; no Fort's so stout
To keepe continuall siege and battry out.
The Lott accuses thee, thy words condemne thee,
The waves (thy deaths men) strive to overwhelm thee;
What shall we doe? Thou Prophet, speak, we pray thee:
Thou fear'st the Lord; Alas! we may not slay thee:
Or shall we save thee? No, for thou dost flie
The face of God, and so deserv'st to die:
Thou Prophet, speake, what shall be done to thee,
That angry Seas may calme and quiet be?

Meditat. 4.

GIve leave a little to adjourne your text,
And ease my soule, my soule with doubts perplext.
Can he be said to feare the Lord, that flies him?
Can word confesse him, when as deed denies him?

My sacred Muse hath rounded in mine eare,
And read the mysterie of a twofold feare:
The first, a servile feare, for judgements sake;
And thus hels Fire-brands doe feare and quake:
Thus *Adam* fear'd, and fled behind a tree:
And thus did bloody *Cain* both feare and flee.
Vnlike to this there is a second kinde
Of feare, extracted from a zealous minde,
Full fraught with love, and with a conscience cleare
From base respects: It is a Filiall feare:
A feare whose ground would just remaine, and level,
Were neither Heaven, nor Hell, nor God, nor Devill.
Such was the feare that Princely *David* had;
And thus our wretched *Jonah* fear'd, and fled:
He fled asham'd, because his sins were such:
He fled asham'd, because his feare was much.
He fear'd *Jehovah*, other fear'd he none:
Him he acknowledg'd; him he fear'd alone:
Vnlike to those (who being blind with errour)
Frame many gods, and multiply their terrour.
Th' *Ægyptians*, god *Apis* did implore,
God *Assas* the *Chaldeans* did adore:
Babel to the *Devouring Dragon* seeks;
Th' *Arabians*, *Astaroth*; *Juno* the *Greeks*;
The name of *Belus*, the *Assyrians* hallow:
The *Trojans*, *Vesta*; *Corinth*, wise *Apollo*;
Th' *Arginians* sacrifice unto the *Sunne*;
To light-foot *Mercury*, bowes *Macedon*:
To god *Volunus*, Lovers bend their knee:
To *Pavor*, they that faint and fearfull be:
Who pray for health, and strength, to *Mavors* those;
And to *Victoria*, those that feare to lose:
To *Muta*, they that feare a womans tongue:
To great *Lucina*, women great with young:

To

To *Esculapius*, they that live oppreſt;
And ſuch to *Opis*, that deſier reſt.
O blinded ignorance of antique times,
How blent with errour, and how ſtuft with crimes
Your Temples were! And how adulterate!
How clogg'd with needleſſe gods! How obſtinate!
How void of reaſon, order, how confuſe!
How full of dangerous and foule abuſe!
How ſandy were the grounds, and how unſtable!
How many Deities! yet how unable!
Implore theſe gods that liſt to houle and barke,
They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the Arke:
But he to whom the ſeale of mercy's given,
Adores *Jehovah* the great God of Heaven:
Vpon the mention of whoſe ſacred Name,
Meek Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lions tame:
Bright *Sol* ſhall ſtop, and heaven ſhall turn his courſe:
Mountaines ſhall dance, and *Neptune* ſlake his force;
The Seas ſhall part, the fier want his flame,
Vpon the mention of *Jehovah's* Name:
A Name that makes the roofe of Heaven to ſhake,
The frame of Earth to quiver, Hell to quake:
A Name, to which all Angels blow their Trumps:
A Name puts frolick man into his dumps,
(Though ne'r ſo blythe:) A Name of high renowne:
It mounts the meek, and beats the lofty downe:
A Name, divides the marrow in the bone;
A Name, which out of hard and flinty ſtone
Extracteth hearts of fleſh, and makes relent
Thoſe hearts that never knew what mercy ment.
O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?
How is thy glory plac'd above the Heaven?
To tender mouthes of ſucklings thou haſt given

Coercive pow'r, and boldneſſe to reprove,
When elder men doe what them not behove.
O Lord! how great's the power of thine hand!
O God! how great's thy Name in all the Land!

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prophet doth his fault diſcover,
Perſwades the men to caſt him over:
They row, and toile, but doe no good,
They pray to be excus'd from blood.

Sect. 5.

SO *Jonah* fram'd this ſpeech to their demand,
« *Not that I ſeeke to traverſe the command*
« *Of my deare Lord, and out of minde perverſe,*
« *T'avoid the* Ninivites, *doe I amerce*
« *My ſelfe; Nor that I ever heard you threat,*
« *(Unleſſe I went to* Niniveh *(the great)*
« *And doe the meſſage ſent her from the Lord)*
« *That you would kill, or caſt me over-boord,*
« *Doe I do: this; 'tis my deſerved fine:*
« *You all are guiltleſſe, and the fault is mine.*
« *'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he;*
« *The tempeſt comes from heaven, the cauſe from me:*
« *You ſhall not loſe a haire for this my ſin,*
« *Nor periſh for the fault that mine hath bin;*
« *Loe, I the man am here; Loe, I am he,*
« *The root of all; End your revenge on me;*
« *I fled th' Eternall God; O, let me then*
« *(Becauſe I fled my God) ſo flie from men:*
« *Redeeme your lives with mine; Ah, why ſhould I*
« *Not guiltleſſe, live; and you not guilty, die?*

« *I*

I am the man for whom these billowes dance,
My death shall purchase your deliverance;
Feare not to cease your feares, but throw me in;
Alas! my soule is burthen'd with my sin,
And God is just, and bent to his Decree,
Which certaine is, and cannot alter'd be;
I am proclaim'd a Traitor to the King
Of heaven and earth: the winds with speedy wing
Acquaint the Seas: The Seas mount up on high,
And cannot rest untill the Traitor die;
Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended;
Let Death make Justice mends, which life offended;
Oh, let the swelling waters me intombe;
So shall the waves be still, and Seas be calme.

So said, th'amazed Mariners grew sad,
New Love abstracted, what old feare did adde;
Love called Pitty; Feare call'd Vengeance in;
Love view'd the Sinner; Feare beheld the Sinne;
Love cry'd out, Hold; for better sav'd than spil'd;
But feare cry'd, Kill; O better kill than kill'd:
Thus plung'd with Passions they distracted were
Betwixt the hopes and doubts of Love and Feare;
Some cry'd out, Save: if this foule deed we doe,
Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt us too:
Others cry'd, No: May rather death befall
To one (that hath deserv'd to die) than all:
Save him (sayes one) Oh save the man that thus
His dearest blood hath proffer'd to save us:
No, (sayes another) Vengeance must have blood,
And Vengeance strikes most hard, when most with-stood
In fine (say all.) Then let the Prophet die,
And we shall live; For Prophets cannot lie.
Loth to be guilty of their owne, yet loth
To haste poore *Jonah's* death, with hope, that both

Th'approaching evils might be at once prevented,
With prayers, and paines re-utter'd, re-attended;
They try'd new wayes deſpairing of the old,
Love quickens courage, makes the ſpirits bold:
They ſtrove, in vaine, by toile to win the ſhore,
And wrought more hard than e're they did before:
But now, both hands and hearts begin to quaile,
(For bodies wanting reſt, muſt faint and faile;)
The Seas are angry, and the waves ariſe,
Appeas'd with nothing but a Sacrifice;
Gods vengeance ſtormeth like the raging Seas,
Which nought but *Jonah* (dying) can appeaſe:
Fond is that labour, which attempts to free
What Heaven hath bound by a divine decree:
Jonah muſt die, Heaven hath decreed it ſo,
Jonah muſt die, or elſe they all die too;
Jonah muſt die, that from his Lord did flie;
The Lott determines, *Jonah* then muſt die;
His guilty word confirmes the ſacred Lott,
Jonah muſt die then, if they periſh not.

« *If Juſtice then appoint (ſince he muſt die,*
« *Said they) us Actors of his Tragedy,*
« *(Wee beg not (Lord) a warrant to offend)*
« *O, pardon blood-ſhed, that we muſt intend;*
« *Though not our hands, yet ſhall our hearts be cleare;*
« *Then let not ſtainleſſe conſciences beare*
« *The pond'rous burden of a Murders guilt,*
« *Or pay the price of blood that muſt be ſpilt;*
« *For loe, (deare Lord) it is thine owne decree,*
« *And we ſad miniſters of Juſtice be.*

Meditat. 5.

BVt ſtay a while; this thing would firſt be known:
Can *Jonah* give himſelfe, and not his owne?
That part to God, and to his Country this
Pertaines, ſo that a ſlender third is his.
Why then ſhould *Jonah* doe a double wrong,
To deale himſelfe away, that did belong
The leaſt unto himſelfe? or how could he
Teach this, [*Thou ſhalt not kill*] if *Jonah* be
His life's owne Butcher? What, was this a deed
That with the calling he profeſt agreed?
The purblinde age (whoſe works (almoſt divine)
Did meerly with the oyle of Nature ſhine,
That knew no written Law, nor Grace, nor God,
To whip their conſcience with ſteely rod,)
How much did they abhor ſo foule a fact?
When (led by Natures glimpſe) they made an Act
Selfe-murderers ſhould be deny'd to have
The charitable honour of a Grave:
Can ſuch doe ſo, when *Jonah* does amiſſe?
What, *Jonas, Iſr'els* Teacher! and doe this?
The Law of Charity doth all forbid,
In this thing to doe that which *Jonah* did;
Moreo'r, in Charity, 'Tis thy beheſt,
Of dying men to think and ſpeak the beſt;
The mighty *Sampſon* did as much as this;
And who dare ſay, that *Sampſon* did amiſſe,
If heavens high Spirit whiſper'd in his eare
Expreſſe command to doe't? No wavering feare
Drew back the righteous *Abram's* armed hand
From *Iſaacks* death, ſecur'd by heavens command.
¶ Sure is the knot that true Religion tyes,
And Love that's rightly grounded, never dyes;

It seemes a paradoxe beyond beliefe,
That men in trouble should prolong reliefe;
That Pagans (to withstand a Strangers Fate)
Should be neglective of their own estate.
Where is this love become in later age?
Alas! 'tis gone in endlesse pilgrimage
From hence, and never to returne (I doubt)
'Till revolution wheele those times about:
Chill breasts have starv'd her here, and she is driven
Away; and with *Astræa* fled to heaven.
Poore Charity, that naked Babe is gone,
Her honey's spent, and all her store is done;
Her wingleſſe Bees can find out ne'r a bloome,
And crooked *Ate* doth usurpe her roome:
Nepenthe's dry, and Love can get no drink,
And curs'd *Ardenne* flowes above the brinke.
Brave Mariners, the world your name shall hallow,
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow:
Your friendship's rare, and your conversion strange
From Paganisme to zeale? A sudden change!
Those men doe now the God of heaven implore,
That bow'd to Puppets but an houre before;
Their zeale is fervent, (though but new begun)
Before their Egge-shels were done off, they run.
As when bright *Phœbus* in a Summer tide,
(New risen from the bosome of his Bride)
Enveloped with misty fogs, at length (strength:
Breaks forth, displayes the mist, with Southerne
Even so these Mariners (of peerlesse mirrour)
Their faith being veil'd within the mist of errour,
At length their zeale chac'd ignorance away,
They left their Puppets, and began to pray.
¶ Lord how unlimited are thy confines,
That still pursu st man in his good designes!

Thy

Thy mercy's like the dew of *Hermon* hill,
Or like the Oyntment, dropping downward ſtill
From *Aarons* head, to beard; from beard to foot;
So doe thy mercies drench us round about:
Thy love is boundleſſe; Thou art apt and free
To turne to Man, when Man returnes to thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

They caſt the Prophet over Board:
The ſtorme allay'd; they feare the Lord:
A mighty Fiſh him quick devoures,
Where he remained many houres.

Sect. 6.

EVen as a member, whoſe corrupted ſore
Infeſts, and rankles, eating more and more,
Threatning the bodies loſſe (if not prevented)
The wiſe Chirurgion (all faire meanes attented)
Cuts off, and with adviſed skill doth chooſe
To loſe a part, than all the body loſe;
Even ſo the feeble Sailors (that addreſſe
Their idle armes, where heaven denies ſucceſſe)
Forbeare their thriveleſſe labours, and deviſe
To root that evill, from whence their harmes ariſe:
Treaſon is in their thoughts, and in their eares
Danger revives the old, and addes new feares:
Their hearts grow fierce, and every ſoule applyes
T'abandon mercy from his tender eyes:
They ceaſe t'attempt what heaven ſo long withſtood,
And bent to kill, their thoughts are all on blood:
They whiſper oft, each word is Death's Alarme;
They hoyſt him up, each lends a buſie arme,

And

And with united powers they entombe
His out-cast body in *Thetis* angry wombe:
Whereat grim *Neptune* wip'd his fomy mouth,
Held his tridented Mace upon the South:
The winds were whist, the billows danc'd do more,
The storme allay'd, the heavens left off to rore,
The waves (obedient to their pilgrimage)
Gave ready passage, and surceast their rage;
The skie grew cleare, and now the welcome light
Begins to put the gloomy Clouds to flight:
Thus all on sudden was the Sea tranquill,
The Heav'ns were quiet, and the waves were still.
As when a friendly Creditor (to get
A long forborne, and much concerning debt)
Still plies his willing debtor with intreats,
Importunes daily, daily thumps, and beats
The batter'd portals of his tyred eares,
Bedeafing him with what he knows, and heares;
The weary debtor, to avoid the fight
He loathes, shifts here and there, and ev'ry night
Seeks out Protection of another bed,
Yet ne'rtheleſſe (pursu'd and followed)
His eares are still laid at with louder volley
Of harder Dialect; He melancholy,
Sits downe, and sighes, and after long foreſlowing,
(T'avoid his presence) payes him what is owing.
The thankfull Creditor is now appeas'd,
Takes leave, and goes away content, and pleas'd:
Even so these angry waves, with restleſſe rage,
Accosted *Jonas* in his pilgrimage,
And thundred Iudgement in his fearfull eare,
Presenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty feare:
The waves rose discontent, the surges beat,
And every moment, death the billowes threat:

The

The weather-beaten Ship did every minuit
Await deſtruction, while he was in it:
But when his (long expected) corps they threw
Into the deep, a debt, (through treſpaſſe, due)
The Sea grew kind, and all her frownes abated,
Her face was ſmooth to all that navigated.
'Twas ſinfull *Jonah* made her ſtorme and rage,
'Twas ſinfull *Jonah* did her ſtorme aſſwage.
With that the Mariners aſtoniſht were,
And fear'd *Jehovah* with a mighty feare,
Offring up Sacrifice with one accord,
And vowing ſolemne vowes unto the Lord.
But he whoſe word can make the earths foundation
Tremble, and with his word can make ceſſation,
Whoſe wrath doth mount the waves, & toſſe the ſeas,
And make them calm and ſmooth, when e'r he pleaſe:
This God, (whoſe Mercy runs on endleſſe wheele,
And puls (like *Jacob*) Iuſtice by the heele)
Prepar'd a Fiſh, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
Whoſe belly was both priſon-houſe, and baile
For retchleſſe *Jonah*. As the two leaf'd doore
Opens, to welcome home the fruitfull ſtore,
Wherewith the harveſt quites the Plowmans hope,
Even ſo the great *Leviathan* ſet ope
His beame-like Iawes, (prepard for ſuch a boone)
And at a morſell ſwallowed *Jonah* downe,
'Till dewy cheekt *Aurora's* purple die
Thrice dappled had the ruddy morning skie,
And thrice had ſpred the Curtaines of the morne,
To let in *Titan*, when the day was borne;
Jonah was tenant to this living Graye,
Embowell'd deepe in this ſtupendious Caye.

Meditat. 6.

LO, Death is now, as alwayes it hath bin,
The just procured stipend of our sinne:
Sinne is a golden Cause, and a Road
Garnisht with joyes, whose paths are even and broad,
But leads at length to death, and endlesse griefe,
To torments, and to paines without reliefe.
Iustice feares none, but maketh all afraid,
And then fals hardest, when 'tis most delaid.
But thou reply'st, thy sinnes are daily great,
Yet thou sit'st uncontroul'd upon thy seat;
Thy wheat doth flourish, and thy barnes doe thrive,
Thy sheep encrease, thy sonnes are all alive,
And thou art buxom, and hast nothing scant,
Finding no want of any thing, but want, (holy;
Whil'st others, whom the squint ey'd world counts
Sit sadly drooping in a Melancholy,
With brow dejected, and downe-hanging head,
Or take of almes, or poorely beg their bread:
But young man, know there is a Day of doome,
The Feast is good, untill the reck'ning come.
The time runnes fastest, where is least regard,
The stone that's long in falling, falleth hard;
There is a dying day, (thou prosp'rous foole)
When all thy laughter shall be turn'd to Doole,
Thy robes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting;
Thy whoops of joy, to howles of sad lamenting;
Thy tongue shall yell, and yawl, and never stop,
And wish a world to give for one poore drop
To flatter thine intolerable paine;
The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtaine

A minutes freedome from that helliſh rout,
Whoſe fier burnes, and never goeth out:
Nor houſe, nor land, not meaſur'd heaps of wealth,
Can render to a dying man, his health:
Our life on earth is like a thred of flaxe,
That all may touch, and being toucht it cracks.
¶ As when an Archer ſhooteth for his ſport,
Sometimes his ſhaft is gone, ſometimes 'tis ſhort,
Sometimes o'th'left hand, wide, ſometimes o'th'right,
At laſt (through often tryall) hits the White;
So death ſometimes with her uncertaine Rover,
Hits our Superiours (and ſo ſhoots over:)
Sometimes for change ſhe ſtrikes the meaner ſort,
Strikes our Inferiors (and then comes ſhort)
Sometimes upon the left hand wide ſhe goes,
And ſo (ſtill wounding ſome) ſhe ſtrikes our foes:
And ſometimes wide upon the right hand bends,
There with Imperiall ſhafts ſhe ſtrikes our friends;
At length (through often tryall) hits the White,
And ſo ſtrikes us into eternall night.
¶ Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,
Concerning all men, never out of Date:
Her dayes dominicall are writ in blood;
She ſhewes more bad dayes than ſhe ſheweth good:
She tels when dayes, and moneths, and termes expire,
Meas'ring the lives of mortals by her ſquire.
¶ Death is a Purſuivant with Eagles wings,
That knocks at poore mens doores, and gates of Kings.
Worldling, beware betime, death ſculks behind thee,
And as ſhe leaves thee, ſo will judgement find thee,

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

within the bowels of the fish,
Jonah *laments in great anguish;*
God heard his pray'r, at whose command
The fish disgorg'd him on the Land.

Sect. 7.

THen *Jonah* turn'd his face to heav'n, and pray'd
Within the bowels of the Whale, and said,

« *I cry'd out of my balefull misery*
« *Unto my God, and he hath heard my cry;*
« *From out the paunch of hell I made a noyse,*
« *And thou hast answer'd me, and heard my voice:*
« *Into the Deepes and britome thou hast throwne me,*
« *Thy Surges and thy waves have past upon me.*
« *Then Lord (said I) from thy refulgent sight*
« *I am expell'd, I am for ever quite;*
« *Nay'theleſſe, while theſe my wretched eyes remain,*
« *Unto thy Temple will I backe againe.*
« *The boystrous waters compaſt me about,*
« *My body threats to let her priſ'ner out;*
« *The boundleſſe depth enclos'd me, (almoſt dead)*
« *The weeds are wrapt about my fainting head;*
« *I liv'd on earth reſected at thine hand,*
« *And a perpetuall priſ'ner in the Land;*
« *Yet thou wilt cauſe my life t'aſcend at length,*
« *From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my Strength;*
« *When as my ſoul was overwhelm'd and faint,*
« *I had recourſe to thee, did thee acquaint*
« *With the condition of my woefull caſe,*
« *My cry came to thee in thine holy Place.*

whoſe

« Whose to Vanities themselves betake,
« Renounce thy mercies, and thy love forsake;
« To thee I'le sacrifice in endlesse dayes:
« With voice of thanks, and ever sounding praise,
« Ile pay my vowes, for all the world records
« With one consent, Salvation is the Lords.

But he (whose word's a deed, whose breath's a law,
Whose just command implyes a dreadfull awe,
Whose Word prepar'd a Whale upon the Deepe,
To tend and wait for *Jonah's* fall, and keepe
His out-cast body safe, and soule secure)
This very God, (whose mercy must endure,
When heaven, and earth, when sea, and all things fail)
Disclos'd his purpose, and bespake the Whale
To re-deliver *Jonah* to his hand;
Whereat the Whale disgorg'd him on the Land.

Medita. 7.

I Well record a holy Father sayes,
« He teaches to deny that faintly prayes:
The suit surceases, when desier failes,
But who so prayes with fervency, prevailes;
For prayr's the key that opes th'eternall gate,
And finds admittance, whether early or late:
It forces audience, it unlocks the eare (heare.
Of heavens great God (though deafe) it makes him

Vpon a time, *Babel* (the worlds faire Queene
Made drunk with choler, and enrag'd with spleene)
Through fell disdaine, derraigned war 'gainst them
That tender'd homage to *Jerusalem:*
A maiden fight it was, yet they were strong
As men of War; The battaile lasted long,

Much

Much blood was shed, and spilt on either side,
That all the ground with purple gore was dyde:
In fine, a souldier of *Jerusalems*,
Charissa hight (the Almner of the Realme)
Chill'd with an ague, and unapt to fight,
Into *Justitia's* Castle tooke her flight,
Whereat great *Babels* Queene commanded all
To lay their siege against the Castle wall;
But poore *Timissa* (not with war acquainted)
Fearing *Charissa's* death, fell downe, and fainted;
Dauntlesse *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground,
Where she lay (pale and senseleſſe) in a swound;
She rubb'd her temples, and at length awaking,
She gave her water of *Fidissa's* making,
And said, Cheare up, (deare sister) though our foe
Hath tane us Captives, thus besieg'd with woe,
We have a King puissant, and of might,
Will see us take no wrong, and doe us right,
If we possesse him with our sad complaint:
Cheare up, wee'l send to him, and him acquaint.
Timissa (new awak'd from swound) replies,
Our Castle is begirt with enemies,
And troops of armed men besiege our wals,
Then suer death, or worse than death befals
To her, (who ere she be) that stirs a foot,
Or rashly dares attempt to venture out;
Alas! what hope have we to finde reliefe,
And want the meanes that may divulge our griefe?
Within that place a jolly Matron dwell'd,
Whose lookes were fixt and sad; her left hand held
A paire of equall ballances; her right
A two edg'd sword; her eyes were quick and bright;
Not apt to squint, but nimble to discerne;
Her visage lovely was, yet bold and sterne;

Her

Her name *Iuſtitia*; to her they make
Their moane, who, well adviſ'd, them thus beſpake:
Faire Maidens, more beloved than the light,
I rue the ſuffrance of your wofull plight,
But pitty's fond alone, recures no griefe,
But fruitleſſe fals, unleſſe it yeeld reliefe.
Cheare up, I have a Meſſenger in ſtore,
Whoſe ſpeed is much, but faithfull truſt is more;
Whoſe nimble wings ſhall cleave the flitting skies,
And ſcorne the terrour of your enemies,
Oratio hight, well knowne unto your King,
Your meſſage ſhe ſhall doe, and tidings bring,
Provided that *Fidiſſa* travaile with her,
And ſo (on Chriſts name) let them goe together.
With that *Fidiſſa* having ta'ne her erran',
And good *Oratio* with *Iuſtitia's* warrant,
In ſilence of the midnight tooke her flight;
Arriving at the Court that very night;
But they were both as flames of fier hot,
For they did flie as ſwift as Cannon ſhot:
But they (leſt ſudden cold ſhould doe them harme)
Together clung, and kept each other warme:
But now, the kingly gates were ſparr'd, and lockt,
They call'd, but none made anſwer; then, they knockt
Together, joyning both their force in one,
They knockt againe, yet anſwer there was none:
But they that never learn'd to take deniall,
With importunity made further tryall;
The King heard well, although he liſt not ſpeak,
Till they with ſtrokes the gate did well-nie break.
In fine, the brazen gates flew open wide:
Oratio moov'd her ſuite: The King replide,
Oratio was a faire, and welcome gueſt;
So heard her ſuit, ſo granted her requeſt.

Frailh man, observe; In thee the practice lies,
Let sacred Meditation moralize:
Let Pray'r be fervent, and thy Faith intire,
And heaven, at last, will grant thee thy desire.

THE ARGUMENT.

The second time was Jonah *sent*
To Niniveh: *now* Jonah *went:*
Against her crying sinnes he cry'd,
And her destruction prophecy'd.

Sect. 8.

ONce more the voice of heavens high-Commander
(Like horrid claps of heavens-dividing thunder,
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noise
Being heard far distant off) such was the voice)
Came downe from heav'n to *Jonah*, new-born-Man,
To re-baptized *Jonah*, and thus began:
« Am I a God? Or art thou ought but Dust?
« More than a man? Or are my Lawes unjust?
« Am I a God, and shall I not command?
« Art thou a man, and dar'st my Lawes withstand?
« Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall make
« Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heaven quake)
« By thee (fond man) shall I be thus neglected,
« And thy presumption scape uncorrected?
« Thy faith hath sav'd thee (*Jonah*:) Sin no more,
« Lest worse things happen after, than before;
« Arise; let all th'assembled pow'rs agree
« To doe th'Embassage I impose on thee;
« Trifle no more; and, to avoid my sight,
« Think not to baulk me with a second flight.

« Arise

« Arise, and goe to *Niniveh* (the great)
« Where broods of Gentiles have ta'en up their seat:
« The great Queene regent mother of the Land,
« That multiplies in people like the sand;
« Away with wings of time (I'le not esloyne thee)
« Denounce these fiery Iudgements, I enjoyne thee.
Like as a youngling that to schoole is sent,
(Scarce weaned from his mothers blandishment,
Where he was cocker'd with a stroking hand)
With stubborne heart denyes the just command
His Tutor wils: but being once corrected,
His home-bred stomack's curb'd, or quite ejected:
His crooked nature's chang'd, and mollifi'd,
And humbly seeks what stoutly he deny'd:
So *Jonah's* stout, perverse, and stubborne heart,
Was hardned once, but when it felt the smart
Of heav'ns avenging wrath, it straight dissolv'd,
And what it once avoided, now resolv'd
T'effect with speed, and with a carefull hand
Fully repleniſh'd with his Lords Command,
To *Niniveh* he flyeth like a Roe,
Each step the other strives to overgoe:
And as an arrow to the mark does fly,
So (bent to flight) flies he to *Niniveh*.
¶ Now *Niniveh* a mighty City was,
Which all the Cities of the world did passe;
A Citie which o're all the rest aspires
Like midnight-*Phœbe* 'mongst the lesser fires:
A Citie, which (although to men was given)
Better beseem'd the Majesty of heaven:
A Citie great to God, whose ample wall,
Who undertakes to mete with paces, shall
Bring *Phœbus* thrice to bed, ere it be done.
(Although with dawning *Hesperus* begun.)

When *Jonas* hath approacht the City gate,
He made no stay to rest, nor yet to bait,
No supple oyle his fainting head anoints,
Stayes not to bathe his wrather-beaten joynts,
Nor smooth'd his countenance, nor slick'd his skin,
Nor craved he the Hostage of an Inne,
To ease his aking bones (with travell sore)
But went as speedy, as he fled before:
The Cities greatnesse made him not refuse
To be the trump of that unwelcome newes
His tongue was great with; But (like thunders noise)
His mouth flew ope, and out there rusht a voice.

When dewy-cheek'd Aurora *shall display*
Her golden locks, and summon up the day
Twice twenty times, and rest her drowzie head
Twice twenty nights, in aged Tithons *bed,*
Then Niniveh, *this place of high renowne,*
Shall be destroy'd, and sackt, and batter'd downe.

He sate not downe to take deliberation,
What manner people were they, or what Nation,
Or Gent', or Salvage; nor did he enquier
What place were most convenient for a Cryer,
Nor like a sweet-lipt Orator did steare,
Or tune his language to the peoples eare,
But bold, and rough, yet full of Majesty,
Lift up his trumpet, and began to cry,

When forty times Don Phœbus shall fulfill
His Journall course upon th'Olympian Hill,
Then Niniveh *(the Worlds great wonder) shall*
Startle the worlds foundation with her fall.

The dismall Prophet stands not to admire
The Cities pompe, or peoples quaint attire,
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pity
Th'approaching downfall of so brave a City,

But

But dauntlesse he his dreadfull voice extends,
Respectlesse, whom this bolder cry offends,
When forty dayes shall be expir'd, and runne,
And that poore Inch of time drawne out and done,
Then Niniveh *(the World's Imperiall throne)*
Shall not be left a stone upon a stone.

Medita. 8.

BVt stay; Is God like one of us? Can he
When he hath said it, alter his Decree?
Can he that is the God of Truth, dispence
With what he vow'd? or offer violence
Vpon his sacred Iustice? Can his mind
Revolt at all? or vary like the wind?
How comes this alteration then, that He
Thus limiting th'effect of his Decree
Vpon th'expiring date of forty dayes,
He then performes it not? But still delaies
His plagues denounc'd, and Iudgement still forbears,
And stead of forty dayes gives many yeares?
Yet forty dayes, and *Niniveh* shall perish;
Yet forty yeares, and *Niniveh* doth flourish:
A change in man's infirme, in God 'tis strange;
In God to change his Will, and will a Change,
Are diverse things: When he repents from ill,
He wills a Change; he changes not his Will;
The subject's chang'd, which secret was to us,
But not the mind, that did dispose it thus;
Denounced Iudgement God doth oft prevent,
But neither changes counsell, nor Intent;
The voyce of heaven doth seldome threat perdition,
But with expresse, or an imply'd condition,

So that, if *Niniveh* returne from ill,
God turnes his hand, he doth not turne his Will.
¶ The ſtint of *Niniveh* was forty dayes,
To change the byas of her crooked wayes:
To ſome the time is large; To others, ſmall;
To ſome 'tis many yeares; And not at all
To others; Some an houre have, and ſome
Have ſcarce a minute of their time to come:
Thy ſpan of life (*Malfido*) is thy ſpace
To call for mercy, and to cry for grace.
¶ Lord! what is man, but like a worme that crawles,
Open to danger every foot that fals?
Death creeps (unheard,) and ſteals abroad (unſeen,)
Her darts are ſudden, and her arrowes keene;
Vncertaine when, but certaine ſhe will ſtrike,
Reſpecting King and Begger both alike;
The ſtroke is deadly, come it ſoone, or late,
Which once being ſtruck, repenting's out of date;
Death is a minute, full of ſudden ſorrow:
« Then live to day, as thou may'ſt die to morrow.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Ninivites beleeve the word,
Their hearts returne unto the Lord;
In him they put their onely truſt:
They mourne in Sackcloth, and in duſt.

Sect. 9.

SO ſaid, the *Ninivites* beleev'd the Word,
Beleeved *Jonas*, and beleev'd the Lord;
They made no pauſe, nor jeſted at the newes,
Nor ſlighted it, becauſe it was a Iew's

De-

Denouncement: No, nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captive with such novelties)
Admire the strangers garb, so quaint to theirs,
No idle chat possest their itching ears
The whilst he spake: nor were their tongues on fier
To raile upon, nor interrupt the Cryer:
Nor did they question whether true the message,
Or false the Prophet were, that brought th'embassage.
But they gave faith to what he said; relented,
And (changing their mis-wandred wayes) repented:
Before the searching Ayre could coole his word,
Their hearts returned, and beleev'd the Lord;
And they, whose dainty lips were cloy'd while-ere
With cates, and viands, and with wanton cheare,
Doe now enjoyne their palats not to tast
The offall bread, (for they proclaim'd a Fast.)
And they, whose looser bodies once did lie
Wrapt up in Robes, and Silkes of Princely Die,
Loe now, in stead of Robes, in rags they mourne,
And all their Silks doe into Sackcloth turne:
They reade themselves sad Lectures on the ground,
Learning to want, as well as to abound;
The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peere,
Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there;
The old man was not freed, (whose hoary age
Had ev'n almost outworne his Pilgrimage)
Nor yet the young, whose glasse (but new begun)
By course of Nature had an Age to runne:
For when that fatall Word came to the King,
(Convay'd with speed upon the nimble wing
Of flitting Fame) he straight dismounts his Throne,
Forsakes his Chaire of State he sate upon,
Disrob'd his body, and his head discrown'd,
In dust and ashes grov'ling on the ground,

And when he rear'd his trembling corps againe,
(His haire all filthy with the dust he lay in)
He clad in pensive Sackeloth, did depose
Himselfe from State Imperiall, and chose
To live a Vassall, or a baser thing,
Than to usurpe the Scepter of a King:
(Respectlesse of his pompe) he quite forgate
He was a Monarch mindlesse of his State,
He neither sought to rule, or be obey'd,
Nor with the sword, nor with the Scepter sway'd.

Meditat. 9.

¶ IS Fasting then the thing that God requires?
Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires
That sinne hath blowne to such a mighty flame?
Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame?
Can ashes cleanse thy blot? or purge thy offence?
Or doe thy hands make heaven a recompence,
By strowing dust upon thy briny face?
Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly grace?
No, though thou pine thy selfe with willing want;
Or face looke thin, or Cutkas ne'r so gaunt;
Although thou worser weeds than sackcloth weare:
Or naked goe, or sleep in shirts of haire;
Or though thou chuse an Ash-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head;
Thy labour is not poys'd with equall gaines,
For thou hast nought but labour for thy paines:
Such holy madnesse God rejects, and loathes,
That sinks no deeper than the skin, or cloathes:
'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weepe by art)
Looke red with teares, (not guilty of thy heart)

'Tis

'Tis not the holding of thy hands so hye,
Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye;
'Tis not your mimick mouthes, your antick faces,
Your Scripture phrases, or affected Graces,
Nor prodigall up-banding of thine eyes,
Whose gaihfull bals doe seeme to pelt the skyes;
'Tis not the strict reforming of your haire
So close, that all the neighbour skull is bare;
'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,
Nor yet the lowring of thy sullen brow,
Nor wolvish howling that disturbs the aire,
Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer;
No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards;
Such sort of fooles their owne applause rewards;
Such puppet-playes to heaven are strange and quaint,
Their service is unsweet, and soully taint;
Their words fall fruitlesse from their idle braine,
But true repentance runs in other straine;
Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart
Is truly acquainted with the secret smart
Of past offences, hates the bosome sin
The most, which most the soule cooke pleasure in:
No crime unsifted, no sinne unpresented
Can lurke unseene; and seene, none unlamented;
The troubled soule's amaz'd with dire aspects
Of lesser sinnes committed, and detects
The wounded Conscience; it cryes amaine
For mercy, mercy, cryes, and cries againe;
It sadly grieves, and soberly laments;
It yernes for grace, reformes, returnes, repents;
I, this is incense, whose accepted savour
Mounts up the heavenly Throne, and findeth favour:
I, this is it, whose valour never failes,
With God it stoutly wrastles, and prevailes:

I,

I; this is it that pierces heaven above,
Never returning home (like *Noah's* Dove)
But brings an Olive leafe, or some encrease,
That works Salvation, and Eternall Peace.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prince and people fasts, and prayes:
God heard, accepted, lik'd their wayes:
Vpon their timely true repentance,
God rever'st, and chang'd his sentence.

Sect. 10.

THen suddenly, with holy zeale inflam'd,
He caus'd a generall Act to be proclaim'd,
By sage advice, and counsell of his Peeres;
" Let neither man, or child, of youth, or yeares,
" From greatest in the City, to the least,
" Not Herd, nor pining Flock, nor hungry beast,
" Nor any thing that draweth ayre, or breath,
" On forfeiture of life, or present death,
" Presume to taste of nourishment, or food,
" Or move their hungry lips to chew the cud;
" From out their eyes let Springs of water burst,
" With teares (or nothing) let them slake their thirst:
" Moreo're, let every man (what e're he be)
" Of higher quality, or low degree,
" D'off all they wear (excepting but the same
" That nature craves, and that which covers shame)
" Their nakednesse with sackcloth let them hide,
" And mue the vestments of their silken pride;
" And let the brave cariering Horse of War,
" (Whose rich Caparisons, and Trappings are
" The glorious Wardrobe of a Victors show)
" Let him disrobe, and put on sackcloth too;

The

The Oxe (ordain'd for yoke) the Aſſe (for load)
The Horſe (as well for race, as for the roade)
The burthen-bearing Camell (ſtrong and great)
The fruitfull Kine, and every kinde of Neate,
Let all put ſackcloth on, and ſpare no voice,
But cry aloud to heaven, with mighty noiſe;
Let all men turne the bias of their wayes,
And change their fiercer hands to force of praiſes:
For who can tell, if God (whoſe angry face
Hath long been waining from us) will embrace
This ſlender pittance of our beſt indeavour?
Who knowes, if God will his intent perſever?
Or who can tell, if he (whoſe tender love
Tranſcends his ſharper Iuſtice) will remove
And change his high decree, and turne his ſentence
Vpon a timely, and unfain'd repentance?
And who can tell, if heaven will change the lot,
That we, and ours may live, and periſh not?
So God perceiv'd their works, and ſaw their wayes,
pprov'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,
pprov'd their works, approv'd their works the rather
ecauſe their faith and works went both together:
e ſaw their faith, becauſe their faith abounded;
e ſaw their works, becauſe on faith they grounded;
e ſaw their faith, their works, and ſo relented;
approv'd their works, their fauth, and ſo repented;
epented of the plagues they apprehended;
epented of the evill that he intended:
o God the vengeance of his hand withdrew,
e tooke no forfeiture, although 'twere due;
he evill, that once he meant, he now forgot,
ancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not.

Medita. 10.

¶ SEe, into what an ebbe of low estate
The foule that seeks to be regenerate
Must first descend; before the ball rebound,
It must be throwne with force against the ground;
The seed encreases not in fruitfull eares,
Nor can she reare the goodly stalke she beares,
Vnlesse bestrew'd upon a mould of earth,
And made more glorious by a second birth:
So man, before his wisedome can bring forth
The brave exploits of truly noble worth,
Or hope the granting of his sinnes remission,
He must be humbl'd first in sad contrition.
The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)
If it be planted from the Suns reflect,
Or lack the dew of seasonable showres,
Decayes, and beareth neither fruit, nor flowers:
So wretched Man, if his repentance hath
No quickning Sun-shine of a lively Faith,
Or not bedew'd with showres of timely teares,
Or works of mercy (wherein Faith appeares)
His prayers and deeds, and all his forced groanes,
Are like the howles of dogs, and works of Drones.
The wise Chirurgion, first (by letting blood)
Weakens his Patient, ere he does him good;
Before the soule can a true comfort finde,
The body must be prostrate, and the minde
Truly repentive, and contrite within,
And loathe the fawning of a bosome sin.

But Lord! Can Man deserve? Or can his best
Doe Iustice equall right, which he transgrest?

Who

When Dust and Ashes mortally offends,
Can Dust and Ashes make eternall mends?
Is Heaven unjust? Must not the recompence
Be full equivalent to the offence?
What mends by mortall Man can then be given
To the offended Majesty of Heaven?
O Mercy! Mercy! on thee my soule relyes,
On thee we build our faith, we bend our eyes;
Thou fill'st my empty straine, thou fill'st my tongue;
Thou art the subject of my Swan-like song;
Like pinion'd pris'ners at the dying tree,
Our lingring hopes attend and wait on thee;
Arraign'd at Iustice barre) prevent our doome;
To thee with joyfull hearts we chearly come;
Thou art our Clergy; Thou that dearest Booke,
Wherein our fainting eyes desire to looke;
In thee, we trust to read (what will release us)
In bloody Characters, that Name of IESVS.
What shall we then returne the God of Heaven?
Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be given;
Our soules, our bodies, strength, and all our pow'rs,
(Alas!) were all too little, were they ours:
Or shall we burne (untill our life expires)
In endlesse Sacrifice in holy fires?
My Sacrifice shall be my Heart intire,
My Christ the Altar, and my Zeale the Fire.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Prophet discontented prayes
To God, that he would end his dayes:
God blames his wrath so unexpect,
Reproves his unadvis'd request.

Sect. 11.

BVt this displeasing was in *Jonah's* eyes,
His heart grew hot, his blood began to rise,
His eyes did sparkle, and his teeth struck fire,
His veines did boile, his heart was full of ire:
At last brake forth into a strange request,
These words he pray'd, and mumbl'd out the rest:
« Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord)
« Before I fled? Nay was not this my word,
« The very word my jealous language vented,
« When this mishap might well have bin prevented
« Was there, O was there not a just suspect,
« My preaching would procuer this effect?
« For Lord, I knew of old, thy tender love;
« I knew the pow'r, thou gav'st my tongue, would move
« Their Adamantine hearts; I knew 'twould thaw
« Their frozen spirits, and breed relenting awe;
« I knew (great God) upon their true repentance
« That thou determin'dst to reverse thy sentence;
« For well I knew thou wert a gracious God,
« Of long forbearance, slow to use the Rod;
« I knew, the power of thy Mercies bent
« The strength of all thy other works outwent;
« I knew thy tender kindnesse, and how loath
« Thou wert to punish, and how slow to wrath;

« Turning

Turning thy Iudgements, & thy plagues preventing;
Thy minde reversing, and of ev'll repenting;
Therefore (O therefore) upon this perswasion
I fled to *Tarshish*, there to make evasion,
To save thy credit (*Lord*) to save mine owne:
For when this blast of zeale is overblowne,
And sackcloth left, and they surcease to mourne,
When they (like dogs) shall to their vomit turne,
They'l vilipend thy sacred Word, and scoffe it,
Saying, was that a God, or this a Prophet?
They'l scorn thy judgments, and thy threats despise,
And call thy Prophets, Messengers of lies.
Now therefore (Lord) bow downe attentive eare,
(For ah my burthen's more than flesh can bear)
Make speed (O Lord) and banish all delaies,
T'extinguish now the Taper of my dayes:
Let not the minutes of my time extend,
But let my wretched howers find an end;
Let not my fainting spirits longer stay
In this fraile mansion of distemper'd clay;
The thred's but weak, my life depends upon,
O, cut that thred, and let my life be done;
My brest stands faire, strike then, and strike againe;
For nought but dying can asswage my paine:
O may I rather die, than live in shame;
Better it is to leave, and yeeld the game,
Than toile for what, at length must needs be lost,
O, kill me, for my heart is sore imbost:
This latter boone unto thy servant give,
For better 'tis for me to die, than live.
So wretched *Jonah*. But *Jehovah* thus;
What boot's it so to storme outragious?
Becomes it thus my servants heart to swell?
Can anger help thee, *Jonah*? dost thou well?

Medita.

Meditat. 12.

HOw poore a thing is Man! How vain's his mind!
How ſtrãge how baſe! & way'ring like the wind!
How uncouth are his wayes! how full of danger!
How to himſelfe, is he himſelfe a ſtranger!
His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vaine;
His actions ſinfull, and his words profane;
His will's deprav'd, his ſenſes are beguil'd,
His reaſon's dark, his members all defil'd;
His haſty feet are ſwift and prone to ill;
His guilty hands are ever bent to kill;
His tongue's a ſpunge of venome, (or of worſe)
Her practice is to ſweare, her skill to curſe;
His eyes are fire-balls of luſtfull fire,
And outward helps to inward foule deſire;
His body is a well erected ſtation,
But full of folly and corrupted paſſion:
Fond love, and raging luſt, and fooliſh feares;
Griefes overwhelmed with immoderate teares;
Exceſſive joy; prodigious deſire;
Vnholy anger, red and hot as fire;
Theſe daily clog the ſoule, that's faſt in priſon,
From whoſe encreaſe this luckleſſe brood is riſen,
Reſpectleſſe Pride, and luſtfull Idleneſſe,
Baſe ribbauld talke, and loathſome Drunkenneſſe,
Faithleſſe Deſpaire, and vaine Curioſity;
Both falſe, yet double tongu'd Hypocriſie;
Soft Flattery, and haughty ey'd Ambition,
Heart-gnawing Hatred, and ſquint ey'd Suſpition;
Selfe-eating Envy, envious Detraction,
Hopeleſſe Diſtruſt, and too too ſad Dejection;
Revengefull Malice, helliſh Blaſphemy,
Idolatry, and light Inconſtancy;

Darin

Daring Presumption, wry-mouth'd Derision,
Damned Apostasie, Fond Superstition.
¶ What heedfull watch? Ah what continuall ward?
How great respect, and hourely regard
Stands man in hand to have; when such a brood
Of furious hell-hounds seek to suck his blood?
Day, night, and hower, they rebell, and wrastle,
And never cease, till they subdue the Castle.
¶ How slight a thing is man? how fraile and brittle?
How seeming great is he? how truly little?
Within the bosome of his holiest works,
Some hidden Embers of old *Adam* lurks,
Which oftentimes in men of purest wayes,
Burst out in flame, and for a season blaze.
¶ Lord, teach our hearts, and give our souls directions,
Subdue our passions, curb our stout affections;
Nip thou the bud, before the bloome begins:
Lord, shield thy servants from presumptuous sins.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Booth for shelter Jonah *made;*
God sent a Gourd for better shade;
But by the next approaching light,
God sent a worme consum'd it quite.

Sect. 12.

SO *Jonah* (sore oppresst and heavy-hearted)
From out the Cities circuit straight departed,
Departed to the Easterne borders of it,
Where sick with anguish sate this fallen Prophet;
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sate,
(Vntill some few dayes had expir'd their date

With over-tedious pace) where he might see
What would betide to threatned *Niniveh.*
A trunke that wanteth sap, is soone decay'd;
The slender booth of boughes and branches made,
Soone yeelding to the Suns consuming Ray,
Crumbled to dust, and early dry'd away:
Whereat the great *Jehovah* spake the word,
And over *Jonah's* head there sprang a Gourd,
Whose roots were fixt within the quickning earth,
Which gave it nourishment, as well as birth:
God raised up a Gourd, a Gourd should last,
Let wind, or scorching Sun, or blow, or blast:
As coales of fire rak'd up in embers, lie
Obscure, and undiscerned by the eye;
But being stirr'd, regaine a glimm'ring light,
Revive, and glow, burning afresh, and bright:
So *Jonah* 'gan to cheare through this reliefe,
And joyfull was, devoided all his griefe;
He joy'd to see that God had not forgot
His drooping servant, and forsooke him not;
He joy'd, in hope the Gourd strange wonder will
Perswade the people, he's a Prophet still;
The fresh aspect did much refresh his sight;
The herball savour gave his sense delight;
Thus *Jonah* much delighted in his Gourd,
Enjoy'd the pleasures that it did afford.
But, Lord! what earthly thing can long remaine?
How momentany are they! and how vaine!
How vaine is earth, that man's delighted in it!
Her pleasures rise, and vanish in a minit:
How fleeting are the joyes we find below,
Whose tides (uncertaine) oftner ebbe, than flow!
For see! this Gourd (that was so faire and sound)
Is quite consum'd and eaten to the ground;

No

No ſooner *Titan* had up-heav'd his head,
From off the pillow of his ſaffron bed,
But heav'n prepar'd a ſilly, ſilly worme,
(Perchance brought thither by an Eaſterne ſtorme)
The worme that muſt obey, and well knew how,
Conſum'd the Gourd, nor left it root, nor bough;
Conſum'd it ſtraight within a minutes ſpace,
Left nought, but (ſleeping) *Jonas* in the place.

Medita. 12.

¶ THe pleaſures of the world, (which ſoone abate)
Are lively Emblems of our owne eſtate,
Which (like a Banquet at a Fun'rall ſhow)
But ſweeten griefe, and ſerve to flatter woe.
¶ Pleaſure is fleeting ſtill, and makes no ſtay,
It lends a ſmile or twaine, and ſteales away.
¶ Mans life is fickle, full of winged haſte,
It mocks the ſenſe with joy, and ſoone does waſte:
¶ Pleaſure does crowne thy youth, and luls thy wants;
But (ſullen age approaching) ſtraight avaunts.
¶ Mans life is joy, and ſorrow ſeeks to baniſh,
It doth lament and mourne in age, and vaniſh.
¶ The time of pleaſure's like the life of Man;
Both joyfull, both contained in a ſpan;
Both highly priz'd, and both on ſudden loſt,
When moſt we truſt them, they deceive us moſt;
What fit of madneſſe makes us love them thus?
We leave our lives, and pleaſure leaveth us:
Why, what is pleaſure? But a golden dreame,
Which (waking) makes our wants the more extream?
And what is life? A bubble full of care,
Which (prickt by death) ſtraight empties into ayre:

The flowres (clad in farre more rich aray,
Than e're was *Solomon*) doe soone decay;
What thing more sweet, or fairer than a flowre?
And yet it bloomes and fades within an houre;
What greater pleasure than a rising Sunne?
Yet is this pleasure every evening done:
But thou art heyre to *Crœsus*, and thy treasure
Being great and endlesse, endlesse is thy pleasure:
But thou (thou *Crœsus* heyre) consider must,
Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to dust:
Another's noble, and his name is great,
And takes his place upon a lofty seat;
True 'tis, but yet his many wants are such,
That better 'twere he were not knowne so much.
Another binds his soule in *Hymens* knot,
His Spouse is chaste, unblemisht with a spot,
But yet his comfort is bedasht, and done,
His grounds are stockt, and now he wants a sonne.
¶ How fickle and unconstant's Mans estate!
Man faine would have, but then he knowes not what:
And having, rightly knowes not how to prize it,
But like that foolish Dunghill-Cock, imployes it.
But who desires to live a life content,
Wherein his Cruse of joy shall ne'r be spent,
With fierce pursuit let him that good desire,
Whose date no change, no fortune can expire.
For that's not worth the craving to obtaine
A happinesse that must be lost againe.
Nor that, which most doe covet most, is best;
Best are the goods, mixt with contented rest;
Gaspe not for honour, wish no blazing glory,
For these will perish in an ages story;
Nor yet for power; power may be carv'd
To fooles, as well as thee, that hast deserv'd.

Thirst

Thirſt not for Lands nor money; wiſh for none:
For wealth is neither laſting, nor our owne:
Riches are faire inticements to deceive us;
They flatter, while we live, and dying, leave us.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jonas deſires to die, the Lord
Rebukes him, he maintains his word:
His anger he doth juſtifie,
God pleads the cauſe for Ninivie.

Sect. 13.

WHen ruddy *Phœbus* had with morning light
Subdu'd the Eaſt, and put the ſtars to flight,
Heav'ns hand prepar'd a fervent Eaſterne wind,
Whoſe drought together with the Sunne combin'd,
The one as bellowes blowing t'others fire,
With ſtrong united force, did both conſpire
To make aſſault upon the fainting head
Of helpleſſe *Jonah*, that was well-nigh dead,
Who turning oft, and toſſing to and fro,
(As they that are in torments uſe to doe)
And (reſtleſſe) finding no ſucceſſe of eaſe,
But rather that his tortures ſtill increaſe;
His ſecret paſſion to his ſoule betraid,
Craving no ſweeter boone than death, and ſaid,
« O kill me (Lord) or loe my heart will rive,
« For better 'tis for me to die, than live.
So ſaid, the Lord did interrupt his paſſion,
And ſaid, « How now, is this a ſeemely faſhion?
« Doth it become my ſervants heart to ſwell?
« Can anger help thee? *Jonah*, doſt thou well?

« Is this a fit ſpeech? or a well-plac'd word?
« What, art thou angry (*Jonah*) for a Gourd?
« What if th'Arabians with their ruder traine,
« Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Cattell ſlaine?
« What if conſuming fier (falne from heaven)
« Had all thy ſervants of their lives bereaven,
« And burnt thy ſheep? What, if by ſtrong oppreſſion
« The Chaldees had uſurp'd unjuſt poſſeſſion
« Vpon thy Camels? Or had *Boreus* blowne
« His full-mouth'd blaſt, and caſt thy houſes downe,
« And ſlaine thy ſonnes amid their jollities?
« Or hadſt thou loſt thy Vineyard full of trees?
« Hadſt thou bin raviſh'd of thine onely Sheepe,
« That in thy tender boſome us'd to ſleep?
« How would thy haſty ſpirit then been ſtirr'd,
« If thou art angry, *Jonah*, for a Gourd?
To which, thus *Jonah* vents his idle breath,
« Lord, I doe well to vexe unto the death;
« I bluſh not to acknowledge, and profeſſe
« Deſerved rage, I'me angry, I confeſſe:
« 'Twould make a ſpirit that is thorow frozen
« To blaze like flaming pitch, and fry like Rozen:
« Why doſt thou aske that thing that thou canſt tell?
« Thou know'ſt I'm angry', and it beſeemes me well?
So ſaid, the Lord to *Jonah* thus reſpake;
« Doſt thou bemoane, and ſuch compaſſion take
« Vpon a Gourd; whoſe ſeed thou didſt not ſow,
« Nor move thy buſie hands to make it grow;
« Whoſe beauty, ſmall; and value was but ſlight,
« Which ſprang, as alſo periſht in a night?
« Hadſt thou (O duſt and aſhes) ſuch a care,
« Such in-bred pitty, 'a trifling plant to ſpare?
« Hadſt thou, (O hard and incompaſſionate,
« To wiſh the razing of ſo braue a State)

Hadſt

« Hadst thou (I say) compassion to bewaile
« The extirpation of a Gourd so fraile?
« And shall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)
« Whose Fountaine's never dry, but still affords
« Sweet streams of mercy, with a fresh supply,
« To those that thirst for grace: What shall not I
« That am the God of mercy, and have sworne
« To pardon sinners whensoe'r they turne?
« (I say) shall I disclaime my wonted pitie,
« And bring to ruine such a goodly City,
« Whose hearts (so truly penitent) implore me,
« Who day and night powre forth their soules before (me?
« Shall I destroy the mighty *Niniveh*,
« Whose people are like sands about the Sea?
« 'Mong which are sixscore thousand Babes (at least)
« That hang upon their tender Mothers breast,
« Whose pretty smiles could never yet descry
« The deare affection of their mothers eye?
« Shall I subvert, and bring to desolation
« A City, (nay, more aptly term'd, a Nation) (might?
« Whose wals boast lesse their beauty than their
« Whose hearts are sorrowfull, and soules contrite?
« Whose Infants are in number so amounting?
« And beasts, and cattell endlesse, without counting?
« What, *Jonah*, shall a Gourd so move thy pity?
« And shall not I spare such a goodly City?

Meditatio ultima.

MY heart is full, my vent is too too strait;
My tongue's too trusty to my poore conceit;
My mind's in labour, and finds no redresse;
My heart conceives, my lips cannot expresse;

My Organs ſuffer, through a maine defect;
Alas! I want a proper Dialect
To blazon forth the tythe of what I muſe;
The more I meditate, the more accrewes;
But loe, my faultring tongue muſt ſay no more,
Vnleſſe ſhe ſtep where ſhe hath trod before.
What? ſhall I then be ſilent? No, Ile ſpeake
(Till tongue be tyred, and my lungs be weake)
Of deareſt Mercy, in as ſweet a ſtraine,
As it ſhould pleaſe my Muſe to lend a vaine;
And when my voice ſhall ſtop within her ſourſe,
And ſpeech ſhall faulter in this high Diſcourſe;
My tyred tongue (unſham'd) ſhall thus extend
Onely to name, Deare Mercy, and ſo end.
¶ O high Imperiall King, heavens Architect!
Is Man a thing befitting thy reſpect?
Lord, thou art Wiſedome, and thy waies are holy,
But Man's polluted, full of filth, and folly;
Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand,
And in his Soule he beares thy glorious Brand,
Howe'r defaced with the ruſt of Sin,
Which hath abus'd thy ſtampe, and eaten in;
'Tis not the frailty of Mans corrupted nature,
Makes thee aſham'd t'acknowledge Man thy Crea-
But like a tender Father, here on earth, (ture;
(Whoſe child by nature, or abortive birth,
Doth want that ſweet and favourable reliſh,
Wherewith her creatures, Nature doth imbeliſh)
Reſpects him ne'rtheleſſe; even ſo thy Grace
(Great God) extends to Man; though ſinne deface
The glorious pourtraiture that man doth beare,
Whereby he loath'd and ugly doth appeare,
Yet thou (within whoſe tender bowels are
Deepe gulfes of Mercy, ſweet beyond compare)

Regard'ſt

Regard'ſt, and lov'ſt, (with rev'rence be it ſaid)
Nay ſeem'ſt to dote on Man; when he hath ſtraid,
Lord, thou haſt brought him to his fold againe;
When he was loſt, thou didſt not then diſdaine
To think upon a vagabond, and give
Thy deareſt Sonne to die, that we might live.
How poore a mite art thou content withall,
That man might ſcape his downe-approaching fall?
Though baſe we are, yet thou doſt not abhorre us,
But (as our Story ſpeaks) art pleading for us,
To ſave us harmeleſſe from our Foe-mans jawes;
Art thou turn'd Oratour to plead our cauſe?
¶ How are thy Mercies full of admiration!
How ſoveraigne! how ſweet's their application!
Fatning the ſoule with ſweetneſſe, and repairing
The rotten ruines of a Soule deſpairing.
¶ Loe here (*Malfido*) is a Feaſt prepar'd;
Fall to with courage, and let nought be ſpar'd;
Taſte freely of it, Here's no Miſers Feaſt;
Eate what thou canſt, and pocket up the reſt:
Theſe precious Viands are Reſtoratie,
Eate then; and if the ſweetneſſe make thee drie,
Drinke large Carouſes out of Mercies Cup,
The beſt lies in the bottome, Drinke all up;
Theſe Cates are ſweet Ambroſia to thy Soule;
And that which fils the brim of Mercies bowle,
Is dainty Nectar; eate and drink thy fill;
Spare not the one, nor yet the other ſpill;
Provide in time: Thy banquet is begun,
Lay up in ſtore againſt the Feaſt be done:
For loe, the time of banquetting is ſhort,
And once being done, the world cannot reſtor't;
It is a Feaſt of Mercy, and of Grace:
It is a Feaſt for all, or high, or baſe:

A feaſt for him that begs upon the way,
As well for him that does the Scepter ſway;
A feaſt for him that howerly bemoanes
His deareſt ſins, with ſighes, and teares, and groanes
A feaſt for him, whoſe gentle heart reformes;
A feaſt for Men; and ſo a *Feaſt for Wormes.* (grace

¶ « Deare liefeſt Lord, that feaſt'ſt the World with
« Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorious face:
« Bid joyfull welcome to thy hungry gueſt,
« That we may praiſe the Maſter of the Feaſt;
« And in thy mercy grant this boone to me,
« That I may die to ſinne, and live to thee.

F I N I S.

S. AMBROSE.

Miſericordia eſt plenitudo omnium virtutum.

THE GENERALL USE of this *Hiſtorie.*

¶ WHen as the ancient World did all imbarke
Within the compaſſe of good *Noahs* Arke,
Forth to the new-waſht earth a Dove was ſent,
Who in her mouth return'd an Olive plant,
Which in a ſilent language this related,
How that the waters were at length abated.
Thoſe ſwelling waters is the wrath of God,
And like the Dove, are Prophets ſent abroad;
The Olive-leafe's a joyfull Type of peace,
A faithfull ſigne Gods vengeance doth decreaſe;

They

They ſalve the wounded heart, and make it whole,
They bring glad tidings to the drooping ſoule,
Proclaiming grace to them that thirſt for grace,
Mercy to thoſe that Mercy will embrace.
¶ *Malſido*, thou, in whoſe diſtruſtfull breſt,
Deſpaire hath brought in ſticks to build her neſt,
Where ſhe may ſafely lodge her luckleſſe brood,
To feed upon thy heart, and ſuck thy blood,
Beware betimes, leſt cuſtome and permiſſion
Preſcribe a Title, and ſo claime poſſeſſion.
¶ Deſpairing man, whoſe burthen makes thee ſtoope
Vnder the terrour of thy ſinnes, and droope
Through dull deſpaire, whoſe too too ſullen griefe
Makes heav'n unable to apply reliefe;
Whoſe ears are dull'd with noiſe of whips & chains,
And yels of damned ſoules, through tort'red paines;
Come here, and rouze thy ſelfe, unſeele thoſe eyes,
Which ſad Deſpaire clos'd up; Ariſe, Ariſe,
And goe to *Niniveh* the worlds great Palace,
Earths mighty wonder, and behold the Ballace
And burthen of her bulke, is nought but ſin,
Which (wilfull) ſhe commits and wallowes in;
Behold her Images, her fornications,
Her crying ſinnes, her vile abominations;
Behold the guilleſſe blood that ſhe did ſpill,
Like Spring-tides in the ſtreets, and reeking ſtill:
Behold her ſcorching luſts, and taint deſier
Like ſulph'rous *Ætna* blaze, and blaze up higher;
She rapes, and rends, and theeves, and there is none
Can juſtly call the thing he hath, his owne:
That ſacred Name of GOD, that Name of wonder,
In ſtead of worſhipping, ſhe teares in ſunder;
Shee's not inthrall'd to this Sin, or another,
But like a Leper's all infected over;

Not

Nor onely sinfull, but in sins subjection;
Shee's not infected, but a meere infection.
No sooner had the Prophet (Heav'ns great Spy)
Begun an onset to his lowder Cry,
But she repented, sigh'd, and wept, and tore
Her curious haire, and garments that she wore:
She sate in ashes, and with sackcloth clad her,
All drencht in brine, that griefe cannot be sadder;
She calls a Fast, proclaimes a prohibition
To man and beast, (sad tokens of contrition.)
No sooner pray'd, but heard; No sooner groan'd,
But pittyed; No sooner griev'd but moan'd;
Timely repentance speedy grace procur'd,
The sore that's salv'd in time is eas'ly cur'd:
No sooner had her trickling teares ore-flowne
Her blubber'd cheeks, but heav'n was apt to mone
Her pensive heart, wip'd her suffused eyes,
And gently strok'd her cheeks, and bid her rise;
No faults were seene, as if no fault had bin,
Deare Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.
¶ *Malfido*, rouze thy leaden spirit, bestir thee,
Hold up thy drowzie head, here's comfort for thee:
What if thy zeale be frozen hard? what then?
Thy Saviours blood will thaw thy frost agen:
Thy pray'rs, that should be fervent, hot as fier,
Proceed but coldly from a dull desier;
What then? Grieve inly, but doe not dismay, (pray:
Who heares thy pray'rs, will give thee strength to
Though left a while, thou art not quite giv'n ore,
« Where Sin abounds, there Grace aboundeth more.
This, this is all the good that I can doe thee,
To ease thy griefe, I here commend unto thee
A little booke, but a great Mysterie,
A great delight, a little History;

A little branch slipt from a saving tree,
But bearing fruit as great, as great might be;
A small abridgement of thy Lords great love;
A message sent from heaven by a Dove:
It is a heavenly Lecture, that relates
To Princes, Pastors, People, all Estates
Their sev'rall Duties.
Peruse it well, and binde it to thy breast,
There rests the Cause of thy defect of rest:
But reade it often, or else reade it not,
Once read is not observ'd, and soone forgot:
Nor is't enough to reade, but understand,
Or else thy tongue for want of wit's profan'd.
Nor is't enough to purchase knowledge by it,
Salve heales no sore, unlesse the party 'apply it;
Apply it then, which if thy flesh restraines,
Strive what thou canst, and pray for what remaines.

The particular Application.

¶ THou then that art oppress with sad Despaire,
Here shalt thou see the strong effect of pray'r:
Then pray with faith, and (fervent) without ceasing:
(Like *Jacob*) wrestle, till thou get a blessing.
¶ Here shalt thou see the type of Christ thy Saviour;
Then let thy suits be through his name and favour.
¶ Here shalt thou find repentance, and true griefe
Of sinners like thy selfe, and their beliefe:
Then suit thy griefe to theirs, and let thy soule
Cry mightily, untill her wounds be whole.
Here shalt thou see the meeknesse of thy God,
Who on Repentance turnes, and burnes the Rod;
Repents of what he purpos'd, and is sorry;
Here may ye heare him stoutly pleading for ye:

Then

Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repent,
In stead of plagues and direfull punishment,
Thou shalt find mercy, love, and Heav'ns applause,
And God of heav'n (himselfe) will pleade thy cause:
¶ Here hast thou then compil'd within this treasure,
First, the Almighties high and just displeasure
Against foule sinne, and such as sinfull be,
Or Prince, or poore, or high, or low degree.
¶ Here is descry'd the beaten Road to Faith:
¶ Here maist thou see the force that Preaching hath:
¶ Here is describ'd in (briefe but) full expression,
The nature of a Convert, and his passion:
His sober diet, which is thin and spare:
His cloathing, which is Sackcloth; and his Pray'r
Not faintly sent to heaven, nor sparingly,
But piercing, fervent, and a mighty cry:
¶ Here maist thou see how Pray'r and true repentance
Doe strive with God, prevaile, and turne his sentence
From strokes to stroking, and from plagues infernall,
To boundlesse Mercies, and to life Eternall.
¶ Till *Zephir* lend my Barke a second Gale,
I slip mine Anchor, and I strike my Saile.

FINIS.

O dulcis Salvator Mundi! ultima verba quæ tu dixisti in Cruce, sint ultima mea verba in Luce; & quando amplius effari non possum, exaudi tu cordis mei desiderium.

A Hymne to God.

WHo gives me then an Adamantine quill?
A marble tablet? and a *Davids* skill?
To blazon forth the praiſe of my deare Lord
In deepe grav'n Characters, upon record
To laſt, for times eternall proceſſe, ſuer,
So long as Sun, and Moone, and ſtars indure.
Had I as many mouthes, as ſands there are,
Had I a nimble tongue for every ſtar,
And every word I ſpeak, a Character,
And every minutes time ten Ages were,
To chaunt forth all thy praiſe, it no'te availe,
For tongues, and words, and time, and all would faile:
Much leſſe can I, poore weakling, tune my tongue,
To take a taske befits an Angels ſong:
Sing what thou canſt, when thou canſt ſing no more,
Weepe then as faſt, that thou canſt ſing no more;
Beblurre thy booke with teares, and goe thy wayes,
For every blurre will prove a booke of praiſe.
Thine eye that viewes the moving Spheares above,
Let it give praiſe to him that makes them move:
Thou riches haſt, thy *hands* that hold, and have them,
Let them give praiſe to him that freely gave them:
Thine *armes* defend thee; then for recompence,
Let them praiſe him that gave thee ſuch defence;
Thy *tongue* was given to praiſe thy Lord, the Giver;
Then let thy *tongue* praiſe higheſt God for ever:
Faith comes by hearing, and thy faith will ſave thee;
Then let thine *ears* praiſe him that hearing gave thee:
Thy heart is begg'd by him whoſe hands did make it,
My Son, give me thy heart; *Lord, freely take it:*
Eyes, hands, and *armes, tongues, ears,* & *hearts* of men
Sing praiſe, and let the people ſay, *Amen.*

¶ Tune

¶ Tune you your Inſtruments, and let them vary,
Praiſe him upon them in his Sanctuary:
Praiſe him within the higheſt Firmament,
Which ſhewes his Power, and his Government:
Praiſe him, for all his mighty Acts are knowne,
And ſuit thy praiſes to his high Renowne.
Praiſe him with Trump victorious, ſhrill, and ſharp,
With Pſaltry loud, and many ſtringed Harp;
With ſounding Timbrell, and the warbling Flute;
With (Muſicks full Interpreter) the Lute:
Praiſe him upon the Maiden Virginals,
Vpon the Clerick Organs, and Cymbals,
Vpon the ſweet Majeſtick Viols touch,
Double your joyes, and let your praiſe be ſuch:
Let all, in whom is life and breath, give praiſe
To heav'ns eternall God, in endleſſe dayes:
Let every ſoule, to whom a voice is given,
Sing Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of heaven;
For loe, a Lambe is found, that undertooke
To break the ſeaven-fold-Seale, and ope the BOOKE.
¶ O let my life add number to my dayes,
To ſhew thy glory, and to ſing thy praiſe:
Let every minute in thy praiſe be ſpent;
Let every head be bare, and knee be bent
To thee (deare Lambe:) Who ere thy praiſes hide,
Clos'd be his Lips, and tongue for ever ty'de.

Hallelujah.

Gloria DEO in excelſis.

ELEVEN PIOVS Meditations.

1.

¶ WIthin the holy Legend I diſcover
Three ſpeciall Attributes of God; his *Power*,
His *Juſtice*, and his *Mercy*, all uncreated,
Eternall all, and all unſeparated
From Gods pure eſſence, and from thence proceeding;
All very God, All perfect, All exceeding:
And from that ſelfeſame text three names I gather,
Of great Iehova; *Lord*, and *God*, and *Father*;
The firſt denotes him mounted on his Throne,
In Power, Majeſty, Dominion;
The ſecond ſhewes him on his kingly Bench,
Rewarding Evill with equall puniſhments;
The third deſcribes him on his Mercy-ſeat,
Full great in Grace; and in his Mercy, great;
¶ All three I worſhip, and before all three
My heart ſhall humbly proſtrate, with my knee;
But in my private choice, I fancy rather,
Than call him *Lord*, or *God*, to call him *Father*.

2.

¶ IN hell no *Life*, in heaven no *Death* there is;
In earth both *Life* and *Death*, both Bale and Blis:
In Heaven's all *Life*, no end, nor new ſupplying;
In hell's all *Death*, and yet there is no dying:
Earth (like a partiall Ambidexter) doth
Prepare for *Death*, or *Life*, prepares for both:

Who lives to ſinne, in Hell his portion's given,
Who dies to ſinne, ſhall after live in Heaven.
¶ Though Earth my *Nurſe* be, Heaven, be thou my
Ten thouſand deaths let me endure rather (*Father*;
Within my *Nurſes* armes, than One to *Thee*;
Earths honour with thy frownes is death to me:
I live on Earth, as on a *Stage* of ſorrow;
Lord, if thou pleaſeſt, end the *Play* to morrow:
I live on Earth, as in a Dreame of pleaſure,
Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leiſure:
I live on Earth, but as of life bereaven,
My life's with thee, for (Lord) *thou art in Heaven.*

3.

NOthing that e'r was made, was made for nothing,
Beaſts for thy food, their *skins* were for thy clo-
Flowers for thy ſmell, & *hearbs* for cure good, (thing:
Trees for thy ſhade, their *Fruit* for pleaſing Food.
The *ſhowers* fall upon the fruitfull ground,
Whoſe kindly *Dew* makes tender *Graſſe* abound;
The *Graſſe* ſprings forth for beaſts to feed upon,
And *Beaſts* are food for *Man*: but *Man* alone
Is made to ſerve his *Lord* in all his wayes,
And be the Trumpet of his Makers praiſe.
¶ Let *Heav'n* be then to me obdure as braſſe,
The *Earth* as iron, unapt for graine or graſſe,
Then let my *Flocks* conſume, and never ſteed me,
Let pinching *Famine* want wherewith to feed me,
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)
Thy glorious Attributes, thy *Workes*, thy *Word*.
O let the Trump of thine eternall Fame,
Teach us to anſwer, *Hallow'd be thy Name.*

¶ God

4.

¶GOd built the world, and all that therein is
He framed, yet how poore a part is his?
Quarter the earth, and see, how small a rome
Is styled with the name of *Christendome*:
The rest (through blinded ignorance) rebels,
O're-runne with *Pagans*, *Turks*, and *Infidels*:
Nor yet is all this little quarter his,
For (though all know him) halfe know him amisse,
Professing *Christ* for lucre, (as they list)
And serve the triple Crowne of *Antichrist*:
Yet is this little handfull much made lesser,
There's many *Libertines*, for one *Professour*:
Nor doe Professors all professe aright,
'Mong' whom there often lurks an *Hypocrite*.
¶ O where, and what's thy Kingdome (blessed God)
Where is thy *Scepter*? where's thine iron *Rod*?
Reduce thy reck'nings to their totall summe,
O let thy Power, and *thy Kingdome come*.

5.

¶MAN in himselfe's a little *World*, Alone,
His *Soul's* the *Court*, or high Imperial Throne,
Wherein as *Empresse*, sits the *Understanding*,
Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding:
Her Handmaid's *Will*: *Affections*, Maids of Honour,
All following close, and duely waiting on her:
But *Sinne*, that alwayes envy'd mans Condition,
Within this Kingdome raised up *Division*;

Withdrawne the *Will*, and brib'd the falſe *Affection*;
That *This*, no order hath; nor *That*, Election;
The *Will* proves Traitor to the *Underſtanding*;
Reaſon hath loſt her power, and left commanding;
She's quite depos'd, and put to foule diſgrace,
And Tyrant *Paſſion* now uſurps her place.
¶ Vouchſafe (Lord) in this little *World* of mine
To raigne, that I may raigne with *Thee* in thine:
And ſince my *Will* is quite of good bereaven,
Thy will be done in earth, as 'tis in heaven.

6.

¶ WHo live to ſin, are all but *theeves* to heaven
And Earth; They ſteal from God, & take ungi-
Good men they *rob*, and ſuch as live upright, (ven;
And (being baſtards) ſhare the Freemans Right:
They'r all as owners, in the owners ſtead,
And (like to *Dogs*) devoure the childrens bread;
They have, and lack, and want that they poſſeſſe;
Vnhappy moſt, in their moſt happineſſe:
They are not *goods*, but *riches* that they waſt;
And not be'ng goods, to *ev'ls* they turn at laſt.
¶ (Lord) what I have, let me enjoy in *thee*,
And *thee* in it, or elſe take it from *me*;
My *ſtore* or *want*, make thou, or *fade*, or *flouriſh*,
So ſhall my comforts neither change, nor periſh;
That little I enjoy, (Lord) make it mine,
In making mee (that am a Sinner) *thine*:
'Tis thou or none that ſhall ſupply my need,
Great God, *Give us this day our daily bread.*

¶ The

7.

¶ THe quick conceited *Schoolemen* doe approve
A difference 'twixt *Charity* and *Love*:
Love is a vertue, whereby we explaine
Our selves to *God*, and God to *us* againe:
But *Charitie's* imparted to our Brother,
Whereby we traffick, *one* man with *another*:
The *first* extends to *God*; The *last* belongs
To *Man*, in giving *right*, and bearing *wrongs*:
In number, they are *twaine*; In vertue *one*;
For one not truely being, t'other's none.
¶ In loving *God*, if I neglect my *Neighbour*,
My *love* hath lost his proofe, and I my labour.
My *Zeale*, my *Faith*, my *Hope*, that never failes me,
(If *Charity* be wanting) nought availes me.
¶ (Lord) in my Soule, a spirit of *Love* create me,
And I will love my Brother, if he hate me:
In nought but *love*, let me envy my betters;
And then, *Forgive my debts, as I my debters.*

8.

¶ I Finde a true resemblance in the growth
Of *Sin*, and *Man*; Alike in breeding, both;
The *Soule's* the *Mother*; and the *Devill*, *Syer*;
Who lusting long in mutuall defier
Enjoy their *Wils*, and joyne in *Copulation*;
The *Seed* that fils her *wombe*, is foule *Tentation*;
The sinnes *Conception*, is the Soules *consent*;
And then it *quickens*, when it breeds *content*;

The birth of *Sin* is finisht in the *action*,
And *Custome* brings it to its full *perfection*.
¶ O let my fruitlesse *Soule* be barren rather,
Than bring forth such a *Child* for such a *Father*:
Or if my Soule breed *Sinne* (not being wary)
Let not her wombe bring forth, or else *miscarry*;
She is thy Spouse (O Lord) doe thou advise her,
Keepe thou her chast, Let not the *Fiend* entice her:
Try thou my heart, Thy *Trials* bring *Salvation*,
But *let me not be led into Temptation*.

9.

¶ *Fortune* (that blind supposed Goddesse) is
Still rated at, if ought succeed amisse:
'Tis she (the vaine abuse of Providence)
That bears the blame, when others make th'offence;
When this mans *barne* finds not her wonted *store*,
Fortune's condemn'd, because she sent no more;
If this man die, or that man live too long,
Fortune's accus'd, and she hath done the wrong;
Ah foolish *Dolts*, and (like your *Goddesse*) blind!
You make the *fault*, and call your *Saint* unkind;
For when the cause of *Ev'll* begins in *Man*,
Th'effect ensues from whence the cause began;
Then know the reason of thy discontent,
Thy ev'll of *Sinne* makes the ev'll of *punishment*.
¶ (Lord) hold me up, or spur me when I fall;
So shall my Ev'll be *just*, or not *at all*;
Defend me from the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devill*,
And so thou shalt *deliver me from evill*.

¶ This

10.

¶ THe Princely *Skirts* of *Arons* holy coat
I kiſſe; and to my morning *Muſe* devote:
Had never *King*, in any age, or Nation,
Such glorious *Robes*, ſet forth in ſuch a faſhion,
With *Gold*, and *Gemmes*, and *Silks* of Princely Dye,
And *Stones* befitting more than *Maieſty*:
The Perſian *Sophies*, and rich *Sheba's Queene*
Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had ſeene:
Vpon the *Skirts* (in order as they fell)
Firſt, a *Pomegranat* was, and then a *Bell*;
By each *Pomegranat* did a *Bell* appeare;
Many *Pomegranats*, many *Bels* there were;
Pomegranats nouriſh, Bels doe make a *ſound*;
As *bleſſings* fall, *Thankſgiving* muſt rebound.
¶ If thou wilt clothe my heart with *Arons* tyer,
My *tongue* ſhall praiſe, as well as heart deſier.
My *tongue*, and pen, ſhall dwell upon thy *Story*,
(Great God) *for thine is Kingdome, Power, Glory.*

11.

¶ THe ancient *Sophiſts*, that were ſo preciſe,
(And oftentimes (perchance) too *curious* nice)
Averre, that *Nature* hath beſtow'd on Man,
Three perfect *Soules*: When this I truly ſcan,
Me thinks, their *Learning* ſwath'd in Errour, lies;
They were not *wiſe* enough, and yet too *wiſe*;
Too curious wiſe; becauſe they mention more
Than *one*; Not wiſe enough, becauſe not *foure*;
Nature, not *Grace*, is Miſtris of their *Schooles*;
Grace counts them *wiſeſt*, that are veriеſt *Fooles*:

Three *Soules* in man? *Grace* doth a *fourth* allow,
The Soule of *Faith*: But this is *Greeke* to you:
'Tis *Faith* that makes man *truly wise*: 'Tis *Faith*
Makes him poſſeſſe that thing he never hath.
¶ This Glorious Soule of *Faith* beſtow on me,
(O Lord) or elſe take thou the *other three*:
Faith makes men *leſſe* than Children, *more* than Men,
It makes the Soule cry *Abba*, and *Amen*.

The End.

PENTELOGIA.

Mors tua, Mors Christi, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cœli,
Et Dolor Inferni, sunt meditanda tibi.

Thy death, the death of Christ, the worlds tentation;
Heavens joy, hels torment, be thy meditation.

LONDON,
Printed for JOHN MARRIOT.
1638.

Mors tua.

1.

¶ME thinkes, I see the nimble-aged *Sire*
Passe swiftly by, with feet unapt to tire:
Vpon his head an *Hower-glasse* he weares,
And in his wrinkled hand a *Sythe* he beares;
(Both *Instruments*, to take the lives from *Men*)
Th'one shewes with *what*, the other sheweth *when*.
Me thinkes I heare the dolefull *Passing-bell*,
Setting an *onset* on his louder *knell*;
(This moody musick of impartiall *Death*
Who dances after, dances out of *breath*.)
Me thinks I see my deerest friends *lament*,
With *sighs*, and *teares*, and wofull *dyriment*;
My tender *Wife*, and *Children* standing by,
Dewing the *Death-bed*, whereupon I lie:
Me thinks I heare a *voice* (in secret) say,
Thy glasse is runne, and thou must die to day.

Mors Christi.

2.

¶AND am I here, and my *Redeemer* gone?
Can *He* be dead, and is not *my life* done?
Was he tormented in *excesse* of measure,
And doe *I live* yet? and yet *live* in pleasure?
Alas! could *Sinners* find out ne'r a *one*,
More fit than *Thee*, for them to spit upon?
Did *thy cheeks* entertaine a *Traytors* lips?
Was thy deare *body* scourg'd, and torne with *whips*?

So

So that the guiltleſſe *blood* came trickling after?
And did thy fainting *browes* ſweat *blood* and *water*?
Wert thou (Lord) hang'd upon the *Curſed Tree*?
O world of griefe! And was all this for *me*?
¶ Burſt forth, my *teares*, into a world of ſorrow,
And let my *nights* of griefe find ne'r a *morrow*;
Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy *ſervant* roome,
Within his *heart*, to build thy heart a *Tombe*.

Fraus Mundi.

3.

¶ WHat is the *world*? a great *exchange* of ware,
Wherein all *ſorts*, and *ſexes* cheapning are:
The *Fleſh*, the *Devill* ſit, and cry, *What lack ye*?
When moſt they fawn, they moſt intend to rack ye:
The wares, are cups of *Joy*, and beds of *Pleaſure*,
There's goodly choice, down weight, & flowing mea-
A ſoul's the *price*, but they give time to pay, (ſure;
Vpon the *Death-bed*, on the dying *day*.
¶ Hard is the bargaine, and unjuſt the *meaſure*,
When as the *price* ſo much out-laſts the *pleaſure*:
The joyes that are on earth, are *counterfaits*;
If ought be true, 'tis this, Th'are true *deceits*:
They flatter, fawne, and (like the *Crocodile*)
Kill where they laugh, and *murther* where they ſmile:
They daily dip within thy *Diſh*, and cry,
who hath betraid thee? Maſter, *Is it I*?

Gloria

Gloria Cœli.

4.

¶ WHen I behold, and well adviſe upon
The Wiſemans ſpeech, *There's nought be-*
But vanity, my ſoul rebels within, *(neath the Sun*
And lothes the dunghill priſon ſhe is in:
But when I looke to new *Jeruſalem*,
Wherein's reſerv'd my *Crown*, my *Diadem*,
O what a *Heaven of bliſſe* my Soule enjoyes,
On ſudden rapt into that heaven of *Joyes*!
Where raviſht (in the depth of *meditation*)
She well diſcernes, with eye of *contemplation*
The glory of *God*, in his *Imperiall Seat*,
Full ſtrong in *Might*, in *Majeſty* compleat,
Where troops of *Powers*, *Vertues*, *Cherubims*,
Angels, *Archangels*, *Saints*, and *Seraphims*,
Are chaunting *praiſes* to their heavenly King,
Where *Hallelujah* they for ever ſing.

Dolor Inferni.

5.

¶ LEt Poets pleaſe to torture *Tantalus*,
Let griping Vultures gnaw *Prometheus*,
And let poore *Ixion* turne his endleſſe wheele,
Let *Nemeſis* torment with whips of ſteele;
They far come ſhort, t'expreſſe the paines of thoſe
That rage in *Hell*, enwrapt in endleſſe woes:
Where *time* no end, and *plagues* find no exemption;
Where *cryes* admit no helpe, nor *place* redemption;

Where

Where fier lacks no *flame*, the flame no *heat*,
To make their *torments* ſharp, and *plagues* compleat;
Where wretched Soules to *tortures* bound ſhall be,
Serving a *world of yeers*, and not be *Free*:
Where nothing's heard but *yells*, and *ſudden eryes*;
Where *fier* never ſlakes, nor *Worme* e're dyes:
But where this *Hell* is plac'd (*my Muſe*) ſtop there;
Lord, ſhew me *what* it is, but never *where*.

Mors tua.

1.

¶CAn he be *faire*, that withers at a blaſt?
Or he be *ſtrong*, that ayery breath can caſt?
Can he be *wiſe*, that knowes not how to live?
Or he be *rich*, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be *young*, that's feeble, weak and wan?
So *faire*, *ſtrong*, *wiſe*, ſo *rich*, ſo *yong is man*.
So faire is *Man*, that *Death* (a parting blaſt)
Blaſts his faire flow'r, and makes him *Earth* at laſt;
So ſtrong is *Man*, that with a gaſping *Breath*
He totters, and bequeaths his ſtrength to *Death*;
So wiſe is *Man*, that if with *Death* he ſtrive,
His wiſedome cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is *Man*, that (all his *Debts* b'ing paid)
His wealth's the winding-ſheet wherein he's laid:
So young is *Man*, that (broke with *care* and *ſorrow*)
He's old enough to day, to *Dye to morrow*:
Why bragg'ſt thou then, thou *worm* of five-foot long?
Th'art neither *faire*, nor *ſtrong*, nor *wiſe*, not *rich*, not *yong*.

Mors Christi.

2.

I *thurſt*, and who ſhall quench this eager *Thurſt*?
I grieve; and with my *griefe* my heart will burſt;
I grieve, becauſe *I thurſt* without reliefe;
I thurſt, becauſe my Soule is burnt with *griefe*;
I thurſt; and (dry'd with *griefe*) my heart will dye;
I grieve, and *thurſt* the more, for Sorrow's *dry*:
The more *I grieve*, the more my *thurſt* appeares:
Would God I had not griev'd out all my *teares*:
I thurſt, and yet my griefes have made a *Floud*;
But *teares* are ſalt; *I grieve*, and *thurſt* for *blood*:
I grieve for *blood*, for *blood* muſt ſend *reliefe*;
I thurſt for *blood*, for *blood* muſt eaſe my *griefe*:
I thurſt for *ſacred* blood of a deare *Lambe*;
I grieve to think from *whence* that deare *blood* came:
'Twas ſhed for *me*, O let me drink my *fill*;
Although my *griefe* remaine *entier* ſtill:
O ſoveraign pow'r of that Vermillian *Spring*, (*ſing*.
Whoſe vertue, neither *heart* conceives, nor *tongue* can

Fraus Mundi.

3.

I Love the *world* (as Clients love the *Lawes*)
To manage the uprightneſſe of my *Cauſe*:
The *World* loves me, as *ſhepheards* doe their *flocks*,
To *rob*, and *ſpoile* them of their fleecy locks:
I love the *World*, and uſe it as mine *Inne*,
To bait, and reſt my tyred *carkeiſe* in:

The

The *world* loves me : For what ? To make her game,
For filthy *ſinne*, ſhe ſels me timely *ſhame* ;
She's like the *Baſiliske*, by whoſe ſharp eyes
The living object, firſt diſcover'd, dyes ;
Forth from her eyes empoyſoned beams doe burſt ;
Dyes like a *Baſiliske*, diſcerned firſt ;
We live at *jarres* as froward Gameſters doe,
Still *guarding*, nor *regarding* others foe ;
I love the World, *to ſerve my turne*, and leave her,
'Tis no *deceit* to *cozen* a *deceiver* ;
She'll not miſſe me ; I, leſſe the world ſhall miſſe,
To loſe a *world* of *griefe*, t'enjoy a *world* of *Bliſſe*.

Gloria Cœli.

4.

Earth ſtands immov'd, and *fixt* ; her ſituation
Admits no locall *change*, no alteration:
Heaven alway *moves*, renewing ſtill his place,
And ever ſees us with another *Face* :
Earth ſtandeth *fixt*, yet there I live *oppreſt* ;
Heaven alway moves, yet there is all my *reſt* :
Enlarge thy ſelfe, my *Soule*, with *meditation*,
Mount there, and there beſpeak thy *habitation* ;
Where *joyes* are full, & pure, not mixt with mourning
All endleſſe, and from which is no returning :
No *theft*, no cruell *murther* harbours there,
No hoary-headed-*Care*, no ſudden *Feare*,
No pinching want, no (griping-faſt) *oppreſſion*,
Nor *Death* the ſtipend of our firſt *tranſgreſſion* :
But deareſt *Friendſhip*, *Love*, and laſting *Pleaſure*,
Still there abides, without or ſtint, or *meaſure* :

Fulneſſe

Fulneſſe of *Riches*, *comfort* ſempiternall,
Exceſſe without a ſurfetting; And *Life Eternall.*

Dolor Inferni.

5.

THe *Trump* ſhal blow, the *dead* (awak'd) ſhal riſe,
And to the *Clouds* ſhall turn their wondring *eyes*;
The *heav'ns* ſhal ope, the *Bridegroom* forth ſhal come
To *judge* the world, and give the world her *doome*:
Joy to the *Juſt*, to others endleſſe *ſmart*;
To *thoſe* the voice bids *Come*; to *theſe Depart*:
Depart from *Life*, yet (dying) *live* for *ever*;
For ever *dying* be, and yet *dye never*:
Depart like *Dogs*, with *Devils* take your lot;
Depart like *Devils*, for *I know you not.*
Like *Dogs*, like *Devils* goe, Goe howle and barke;
Depart in *darkneſſe*, for your *deeds* were darke:
Let *roaring* be your *Muſick*, and your *Food*
Be fleſh of *Vipers*, and your drink, their *blood*;
Let *Fiends* afflict you with *Reproach* and *Shame*,
Depart, *depart* into Eternall *Flame*:
If *Hell* the Guerdion then of *Sinners* be,
Lord give me *Hell* on earth, (Lord) give me *heav'n* with thee.

——*vv*——*vv*——*Jam deſine Tibia verſus.*

F I N I S.

Hadaſſa.

Horat. Ode. 6.

Conamur tenues, grandia; nec pudor,
Imbelliſque Lyræ Muſa potens vetat.

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,

Printed for JOHN MARRIOT.

1638.

1 6 3 8.

A PREFACE TO THE READER.

A Sober veine beſt ſuits Theologie: If therefore thou expecteſt ſuch Elegancie as takes the times, affect ſome ſubject as will beare it. Had I laboured with over-abundance of fictions, or flouriſhes, perhaps they had expoſed mee, cenſurable, and diſprized this ſacred ſubject: Therefore I reſt more ſparing in that kind.

Two things I would treat of: Firſt, the *matter*, ſecondly, the *manner* of this Hiſtory.

As for the *matter*, (ſo farre as I have dealt) it is Canonicall, and indited by the holy Spirit of GOD, not lyable to errour, and needs no blanching.

In it, Theologie ſits as Queene, attended by her handmaid Philoſophy; both concurring to make the underſtanding Reader a good Divine, and a wiſe Moraliſt.

As for the Divinity, it diſcovers the Almighty in his two great Attributes; in his Mercy, delivering his Church; in his Juſtice, confounding her enemies.

As for the Morality, it offers to us the whole practick part of Philoſophy, dealt out into Ethicks, Politicks, and Oeconomicks.

1. The Ethicall part (the object whereof is the manners of a private man) ranges through the whole booke, and empties it ſelfe into the Catalogue of Morall vertues, either thoſe that governe the body; as Fortitude, Chap. 9. 2. and Temperance, Chap. 1. 8. or thoſe which direct the ſoule, either in outward things, as Liberality, Chap. 1. 3. Magnificence, Chap. 1. 6. Magnanimity, Chap. 2. 20. and Modeſty, Chap. 6. 12. or in converſation, as Juſtice, Chap. 7. 9. Manſuetude, Chap. 5. 2. &c.

2. The Politicall part (the object whereof is publique ſociety) inſtructs, firſt, in the behaviour of a Prince to his Subject; in puniſhing his vice, Chap. 7. 10. in rewarding of vertues, Chap. 8. 2. 15. Secondly, in the behaviour of the Subject to his Prince, in obſerving his Lawes, and diſcovering his enemies, Chap. 2. 22. Thirdly, the behaviour of a Subject to a Subject; in mutuality of love, Chap. 4. 7. in propagation of peace, Chap. 10. 3.

3. The Oeconomicall part (the object whereof is private ſociety) teacheth, firſt, the carriage of the Wife, to her Husband: in obeying, Chap. 1. 22. of the Husband to his Wife, in ruling, Chap. 1. 22. Secondly, of a Father to his Childe, in adviſing, Chap. 2. 7, 10. of a Childe to his Father, in obſerving, Chap. 2. 20. Thirdly, of a Maſter to his Servant in commanding,

Chap.

Chap. 4. 5. of a Servant to his Maſter, in effecting his command, Chap. 4. 6.

Furthermore, in this Hiſtory the two principall faculties of the ſoule are (not in vaine) imployed. Firſt, the Intellect, whoſe proper object is Truth. Secondly, the Will, whoſe proper object is good, whether Philoſophicall, which the great Maſter of Philoſophy cals Wiſedome: or Theologicall, which we point at now, hoping to enjoy hereafter.

Who the Pen-man of this ſacred Hiſtory was, or why the name of God (as in few other parts of the Bible) is unmentioned in this, it is immateriall and doubtfull. For the firſt, it is enough for an uncurious queſtioner to know, it was indited by the Spirit of God: for the ſecond, let it ſuffice, that that Spirit will'd not here to reveale his name.

As for the *Manner* of this Hiſtory (conſiſting in the Periphraſe, the adjournment of the Story, and interpoſition of Meditations) I hope it had not injured the Matter: For in this I was not the leaſt carefull, to uſe the light of the beſt Expoſitors, not daring to goe un-led, for feare of ſtumbling. Some ſay, Divinitie in Verſe is incongruous and unpleaſing: ſuch I referre to the *Pſalmes of David*, or the Song of his ſonne *Solomon*, to bee corrected. But in theſe lewd times, the ſalt, and ſoule of a Verſe,

is obſcene ſcurrility, without which it ſeemes dull, and liveleſſe: And though the ſacred Hiſtory needs not (as humane doe) Poetry, to perpetuate the remembrance (being by Gods owne mouth bleſt with Eternity) yet Verſe (working ſo neare upon the ſoule, and ſpirit) will oft-times draw thoſe to have a Hiſtory in familiarity, who (perchance) before, ſcarce knew there was ſuch a Booke.

Reader, be more than my haſty pen ſtyles thee. Reade me with advice, and thereafter judge me, and in that judgement cenſure me. If I jangle, think my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers in. Farewell.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION.

VVHen *Zedechia* (He whoſe hapleſſe hand
Once held the Scepter of Great Iudahs Land)
Went up the Palace of proud Babylon,
(The Prince *Serajah* him attending on)
A dreadfull Prophet, (from whoſe blaſting breath
Came ſudden death, and nothing elſe but death)
Into *Serajah's* peacefull hand betooke
The ſad Contents of a more diſmall Booke:
« Break ope the leaves, thoſe leaves ſo full of dread,
« Read (ſonne of thunder) ſaid the Prophet, reade;
« Say thus, ſay freely thus, The Lord hath ſpoke it,
« 'Tis done, the world's unable to revoke it:
« Woe, woe, and heavy woes ten thouſand more
« Betide great Babylon, that painted whore;
« Thy buildings, and thy feſtive Towers ſhall
« Flame on a ſudden, and to cinders fall;
« None ſhall be left to waile thy griefe with howles:
« Thy ſtreets ſhall peopl'd be with Bats and Owles:
« None ſhall remaine to call thy places void,
None to poſſeſſe, nor ought to be enjoy'd;
« Nought ſhall be left for thee to terme thine owne,
« But helpleſſe ruines of a hapleſſe Towne:
« Said then the Prophet, when thy language hath
« Emty'd thy cheeks of this thy borrow'd Breath,
« Cloſe then the booke, and binde a ſtone unto it,
« That done, into the ſwift Euphrates throw it,
« And let this following ſpeech explane withall
« The Hieroglyphicke of proud Babels fall:
« Thus, thus ſhall Babel, thus ſhall Babels glory,
« Of her deſtruction leave a Tragicke ſtory:

is obscene scurrility, without which it seemes dull, and liveleſſe: And though the sacred History needs not (as humane doe) Poetry, to perpetuate the remembrance (being by Gods owne mouth blest with Eternity) yet Verse (working so neare upon the soule, and spirit) will oft-times draw those to have a History in familiarity, who (perchance) before, scarce knew there was such a Booke.

Reader, be more than my hasty pen styles thee. Reade me with advice, and thereafter judge me, and in that judgement censure me. If I jangle, think my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers in. Farewell.

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« The Hieroglyphicke of proud Babels fall:
« Thus, thus ſhall Babel, thus ſhall Babels glory,
« Of her deſtruction leave a Tragicke ſtory:

« Thus

« Thus, thus ſhall Babel fall, and none relieve her,
« Thus, thus ſhall Babel ſink, Thus ſink for ever.
And ſalne ſhe is. Thus after-times made good
That ſacred Propheſie, confirm'd in blood.
Great Royall Dreamer, where is now that thing
Thou ſo much vaunted'ſt of? where O ſoveraign King
Is that great Babel, that was rais'd ſo high,
To ſhew the highneſſe of thy Majeſty?
Where is thy Royall Off-ſpring to ſucceed
Thy Throne, and to preſerve thy Princely ſeed
Till this time? Sleeping, how could'ſt thou foreſee
That thing, which waking, thou thought'ſt ne'r would
And thou *Belſhazzar*, (full of youthfull fire, (be)
Vnlucky Grandchild to a luckleſſe Syre)
On thee the ſacred Oracles attended.
For with thy life great Babels Kingdome ended:
What made thy ſpirit tremble, and thy haire
Bolt up? What made thee (fainting) gaſpe for aire?
A ſimple word upon a painted Wall?
What's that to thee? It ought, what harm at all?
Could words affright thee? O prepoſterous wit,
To feare the writing, not the hand that writ!
The Hand that writ, it ſelfe (unſeene) did ſhroud
Within the gloomy boſome of a Cloud;
The hand that writ, was bent, (not bent in vaine)
To part the Kingdome, and the King in twaine:
The Hand that writ, did write the ſentence downe,
And now ſtands armed to depoſe the Crowne:
The Hand that writ, did threaten to tranſlate
Thy Kingdome Babel to the Perſian State:
Th'effect whereof did brooke no long delayes,
For when *Belſhazzar* had ſpun out his dayes,
(Soone cut by that Avengers fatall knife)
Proud *Babels* Empire ended with his life.

As

As when that rare Arabian Bird doth reſt
Her bedrid carkaſe in her Spicy neſt,
The quick-devouring fire of heaven conſumes,
The willing ſacrifice in ſweet perfumes,
From whoſe ſad cinders (balm'd in fun'rall Spices)
A ſecond Phœnix (like the firſt) ariſes:
So from the Ruines of great Babels Seat,
The Medes and Perſians Monarchy grew great.
For when *Belſhazzar*, laſt of Babels Kings,
Yeelded to death, (the ſumme of mortall things)
Like earth-amazing thunder from above,
And lightning from the houſe of angry *Jove*,
Or like to billowes in th'Eubœan Seas,
Whoſe ſwelling, nought but Shipwrack can appeaſe,
So bravely came the fierce *Darius* on,
Marching with *Cyrus* into Babylon;
Two Armies Royall ſtoutly following,
The one was Medes, the other Perſia's King.
As when the Harveſter with bubling brow,
(Reaping the intereſt of his painfull Plough)
With crooked Sickle now a ſhock doth ſheare,
A handfull here, and then a handfull there;
Not leaving, till he nought but ſtubble leave;
Here lies a new-falne ranke, and there a ſheave:
Even ſo the Perſian Hoſt it ſelfe beſtirr'd,
So fell great Babel by the Perſian ſword,
Which warm with ſlaughter, & with blood imbru'd,
Ne'r ſheath'd till wounded Babel fell ſubdu'd.
But ſee: Theſe brave Ioyntenants that ſurviv'd
To ſee a little world of men unliv'd,
Muſt now be parted: Great *Darius* dyes,
And *Cyrus* ſhares alone the new-got prize:
He fights for Heaven, Heavens foemen he ſubdues;
He builds the Temple, he reſtores the Iewes,

By

By him was *Zedechia's* force disjoynted,
Vnknowne to God he was, yet Gods Anointed:
But marke the malice of a wayward Fate;
He whom ſucceſſe crown'd alwayes fortunate,
He that was ſtrong t'atchieve, bold to attempt,
Wiſe to foreſee, and wary to prevent,
Valiant in warre, ſucceſſefull to obtaine,
Muſt now be ſlaine, and by a Woman ſlaine.
Accurſed be thy ſacrilegious hand,
That of her Patron robb'd the holy Land;
Curs'd be thy dying life, thy living death,
And curs'd be all things that proud *Tomyris* hath.
O worſt that death can doe, to take a life
Which (loſt) leaves Kingdomes to a Tyrants Knife:
For now, alas! degenerate *Cambiſes*, (vices)
(Whoſe hand was fill'd with blood, whoſe heart with
Sits crowned King, to vexe the Perſian State,
With heavy burthens, and with ſore regrate.
O *Cyrus*, more unhappy in thy ſonne,
Than in that ſtroke wherewith thy life was done!
Cambyſes now ſits King, now Tyrant (rather:)
(Vnlucky ſonne of a renowned Father)
Blood cries for blood: Himſelfe revenged hath
His bloody Tyranny with his owne death:
That cruell ſword on his owne fleſh doth feed,
Which made ſo many loyall Perſians bleed.
Whoſe wofull choice made an indiff'rent thing,
To leave their lives, or loſe their Tyran King:
Cambyſes dead, with him the lateſt drop
Of *Cyrus* blood was ſpilt, his death did ſtop
The infant ſource of his brave Syers worth,
Ere after-times could ſpend his rivers forth.
Tyrant *Cambyſes* being dead and gone,
On the reverſion of his empty Throne,

Mount

Mounts up a *Magus* with diſſembled right,
Forging the name of him, whoſe greedy night
Too early did perpetuate her owne,
And ſilent death had ſnatcht away unknowne.
But when the tidings of this Royall cheat
Times loyall Trump had fam'd, th'uſurped ſeat
Grew too-too hot, and longer could not beare
So proud a burthen on ſo proud a Chaire;
The Nobles ſought their freedome to regaine,
Not reſting till the *Magi* all were ſlaine:
And ſo renowned was that happy ſlaughter,
That it ſolemniz'd was for ever after;
So that what pen ſhall write the Perſian ſtory,
Shall treat that Triumph, & write that dayes glory;
For to this time the Perſians (as they ſay)
Obſerve a Feaſt, and keepe it holy-day;
Now Perſia lacks a King, and now the State
Labours as much in want, as it of late
Did in abundance; Too great calmes doe harme
Sometimes as much the Sea-man, as a ſtorme;
One while they think t'erect a Monarchy;
But that (corrupted) breeds a Tyranny,
And dead *Cambyſes*, freſh before their eyes,
Affrights them with their newſcap'd miſeries;
Some to the Nobles would commit the State,
In change of Rule expecting change of fate;
Others cry'd, no; More Kings than one, incumber;
Better admit one Tyrant, than a number:
The rule of many doth diſquiet bring,
One Monarch is enough, one Lord, one King:
One ſayes, Let's rule our ſelves; let's all be Kings:
No, ſayes another, that confuſion brings:
Thus moderne danger bred a carefull trouble,
Double their care is, as their feare is double;

And doubtleſſe to reſolve of what concluſion,
To barre confuſion, thus they bred confuſion;
At laſt (and well adviſ'd) they put their choyce
Vpon the verdict of a Iuries voice:
Seven is a perfect number, then by ſeven
Be Perſia's Royall Crowne, and Scepter given;
« Now Perſia, doe thy plagues or joyes commence;
« God give thy Iurie ſacred evidence:
Fearefull to chuſe, and faithleſſe in their choyce,
(Since weale or woe depended on their voice)
A few from many they extracted forth,
Whoſe even poys'd valour, and like equall worth
Had ſet a *Non-plus* on their doubtfull tongues,
Vnweeting where the moſt reward belongs,
They this agreed, and thus (adviſ'd) beſpake:
« Since purblind mortals, of themſelves, can make
« No difference 'twixt good, and evill, nor know
« A good from what is onely good in ſhow,
« But with unconſtant frailty, doth vary
« From what is good, to what is cleane contrary:
« And ſince it lies not in the braine of man,
« To make his drooping ſtate more happy, than
« His unpropitious ſtarres allot, much leſſe
« To lend another, or a State ſucceſſe;
« In vaine you therefore ſhall expect this thing,
« That we ſhould give you fortune, with a King:
« Since you have made us meanes to propagate
« The joyfull welfare of our headleſſe State,
« (Bound by the tender ſervice that we beare
« Our native ſoyle, far than our lives more deare,)
« We ſifted have, and bolted from the reſt,
« Whoſe worſt admits no badneſſe, and whoſe beſt
« Cannot be bettered.
« When Chanticleere (the Bellman of the morne)

« Shall

« Shall ſummon twilight, with his bugle horne,
« Let theſe brave *Hero's* dreſt in warlike wiſe,
« And richly mounted on their Palferies,
« Attend our riſing Sun-god's ruddy face,
« Within the limit of our Royall place.
« And he whoſe luſty Stallion firſt ſhall neigh,
« To him be given the doubtfull Monarchy;
« The choyce of Kings lies not in mortals breaſt;
« This we; the gods and Fortune doe the reſt.

So ſaid, the people tickled with the motion,
Some toſt their Caps, ſome fell to their devotion,
Some clap their joyfull hands, ſome ſhout, ſome ſing,
And all at once cry'd out, A King, a King.

When *Phœbus* Harbinger had chac'd the night,
And tedious *Phoſpher* brought the breaking light,
Compleat in armes, and glorious in their traine,
Came theſe brave *Heroes* prancing o'r the Plaine.
With mighty ſtreamers came theſe blazing ſtars,
Portending Wars, (and nothing elſe but Wars;)
Into the Royall Palace now they come: (Drum:
There ſounds the Martiall Trump, here beats the
There ſtands a Steed, and champs his frothy ſteele,
This ſtroaks the ground, that ſcorns it with his heele;
One ſnorts, another puffes out angry wind;
This mounts, before; and that curvets, behind.

By this, the ſomy Steeds of *Phaeton*
Puffe too, and ſpurne the Eaſterne Horizon:
Whereat the Nobles proſtrate to the ground,
Ador'd their god, (their god was early found.)
Forthwith from out the thickeſt of the crowd,
In depth of ſilence there was heard the loud
And luſtfull language of *Darius* Horſe,
Who in the dialect of his diſcourſe,
Proclaim'd his Rider King; whereat the reſt

(Patient

(Patient to beare what cannot be redreſt)
Diſmount their lofty ſteeds, and proſtrate bring
Their humbled bodies to their happy King;
God ſave the King, they joyntly ſay; God bleſſe
Thy proſp'rous actions with a due ſucceſſe;
The people clap their ſweaty palmes, and ſhout;
The Bonfires ſmoake, the bels ring round about,
The Minſtrels play, the Parrats learne to ſing,
(Perchance as well as they) *God ſave the King.*
Aſſuerus now's inveſted in the Throne,
And *Perſia's* rul'd by him, and him alone;
Prove happy *Perſia:* Great *Aſſuerus* prove
As equall happy in thy peoples love.
Enough; and let this broken breviate
Suffice to ſhadow forth thy downfall ſtate
O mighty Babel, and the Conqueſt made
By the fierce Medes, and Perſians conqu'ring blade;
Whoſe juſt ſucceſſion we have traced downe,
Till great *Aſſuerus* weare the Perſian Crowne;
Him have we ſought, and having found him, reſt;
To morrow goe we to his royall Feaſt.

FINIS.

TO

TO THE HIGHEST:

His Humble Servant implores his gracious Ayde.

THou great Directer of the Hearts of men,
From whence I propagate what e're is mine,
Still my disquiet thoughts, Direct my pen
No more mine owne, if thou adopt it thine:
O be thy Spirit All in All to me,
That will implore no ayde, no Muse but thee:

Be thou the Load-starre to my wandring minde,
New rigg'd, and bound upon a new Adventure:
O fill my Canvas with a prosp'rous winde;
Vnlock my soule, and let thy Spirit enter:
So blesse my Talent with a fruitfull Lone,
That it, at least, may render two for one.

Vnworthy I, to take ſo high a Taske;
Vnworthy I, to crave ſo great a Boone:
Alas! unſeaſon'd is my ſlender Caske,
My Winters day hath ſcarcely ſeene her Noone:
But if the Childrens Bread muſt be deny'd,
Yet let me lick the Crummes that fall beſide.

THE

THE HISTORIE OF ESTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The King Assuerus *makes two Feasts,*
Invites his great and meaner guests:
He makes a Statute to represse,
The loathsome sin of Drunkennesse.

Sect. 1.

WHen great *Assuerus* (under whose Command
The Worlds most part did in subjection stand,
Whose Kingdome was to East and West confin'd,
And stretcht from Ethiopia unto Ind',)
When this brave Monarch had with two yeers pow'r
Confirm'd himselfe the Persian Emperour;
The peoples patience nilling to sustaine
The hard oppression of a third yeeres raigne,
Softly began to grumble, sore to vexe,
Feeling such Tribute on their servile necks;
Which when the King (as he did quickly heares,
(For Kings have tender, and the nimblest eares)
Partly to blow the coales of old affection,
Which now are dying through a forc'd subjection;
Partly to make his Princely might appeare,
To make them feare for love, or love for feare,
He made a Feast: He made a Royall Feast,
Fit for himselfe, had he himselfe beene Guest:

To which he calls the Princes of his Land,
Who (paying tribute) by his power ſtand;
To which he calls his ſervants of Eſtate,
His Captaines, and his Rulers of the State,
That he may ſhew the glory of his ſtore,
The like unſeene by any Prince before;
That he may boaſt his Kingdomes beauty forth,
His ſervant Princes; and their Princely worth:
That he may ſhew the Type of Sov'raignty
Fulfill'd in th'honour of his Majeſty:
He made a Feaſt, whoſe Date ſhould not expire,
Vntill ſeven Moones had loſt and gain'd their fire.
When as this Royall tedious Feaſt was ended,
(For good more common 'tis, 'tis more commended)
For meaner ſort he made a ſecond Feaſt;
His Gueſts were from the greateſt to the leaſt
In *Suſa's* place; Seven dayes they did reſort
To feaſt i'th'Palace Garden of the Court:
Where in the midſt, the houſe of *Bacchus* ſtands
To entertaine when Bounty claps her hands;
The Tap'ſtry hangings, were of divers hue,
Pure white, and youthfull Greene, and joyfull blue:
The maine ſupporting Pillars of the Place
Were perfect Marble of the pureſt race;
The Beds were rich, right Princely to behold,
Of beaten ſilver, and of burniſht Gold.
The Pavement was diſcolour'd Porphyry,
And during Marble, colour'd diverſly:
In laviſh Cups of oft-refined Gold,
Came Wine unwiſht, drink what the people would:
The Golden veſſels did in number paſſe,
Great choice of Cups, great choice of Wine there was.
And ſince Abuſe attends upon Exceſſe,
Leading ſweet Mirth to loathſome Drunkenneſſe,

A temp'rate Law was made, that no man might
Inforce an undiſpoſed Appetite:
So that a ſober mind may uſe his pleaſure,
And meaſure drinking, though not drink by meaſure.

Medita. 1.

NO man is borne unto himſelfe alone;
Who lives unto himſelfe, he lives to none:
The World's a body, each man a member is,
To adde ſome meaſure to the publike bliſſe:
Where much is giv'n, there much ſhall be requir'd;
Where little, leſſe; for riches are but hyr'd:
Wiſedome is ſold for ſweat, Pleaſures for paine;
Who lives unto himſelfe, he lives in vaine:
To be a Monarch, is a glorious thing;
Who lives not full of Care, he lives no King:
The boundleſſe glory of a King is ſuch,
To ſweeten Care, becauſe his care is much;
The Sun (whoſe radiant beames reflect ſo bright)
Comforts and warmes, as well as it gives light,
By whoſe example *Phœbe* (though more dim)
Does counterfeit his beames, and ſhines from him:
So mighty Kings are not ordain'd alone
To pearch in glory on the Princely Throne,
But to direct in Peace, command in Warre
Thoſe Subjects, for whoſe ſakes they onely are;
So loyall Subjects muſt adapt them to
Such vertuous actions as their Princes doe:
So ſhall his people, even as well as He,
Princes (though in a leſſer volume) be.
¶ So often as I fixe my ſerious eye
Vpon *Aſſuerus* Feaſt, me thinkes, I ſpye

The Temple dance, me thinks my raviſht eare,
(Rapt with the ſecret muſick that I heare)
Attends the warble of an Angels tongue,
Reſounding forth this ſenſe-bereaving Song;
Vaſhti *ſhall fall, and* Eſter *riſe,*
Sion ſhall thrive, when Haman *dies.*
Bleſt are the meetings, and the Banquets bleſt,
Where Angels caroll muſick to the Feaſt.
¶ How doe our wretched times degenerate
From former ages! How intemperate
Hath laviſh cuſtome made our bedrid Age,
Acting obſcene Scenes on her drunken Stage!
Our times are guided by a lewder lot,
As if that world another world begot:
Their friendly feaſts were fill'd with ſweet ſobriety;
Ours, with uncleane delights, and baſe ebriety:
Theirs, the unvalued price of Love intended;
Ours ſeeke the cauſe whereby our Love is ended:
How in ſo blind an Age could thoſe men ſee!
And in a ſeeing Age, how blind are we!

THE ARGUMENT.

The King ſends for the Queene; the Queene
Denies to come; His haſty ſpleene
Inflames, unto the Perſian Lawes,
He leaves the cenſure of his cauſe.

Sect. 2.

TO adde more honour to this Royall Feaſt,
That Glory may with Glory be increaſt,
Vaſhti the Queene (the faireſt Queene on earth)
She made a Feaſt, and put on jolly mirth,

To

To bid ſweet welcome with her Princely cheere
To all her Gueſts; Her Gueſts all, women were.
By this, the royall bounty of the King
Hath well-nigh ſpent the ſeven dayes banquetting.
Sixe joviall dayes have run their howers out,
And now the ſeventh revolves the Weeke about,
Vpon which day, (the Queenes unlucky Day)
The King, with jollity intic'd away,
And gently having ſlipt the ſtricter reines
Of Temperance, (that over-mirth reſtraines)
Roſe up, commanded that without delay,
(Howe'r the Perſian cuſtome doe gain-ſay
That Men and married Wives ſhould feaſt together)
That faire *Queene Vaſhti* be conducted thither,
For him to ſhew the ſweetneſſe of her face,
And peereleſſe beauty mixt with Princely Grace:
To wound their wanton hearts, and to ſurprize
The Princes with th'Artill'ry of her eyes.
But faireſt *Vaſhti*, (in whoſe ſcornefull Eyes
More haughty pride, than heav'nly beauty lies)
With bold denyall of a flinty breſt,
Anſwer'd the longing of the Kings requeſt;
And (fill'd with ſcorne) return'd this meſſage home,
Queene Vaſhti *cannot*, Vaſhti *will not come.*
Whereat, as *Boreas* with his bluſtering,
(When ſturdy *Aries* uſhers in the Spring)
Here fells an aged Oke, there cleaves a Tree,
Now holds his full-mouth'd blaſt, now lets it flee,
So ſtormes the King; now pale, now fiery red,
His colour comes and goes, his angry head
He ſternly ſhakes, ſpits his inraged ſpleene,
Now on the meſſenger, now on the Queene:
One while he deeply weighs the foule contempt,
And then his paſſion bids his wrath attempt

A quicke revenge; now creepe into his thought
Such things as aggravate the peevish fault;
The place, the persons present, and the time,
Increase his wrath, increase his Ladies Crime.
But soone as Passion had restor'd the Reyne
To righteous Reason's government againe;
The King (unfit to judge his proper Cause)
Referr'd the tryall to the Persian Lawes:
He call'd his learned Counsell, ane display'd
The nature of his Grievance thus, and said:
"By vertue of a Husband, and a King,
"(To make compleat our Royall banquetting)
"We gave command, we gave a strict command,
"That by the office of our Eunuchs band,
"Queene *Vashti* should in state attended be
"Into the the presence of our Majesty,
"But in contempt she slacks our dread behest
"Neglects performance of our deare Request,
"And (through disdaine) disloyally deny'd;
"Like a false subject, and a faithlesse bride:
"Say then (my Lords) for you (being truely wife)
"Have braines to judge, and judgements to advise;
"Say, boldly (say) what doe the Lawes assigne?
"What punishment? or what deserved Fine?
"*Assuerus* bids, the mighty King commands;
"*Vashti* denyes, the scornefull Queene withstands.

Meditat. 2.

EVill manners breeds good Lawes: & that's the best
That e're was made of bad: The Persian feast
(Finding the mischiefe that was growne so rife)
Admitted not with men a married wife.

How

How carefull were they in preſerving that,
Which we ſo watchfull are to violate!
O Chaſtity the flower of the ſoule,
How is thy perfect fairneſſe turn'd to foule!
How are thy Bloſſomes blaſted all to duſt,
By ſudden Lightning of untamed Luſt!
How haſt thou thus defil'd thy Iv'ry feet!
Thy ſweetneſſe that was once, how far from ſweet!
Where are thy maiden-ſmiles, thy bluſhing cheeke?
Thy Lamb-like countenance, ſo faire, ſo meeke?
Where is that ſpotleſſe Flower, that while-ere
Within thy Lilly boſome thou didſt weare?
Has wanton *Cupid* ſnatcht it? Hath his Dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy ſimple heart?
Where doſt thou bide? the Country halfe diſclaimes thee;
The City wonders when a body names thee.
Or have the rurall woods engroſt thee there,
And thus foreſtall'd our empty markets here?
Sure th'art not, or kept where no man ſhowes thee;
Or chang'd ſo much, ſcarce man or woman knowes thee.
¶ Our Grandame *Eve*, before it was forbid,
Deſired not the fruit, ſhe after did:
Had not the cuſtome of thoſe times ordain'd
That women from mens feaſts ſhould be reſtrain'd,
Perhaps (*Aſſuerus*) *Vaſhti* might have dyed
Vnſent for, and thy ſelfe beene undenyed:
Such are the fruits of mirth's and wine's abuſe,
Cuſtomes muſt crack, & love muſt breake his truce,
Conjugall bands muſt looſe, and ſullen Hate
Enſues the Feaſt, where wine's immoderate.
¶ More difficult it is, and greater skill
To beare a miſchiefe, than prevent an ill:
Paſſion is naturall, but to bridle Paſſion,
Is more divine, and vertues operation:

To

To doe amisse, is Natures act: to erre,
Is but a wretched mortalls Character;
But to prevent the danger of the ill,
Is more than Man, surpassing humane skill:
Who playes a happy game with crafty slight,
Confirmes himselfe but fortunes Favorite:
But he that husbands well an ill-dealt game,
Deserves the credit of a Gamesters name.
¶ Lord, if my Cards be bad, yet lend me skill
To play them wisely and make the best of ill.

THE ARGUMENT.

The learned Counsell plead the case;
The Queene degraded from her place:
Decrees are sent throughout the Land,
That wives obey, and men command.

Sect. 3.

THe righteous Counsell (having heard the cause)
Advis'd a while, with respit of a pause,
Till *Memucan* (the first that silence brake)
Vnseal'd his serious lips, and thus bespake.
« The great *Assuerus* Sov'raigne Lord and King,
« (To grace the period of his banquetting)
« Hath sent for *Vashti*; *Vashti* would not come,
« And now it rests in us to give the doome.
« But lest that too much rashnesse violate
« The sacred Justice of our happy state,
« We first propound the height of her offence,
« Next, the succeeding inconvenience,
« Which through the circumstances does augment,
« And so descend to th'equall punishment;

« Th'offence

« Th'offence propounded, now we muſt relate
« Such circumſtances that might aggravate,
« And firſt the Place, (the Palace of the King)
« And next the Time, (the Time of Banquetting)
« Laſtly, the Perſons, (Princes of the Land)
« Which witneſſe the contempt of the commaund;
« The Place, the Perſons preſent, and the Time,
« Make foule the fault, make foule the Ladies crime;
« Nor was her fault unto the King alone,
« But to the Princes, and to every one;
« For when this ſpeech divulg'd about ſhall be,
« *Vaſhti* the Queene withſtood the Kings Decree,
« Women (that ſoone can an advantage take
« Of things, which for their private ends doe make)
« Shall ſcorne their coward husbands, and deſpiſe
« Their deare requeſts within their ſcornfull eyes,
« And ſay, if we deny your heſts, then blame not,
« *Aſſuerus* ſent for *Vaſhti*, but ſhe came not:
« By *Vaſhties* patterne others will be taught;
« Thus her example's fouler than her fault:
« Now therefore if it like our gracious King,
« (Since he refers to us the cenſuring)
« Let him proclaime (which untranſgreſſed be)
« His royall Edict, and his juſt Decree,
« That *Vaſhti* come no more before his face,
« But leave the titles of her Princely place:
« Let firme divorce unlooſe the Nuptiall knot,
« And let the name of Queene be quite forgot:
« Let her eſtate and Princely dignity,
« Her Royall Crowne, and ſeat aſſigned be
« To one whoſe ſacred vertue ſhall attaine
« As high perfection, as her bold diſdaine:
« So when this Royall Edict ſhall be fam'd,
« And through the ſeverall Provinces proclaim'd,

« Disdainfull wives will learne, by *Vashties* fall,
« To answer gently to their Husbands call.
Thus ended *Memucan*; the King was pleas'd;
(His blustring passion now at length appeas'd)
And soone apply'd himselfe to undertake,
To put in practice what his Councell spake:
So, into every Province of the Land,
He sent his speedy Letters, with command
That Husbands rule their Wives, and beare the sway,
And by subjection teach their Wives t'obey:

Meditat. 3.

WHen God with sacred breath did first inspire
The new-made earth with quick, and holy fire,
He (well advising, what a goodly creature
He builded had, so like himselfe in feature)
Forth-with concluded by his preservation
T'eternize that great work of Mans creation;
Into a sleep he cast this living clay,
Lockt up his sense with drowzie *Morpheus* key,
Opened his fruitfull flanke, and from his side
He drew the substance of his helpfull Bride,
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone
He framed Woman, making two of one;
Thus broke in two, he did anew ordaine
That these same two should be made One againe,
Till singling Death this sacred knot undoe,
And part this new-made One, once more in two.
¶ Since of a Rib first framed was a Wife,
Let Ribs be Hi'roglphicks of their life:
Ribs coast the heart, and guard it round about;
And like a trusty Watch keep dangerous

So

So tender wives ſhould loyally impart
Their watchfull care to fence their Spouſes heart:
All members elſe from out their places rove,
But Ribs are firmely fixt, and ſeldome move:
Women (like Ribs) muſt keepe their wonted home,
And not (like *Dinah* that was raviſht) rome:
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,
They breake; If let alone, they bend enough;
Women muſt (unconſtrain'd) be plyant ſtill,
And gently bending to their Husbands will:
The ſacred Academy of mans life
Is holy wedlock in a happy Wife.

It was a wiſe mans ſpeech, *Could never they*
Know to command, that knew not firſt t'obey:
Where's then that high command? that ample fame
Your ſexe, to glorifie for their honour'd name,
Your noble ſexe in former dayes atchiev'd?
Whoſe founding praiſe no after-times out-liv'd.
What brave exploits, what well deſerving glory,
The ſubject of an everlaſting ſtory.
Their hands atchiev'd? they thruſt their Scepters then
As well in Kingdomes, as in hearts of men:
And ſweet obedience was the lowly ſtaire,
Mounted their ſteps to that commanding chaire.
¶ A Womans rule ſhould be in ſuch a fashion,
Onely to guide her houſhold, and her paſſion:
And her obedience never's out of ſeaſon,
So long as either Husband laſts, or Reaſon:
Ill thrives the hapleſſe Family, that ſhowes
A Cock that's ſilent, and a Hen that crowes:
I know not which live more unnaturall lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Assuerus pleas'd, his servants motion
Propounded, gaine his approbation.
Esters descent, her Jewish race:
Her beauties, and her perfect grace.

Sect. 4.

WHen Time (that endeth all things) did asswage
The burning Fever of *Assuerus* rage,
And quiet satisfaction had assign'd
Delightfull lu'lips to his troubled minde,
He call'd his old remembrance to account
Of *Vashti*, and her Crimes that did amount
To th'summe of her divorcement: In his thought
He weigh'd the censure of her heedlesse fault:
His fawning servants willing to prevent him, (him,
Lest too much thought should make his love repent
Said thus: « (If it shall please our gracious Lord
« To crowne with audience his servants word)
« Let strict Inquest, and carefull Inquisition
« In all the Realme be made, and quick provision
« Throghout the Medes and Persians all along
« For comely Virgins, beautifull and young,
« Which (curiously selected) let them bring
« Into the Royall Palace of the King:
« And let the Eunuchs of the King take care
« For Princely Robes, and Vesture, and prepare
« Sweet Odors, choice Perfumes, and all things meet,
« To adde a greater sweetnesse to their sweet:
« And she, whose perfect beames shall best delight,
« And seeme most gracious in his Princely sight;

To

« To her be given the conqueſt of her face,
« And be enthron'd in ſcornfull *Vaſhties* place.
The project pleas'd the King, who ſtraight requires
That ſtrict performance ſecond their deſires:
Within the walls of *Shuſa* dwelt there one,
By breeding and by birth a Jew, and knowne
By th'name of *Mordecai*, of mighty kin,
Deſcended from the Tribe of *Benjamin*:
(Whoſe neck was ſubject to the ſlaviſh yoke,
When *Jeconiah* was ſurpriz'd and tooke,
And carried captive into Babels Land,
With ſtrength of mighty *Neb'chadnezzars* hand)
Within his houſe abode a Virgin bright,
Whoſe name was *Eſter*, or *Hadaſſa* hight,
His brothers daughter, whom (her Parents dead)
This Iew did foſter in her fathers ſtead;
She wanted none, though father ſhe had none,
Her Vncles love aſſum'd her for his owne:
Bright beames of beauty ſtreamed from her eye,
And in her cheeke ſate maiden modeſty;
Which peerleſſe beauty lent ſo kind a relliſh
To modeſt Vertue, that they did imbelliſh
Each others ex'lence, with a full aſſent,
In her to boaſt their perfect complement.

Meditat. 4.

THe ſtrongeſt Arteries that knit and tye
The members of a mixed Monarchy,
Are learned Counſels, timely Conſultations,
Rip'ned Advice, and ſage Deliberations;
And if thoſe Kingdomes be but ill be-bleſt,
Whoſe rule's committed to a young mans breſt:

Then

Then such Estates are more unhappy farre,
Whose choisest Counsellors but Children are:
How many Kingdomes blest with high renowne,
(In all things happy else) have plac'd their Crowne
Vpon the Temples of a childish head,
Vntill with ruine, King, or State be sped?
What Massacres (begun by factious jarres,
And ended by the spoile of civill wars)
Have made brave Monarchies unfortunate,
And raz'd the glory of many a mighty State?
How many hopefull Princes (ill advis'd
By young, and smooth fac'd Counsell) have despis'd
The sacred Oracles of riper yeares,
Till deare Repentance wash the Land with teares?
Witnesse thou luckless, and succeeding Son
Of (Wisedomes Favourite) great *Solomon*;
How did thy rash, and beardless Counsell bring
Thy fortunes subject to a stranger King?
And laying burthens on thy peoples neck,
The weight hung sadly on thy bended back.
Thou second *Richard*, (once our Britaine King,
Whose Syr's, and Grandsyr's fame the world did ring)
How was thy gentle nature led aside
By greene advisements, which thy State did guide,
Vntill the title of thy Crowne did crack,
And fortunes (as thy Fathers name) were black?
¶ Now glorious Britaine, clap thy hands, and blesse
Thy sacred fortunes; for thy happinesse
(As doth thy Iland) does it selfe divide,
And sequester from all the world beside;
Blest are thy open Gates with joyfull peace,
Blest are thy fruitfull Barnes with sweet increase,
Blest in thy Counsell, whose industrious skill,
Is but to make thy fortunes happy still;

In

In all things bleſt, that to a State pertaine;
Thrice happy in my dreaded Soveraigne,
My ſacred Sov'raigne, in whoſe onely breſt
A wiſe Aſſembl' of Privy Councels reſt,
Who conquers with his Princely heart as farre
By Peace, as *Alexander* did by Warre;
And with his Olive branch more hearts did boord,
Than daring *Cæſar* did, with *Cæſars* ſword:
Long maiſt thou hold within thy Royall hand,
The peacefull Scepter of our happy Land;
¶ Great *Judah's* Lyon, and the Flow'r of *Jeſſe*,
Preſerve thy Lyons, and thy Flowers bleſſe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Faire Virgins brought to Hege's *hand,*
The cuſtome of the Perſian Land;
Eſters *neglect of rich attire,*
To whet the wanton Kings deſire.

Sect. 5.

AND when the luſtfull Kings Decree was read
In ev'ry eare, and Shire proclaim'd, and ſpread,
Forthwith unto the Eunuch *Hege's* hand
The Bevy came, the pride of beauties band,
Armed with joy, and warring with their eyes,
To gaine the conqueſt of a Princely prize;
But none in peerleſſe beauty ſhin'd ſo bright
As lovely *Eſter* did in *Hege's* ſight:
In loyall ſervice he obſerved her;
He ſent for coſtly Oyles, and fragrant Myrrh,
To fit her for the preſence of the King:
Rich Tyres, and change of veſture did he bring;

Seven comely maids he gave to tend upon her,
To shew his sevice, and increase her honour:
But she was watchfull of her lips, and wise,
Disclosing not her kindred, or alyes:
For trusty *Mardocheus* tender care
Gave hopefull *Ester* Items to beware
To blaze her Kin, or make her people knowne,
Lest for their sake her hopes be overthrowne.
Before the Gates he to and fro did passe,
Wherein inclos'd the Courtly *Ester* was,
To understand how *Ester* did behave her,
And how she kept her in the Eunuchs favour.
Now when as Time had fitted every thing,
By course these Virgins came before the King.
Such was the custome of the Persian soyle,
Sixe months the Virgins bath'd in Myrrh and Oyle,
Sixe months perfum'd in change of odours sweet,
That perfect lust, and great excesse may meet;
What costly Robes, rare jewels, rich attire,
Or curious fare, these Virgins did desire,
'Twas given, and freely granted, when they bring
Their bodies to be prostrate to the King:
Each Virgin keeps her turne, and all the night
They lewdly lavish in the Kings delight:
As soone as morning shall restore the day,
They in their bosomes beare black night away,
And (in their guilty breasts, as are their sins,
Close prisoners) in the house of Concubins
Remaine, untill the satiate King shall please
To lend their pamper'd bodies a release.
Now when the turne of *Ester* was at hand,
To satisfie the wanton Kings command,
She sought not (as the rest) with brave attire,
To lend a needlesse spurre t'unchast desire,

Nor

Nor yet endeavours with a whorish Grace,
T'adulterate the beauty of her face:
Nothing she sought to make her glory braver;
But simply tooke what gentle *Hege* gave her:
Her sober visage daily wan her honour:
Each wandring eye inflam'd, that lookt upon her:

Meditat. 5.

WHen God had with his Al-producing Blast
Blown up the bubble of the world, and plac'd
In order that, which he had made in measure,
As well for necessary use, as pleasure:
Then out of earthy mould he fram'd a creature,
Farre more Divine, and of more glorious feature,
Than earth he made, indu'd with understanding,
With strength, victorious, and with awe commanding;
With Reason, Wit, repleat with Majesty,
With heavenly knowledge, and Capacitie,
True emblem of his Maker: Him he made
The sov'raigne Lord of all: Him all obay'd;
Yeelding their lives as tribute to their King:
Both Fish, and Bird, and Beast, and every thing:
His body's rear'd upright; and in his eye
Stand radiant beames of awfull sov'raignty;
All Creatures else pore downward to the ground,
Man looks to heaven, and all his thoughts rebound;
Vpon the Earth (where tydes of pleasures meet)
He treads and daily tramples with his feet;
Which reades sweet Lectures to his wandring eyes,
And teach his lustfull heart to moralize:
Naked he liv'd, nak'd to the world he came;
For he had then nor fault to hide, nor shame:

His ſtate was levell, and he had free will
To ſtand or fall, unforc'd to good or ill:
Man had (ſuch ſtate he was created in)
Within his pow'r, a power not to ſinne:
But Man was tempted, yeelded, ſinn'd, and fell,
Abus'd his free-will, loſt it, then befell
A worſe ſucceeding ſtate; who was created
Compleat, is now become poore, blind, and naked;
He's drawne with head-ſtrong byas unto ill,
Bereft of active pow'r *to will, or nill*;
A bleſſed Saint's become a balefull Devill,
His free-will's onely ſtinted now to evill:
Pleaſure's his Lord, and in his Ladies eyes
His Chriſtall Temple of devotion lies;
Pleaſure's the white, whereat he takes his levell,
Which (too much wronged with the name of evill)
With beſt of bleſſings takes her lofty ſeat,
Greateſt of goods, and ſeeming beſt of great:
What's good (like Iron) ruſts for want of uſe,
And what is bad is worſed with abuſe;
Pleaſure, whoſe apt, and right ordained end
Is but to ſweeten labour, and attend
The frailtie of man, is now preferr'd ſo hie,
To be his Lord, and beare the ſov'raignty,
Ruling his laviſh thoughts, ignoble actions,
And gaines the conqueſt of his beſt affections,
Sparing no coſt to bolſter up delight,
But force vaine pleaſures to unwonted height:
¶ Who addes exceſſe unto a luſtfull heart,
Commits a coſtly ſin, with greater Art.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Eſter's belov'd, wedded, crown'd;
A Treaſon Mordecai *betrai'd;*
The Traitors are purſu'd, and found,
And for that Treaſon well appaid.

Sect. 6.

NOw, now the time is come, faire *Eſter* muſt
Expoſe her beauty to the Lechers luſt;
Now, now muſt *Eſter* ſtake her honour downe,
And hazard Chaſtity to gaine a Crowne;
Gone, gone ſhe is, attended to the Court,
And ſpends the evening in the Princes ſport:
As when a Lady (walking *Flora's* Bowre)
Picks here a Pinke, and there a Gilly-flowre,
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,
And then a Primroſe, (the yeares maiden-head)
There, nips the Bryar; here, the Lovers Pauncy,
Shifting her dainty Pleaſures, with her Fancy:
This, on her arme; and that ſhe liſts to weare
Vpon the borders of her curious haire;
At length, a Roſe-bud (paſſing all the reſt)
She plucks, and boſomes in her Lilly breſt:
So when *Aſſuerus* (tickled with delight)
Perceiv'd the beauties of thoſe Virgins bright,
He lik'd them all, but when with ſtrict revie
He viewed *Eſters* face, his wounded eye
Sparkled, whil'ſt *Cupid* with his youthfull Dart,
Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart;
Eſter is now his joy, and in her eyes
The ſweeteſt flower of his Garland lies:

Who now but *Eſter*? *Eſter* crowns his bliſſe,
And hee's become her priſoner, that was his:
Eſter obtaines the prize, her high deſert
Like Di'mond's richly mounted in his heart;
Iô, now *Iô Hymen* ſings, for the
That crownes his joy, muſt likewiſe crowned be:
The Crowne is ſet on Princely *Eſters* head,
Eſter ſits Queene, in ſcornfull *Vaſhties* ſtead.
To conſecrate this Day to more delights,
In due ſolemnizing the Nuptiall Rites,
In *Eſters* name, *Aſſuerus* made a Feaſt,
Invited all his Princes, and releaſt
The hard taxation that his heavy hand
Laid on the Subjects of his groaning Land;
No rights were wanting to augment his joyes,
Great gifts confirm'd the bounty of his choyce:
Yet had not *Eſters* laviſh tongue deſcry'd
Her Iewiſh kin, or where ſhe was ally'd:
For ſtill the words of *Mordecai* did reſt
Within the Cabbin of her royall breaſt,
Who was as plyant (being now a Queene)
To ſage advice as e'r before ſh'ad beene.
It came to paſſe as *Mardochæus* ſate
Within the Portall of the Princes gate,
He over-heard two ſervants of the King,
Cloſely combin'd in hollow whiſpering:
(Like whiſtling *Notus* that foretels a Raine)
To breathe out Treaſon 'gainſt their Soveraigne:
Which, ſoone as loyall *Mardochæus* heard,
Forthwith to *Eſters* preſence he repair'd;
Diſclos'd to her, and to her care commended
The Traytors, and the Treaſon they intended:
Whereat the Queene (impatient of delay)
Betray'd the Traytors, that would her betray.

And

And to the King unboſom'd all her heart,
And who her Newes-man was, and his deſert.
Now all in hurly-burly was the Court,
All tongues were fill'd with wonder, and report:
The watch was ſet, purſuit was made about,
To guard the King, and find the Traitors out;
Who found, and guilty found, by ſpeedy tryall,
(Where witneſſe ſpeaks, what boots a bare denyall?)
Were both hanged upon the ſhamefull tree:
(To beare ſuch fruit let trees ne'r barren be:)
And what ſucceſſe this happy Day afforded,
Was in the Perſian Chronicles recorded.

Medita. 6.

THe hollow Concave of a humane breſt
Is Gods Exchequer, and therein the beſt,
And ſumme of all his chiefeſt wealth conſiſts,
Which he ſhuts up, and opens when he liſts:
No power is of man: to love or hate,
Lies not in mortals breſt, or pow'r of Fate:
Man wants the ſtrength to ſway his ſtrong affections,
What power is, is from Divine directions;
Which oft (unſeene through dulneſſe of the mind)
We nick-name, Chance, becauſe our ſelves are blind;
And that's the cauſe, mans firſt beholding eye
Oft loves, or hates, and knowes no reaſon why.
¶'Twas not the brightneſſe of *Rebecca's* face,
Or ſervants skill, that wan the virgins grace;
'Twas not the wiſh, or wealth of *Abrahams*,
Or *Iſacks* fortune, or renowned name,
His comely perſonage, or his high deſert,
Obtain'd the conqueſt of *Rebecca's* heart:

Old *Abra'm* wiſht, in ſecret God directed;
'Twas *Abra'm* us'd the meanes, 'twas God effected;
Beſt mariages are made in heaven; In heaven
The hearts are joyn'd; in earth the hands are given:
Firſt God ordaines, then man confirmes the Love,
Proclaiming that on earth was done above.
¶ 'Twas not the ſharpneſſe of thy wandring eye,
(Great King *Aſſuerus*) to pick Majeſty
From out the ſadneſſe of a Captives face;
'Twas not alone thy chuſing, nor her grace;
Who mounts the meek, and beats the lofty downe,
Gave thee the heart to chuſe, gave her the Crowne:
Who bleſt thy fortunes with a ſecond wife,
He bleſt thy fortunes with a ſecond life;
That breſt that entertain'd ſo ſweet a Bride,
Stood faire to Treaſon, (by her meanes deſcride;)
With double fortunes, wert thou doubly bleſt,
To finde ſo faire, and ſcape ſo foule a gueſt.
¶ Thou aged Father of our yeares and houres,
(For thou as well diſcover'ſt as devoures)
Search ſtill the entrals of thy juſt Records,
Wherein are entred the diurnall words
And deeds of mortall men; bring (thou) to light
All treach'rous projects mann'd by craft, or might:
With Tow'rs of Braſſe, their faithfull hearts imboſſe
That beare the Chriſtian colours of the Croſſe.
¶ And thou preſerver of all mortall things,
Within whoſe hands are plac'd the hearts of Kings;
By whom all Kingdomes ſtand, and Princes raigne,
Preſerve thy CHARLES, and my deare Soveraigne;
Let Traitors plots, like wandring Atomes flie,
And on their heads pay tenfold uſury;
His boſome tutor, and his ſafety tender:
O be thou his, as he's thy Faiths Defender:

That

That thou in him, and he in thee may reſt,
And we of both may live and die poſſeſt.

THE ARGUMENT.

The line of Haman, *and his race,*
His fortunes in the Princely grace:
His rage to Mordecai *expreſt,*
Not bowing to him as the reſt.

Sect. 7.

UPon a time, to Perſia's Royall Court,
A forraigne Stranger uſed to reſort,
He was the Iſſue of a Royall breed,
The off-caſt off-ſpring of the curſed ſeed
Of *Amalek*, from him deſcended right,
That ſold his birth-right for his Appetite:
Haman his name; His fortunes did improve,
Increaſt by favour of the Princes love:
Full great he grew, preferr'd to high command,
And plac'd before the Princes of the Land:
And ſince that honour and due reverence
Belong where Princes give preeminence;
The King commands the ſervants of his State
To ſuit reſpect to *Hamans* high eſtate,
And doe him honour, fitting his degree,
With vailed bonnet, and low bended knee:
They all obſerv'd; but aged *Mordecai*
(Whoſe ſtubborne joynts neglected to obey
The ſeed which Heaven with infamy had branded)
Stoutly refuſed what the King commanded;
Which when the ſervants of the King had ſeene,
Their fell diſdaine mixt with an envious ſpleene,
Inflam'd;

Inflam'd; they queſtion'd how he durſt withſtand
The juſt performance of the Kings Command:
Daily they check'd him for his high diſdaine,
And he their checks did daily entertaine
With ſilent ſlight behaviour, which did prove
As full of care, as their rebukes of love.
Since then their hearts (not able to abide
A longer ſufferance of his peeviſh pride)
(Whoſe ſcorching fires, paſſion did augment,)
Muſt either breake, or finde a ſpeedy vent:
To *Haman* they th'unwelcome newes related,
And what they ſaid, their malice aggravated.
Envy did ope her Snake-devouring jawes,
Foam'd frothy blood, and bent her unked Pawes,
Her hollow eyes did caſt out ſudden flame,
And pale as Aſhes look'd this angry Dame,
And thus beſpake: « Art thou that man of might,
« That Impe of Glory? Times great Favourite?
« Hath thy deſerved worth reſtor'd againe
« The blemiſht honour of thy Princely ſtraine?
« Art thou that Wonder, which the Perſian State
« Stands gazing at ſo much, and pointing at?
« Filling all wondring eyes with Admiration,
« And every loyall heart with Adoration?
« Art thou that mighty He? How haps it then
« That wretched *Mordecai*, the worſt of men,
« A captive ſlave, a ſuperſtitious Iew,
« Slights thee, and robs thee of thy rightfull due?
« Nor was his fault diſguis'd with Ignorance,
« (The unfee'd Advocate of ſinne) or Chance,
« But backt with arrogance and foule deſpight:
« Riſe up, and doe thy ſuffring honour right.
Vp (like his deepe Revenge) roſe *Haman* then,
And like a ſleeping Lyon from his Den.

Rouz'd

Rouz'd his relentlesse Rage; But when his eye
Confirm'd the newes Report did testifie,
His reason straight was heav'd from off his hinge,
And Fury rounded in his eare Revenge,
And (like a rash Adviser) thus began:
« There's nothing (*Haman*) is more deare to man,
« And cools his boyling veines with sweeter pleasure,
« Than quick revenge; for to revenge by leisure,
« Is but like feeding, when the stomack's past,
« Pleasing nor eager appetite, nor taste:
« Yet when delay retunes Revenge the greater,
« Like poynant sauce, it makes the meat the sweeter:
« It fits not th'honour of thy personage,
« Nor stands it with thy Greatnesse, to ingage
« Thy noble thoughts, to make Revenge so poore,
« To be reveng'd on one alone: thy sore
« Needs many plaisters: make thy honour good,
« Not with a drop, but with a world of blood:
« Borrow the Sythe of Time, and let thy passion
« Mowe downe thy Iewish Foe, with all his Nation.

Medita. 7.

FIghts God for cursed *Amalek*? That hand
That once did curse, doth now the curse withstand:
Is God unjust? Is justice fled from heaven?
Or are the righteous Ballances uneaven?
Is this that Just Iehovah's sacred Word,
Firmely inroll'd within the Lawes Record,
Ile fight with Amalek, destroy his Nation,
And from remembrance blurne his Generation?
What, shall his curse to *Amalek* be void?
And with those plagues shall Isr'el be destroy'd?

Ah,

Ah, ſooner ſhall the ſprightfull flames of fire
Deſcend and moyſten, and dull earth, aſpire,
And with her dryneſſe quench faire *Titans* heat,
Then ſhall thy words, and juſt Decrees retreat:
The Day (as weary of his burthen) tyres;
The yeare (full laden with her months) expires:
The heav'ns (grown great with age) muſt ſoon decay;
The pondrous earth in time ſhall paſſe away;
But yet thy ſacred words ſhall alway flouriſh,
Though dayes, & years, & heaven, & earth do periſh:
How perks proud *Haman* then? What proſp'rous (fate
Exalts his Pagan head? How fortunate
Hath favour crown'd his times? Hath God decreed
No other curſe upon that curſed ſeed?
The mortall eye of man can but perceive
Things preſent; when his heart cannot conceive
He's either by his outward ſenſes guided,
Or, like a *Quare*, leaves it undecided:
The fleſhly eye that lends a feeble ſight,
Failes in extent, and hath no further might
Than to attaine the object; and there ends
His office; and of what it apprehends,
Acquaints the underſtanding, which conceives,
And deſcants on that thing the ſight perceives,
Or good, or bad; unable to project
The juſt occaſion, or the true effect:
Man ſees like man, and can but comprehend
Things as they preſent are, not as they end;
God ſees a Kings heart in a Shepheards breaſt,
And in a mighty King he ſees a Beaſt:
'Tis not the ſpring tide of an high eſtate
Creates a man (though ſeeming) Fortunate:
The blaze of Honour, Fortunes ſweet exceſſe,
Doe undeſerve the name of Happineſſe:

The

The frownes of indiſpoſed Fortune makes
Man poore, but not unhappy. He that takes
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poore,
And lets in Fortune at a backer doore.
« Lord, let my fortunes be or rich, or poore:
If ſmall, the leſſe account; if great, the more.

THE ARGUMENT.

Vnto the King proud Haman *ſues,*
For the deſtruction of the Jewes:
The King conſents, and in his name
Decrees were ſent to effect the ſame.

Sect. 8.

NOw when the yeare had turn'd his courſe about,
And fully worne his weary howers out,
And left his circling travell to his heyre,
That now ſets onſet to the enſuing yeare,
Proud *Haman* (pain'd with travell in the birth,
Till after-time could bring his miſchiefe forth)
Caſts Lotts, from month to month, from day to day,
To pick the choiſeſt time, when Fortune may
Be moſt propitious to his damned plot;
Till on the laſt month fell the unwilling Lot:
So *Haman* guided by his Idoll Fate,
(Cloaking with publike good his private Hate)
In plaintiffe tearmes, where Reaſon forg'd a reliſh
Vnto the King, his ſpeech did thus imbelliſh:
« Vpon the limits of this happy Nation,
« There flotes a skumme, an off-caſt Generation,
« Diſpers'd, deſpis'd, and noyſome to the Land,
« And Refractory to the Lawes, to thy Command.

« Not

« Not ſtooping to thy Power, but deſpiſing
« All Government, but of their owne deviſing,
« Which ſtirs the glowing embers of diviſion,
« The hatefull mother of a States perdition,
« The which (not ſoone redreſt by Reformation)
« Will ruine breed to thee, and to thy Nation,
« Begetting Rebels, and ſeditious broyles,
« And fill thy peacefull Land with bloody ſpoiles:
« Now therefore if it pleaſe my gracious Lord,
« To right this grievance with his Princely ſword,
« That death, and equall Iuſtice may o'rwhelme
« The ſecret Ruiners of thy ſacred Realme,
« Vnto the Royall Treaſure of the King,
« Ten thouſand ſilver Talents will I bring.

Then gave the King, from off his heedleſſe hand
His Ring to *Haman*, with that Ring command,
And ſaid: « Thy proffer'd wealth thy ſelfe poſſeſſe,
« Yet be thy juſt petition ne'rtheleſſe
« Entirely granted Loe, before thy face
« Thy Vaſſals lie, with all their rebell race;
« Thine be the people, and the power thine,
« T'allot theſe Rebels their deſerved Fine.
Forthwith the Scribes were ſummon'd to appeare,
Decrees were written, ſent to every Shire;
To all Lieutenants, Captaines of the Band,
And all the Prouinces throughout the Land,
Styl'd in the name and perſon of the King,
And made authentick with his Royall Ring;
By ſpeedy Poſt-men were the Letters ſent;
And this the ſumme is of their ſad content:

ASSVERVS REX.

« Let ev'ry Province in the Perſian Land,
« (Vpon the day prefixt) prepare his hand
« To make the Channels flow with Rebels blood,

« And

« And from the earth to root the Iewish brood :
« And let the softnesse of no partiall heart,
« Through melting pity, love, or false desert,
« Spare either young, or old, or man, or woman,
« But like their faults, so let their plagues be common.
« Decreed, and signed by our Princely Grace,
« And given at Susan, from our Royall Place.

So *Haman* fill'd with joy, (his fortunes blest
With faire successe of his so foule request)
Laid care aside to sleepe, and with the King
Consum'd the time in jolly banquetting :
Meane while the Iewes, (the poore afflicted Iewes,
Perplext, and startled with the new-bred newes)
With drooping heads, and selfe-embracing armes,
Wept forth the Dirge of their ensuing harmes.

Meditat. 8.

OF all diseases in a publike weale,
No one more dangerous, and hard to heale,
(Except a Tyrant King) than when great might
Is trusted to the hands that take delight
To bathe, and paddle in the blood of those
Whom jelousies, and not just cause oppose :
For when as haughty power is conjoyn'd
Vnto the will of a distemper'd mind,
What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,
It in it selfe hath power to fulfill :
What mischiefe then can linger, unattempted ?
What base attempts can happen unprevented ?
Statutes must break, good Lawes must goe to wrack,
And (like a Bow that's over-bent) must crack :
Iustice (the life of Law) becomes so furious,
That (over-doing right) it provesinjurious:

Mercy

Mercy (the Steare of Iuſtice) flies the Citie,
And falſly muſt be term'd a fooliſh Pity:
Meane while the gracious Princes tender breſt
(Gently poſſeſt with nothing but the beſt
Of the diſguis'd diſſembler) is abus'd,
And made the cloke, wherewith his fault's excus'd:
The radiant beames that warme, and ſhine ſo bright,
Comfort this lower world with heat and light,
But drawne, and recollected in a glaſſe,
They burne, and their appointed limits paſſe:
Euen ſo the power from the Princes hand,
Directs the ſubject with a ſweet command,
But to perverſe fantaſticks if conferr'd,
Whom wealth, or blinded Fortune hath preferr'd,
It ſpurs on wrong, and makes the right retire,
And ſets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire:
Their foule intent, the Common good pretends,
And with that good they maske their private ends;
Their glory's dimme, and cannot be underſtood,
Vnleſſe it ſhine in pride, or ſwimme in blood:
Their will's a Law, their miſchiefe Policie,
Their frownes are Death, their power Tyranny:
Ill thrives the State that harbours ſuch a man,
That can, what e'r he wills; wils what he can.
May my ungarniſht quill preſume ſo much,
To glorifie it ſelfe, and give a touch
Vpon the Iland of my Soveraigne Lord:
What language ſhall I uſe, what new-found word,
T'abridge the mighty volume of his worth,
And keepe me blameleſſe from th'untimely birth
Of (falſe-reputed) flattery? he lends
No curſed *Haman* pow'r, to work his Ends
Vpon our ruine, but transfers his grace
On juſt deſert, which in the ugly face

Of

Offoule detraction, (untoucht) can dare,
And ſmile, till black-mouth'd Envy bluſh, and tare
Her Snaky fleece. Thus, thus in happy peace
He rules; to make our happineſſe increaſe,
Directs with love, commands with Princely awe,
And in his breſt he beares a living Law:
Defend us thou, and heavens thee defend,
And let proud *Haman* have proud *Hamans* end.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Jewes and Mordecai *lament,*
And waite the height of their diſtreſſes:
But Mordecai *the Queene poſſeſſes,*
with cruell Hamans *foule intent.*

Sect. 9.

NOw when as Fame (the daughter of the earth
Newly diſ-burthen'd of her plumed birth)
From off her Turrets did her wings diſplay,
And pearcht in the ſad eares of *Mordecai*;
He rent his garments, wearing in their ſtead
Diſtreſſed Sackcloth: on his fainting head
He ſtrowed Duſt, and from his ſhowring eyes
Ran floods of ſorrow, and with bitter cryes
His griefe ſaluted heaven; his groans did borrow
No Art to draw the true pourtraict of ſorrow:
Nor yet within his troubled breſt alone,
(Too ſmall a ſtage for griefe to trample on)
Did Tyrant Sorrow act her lively Sceane,
But did inlarge (ſuch griefe admits no meane)
The lawleſſe limits of her Theater
I'th'hearts of all the Iewiſh Nation, where

(With no dissembled action) she expresst
The lively Passion of a pensive brest.
Forthwith he posteth to the Palace gate,
T'acquaint Queene *Ester* with his sad estate,
But found no entrance: for the Persian Court
Gave welcome to delights, and youthfull sport,
To jolly mirth, and such delightfull things:
Soft rayment best befits the Courts of Kings:
There lies no welcome for a whining face,
A mourning habit suits no Princely Place:
Which when the Maids, and Eunuchs of the Queene
(Vnable of themselves to help) had seene,
Their Royall Mistresse straight they did acquaint
With the dumb shew of her sad cousins plaint;
Whereat (till now a stranger to the cause)
Perplext, and forced by the tender Lawes
Of deare affection, her gentle heart
Did sympathize, with his conceived smart:
She sent him change of Rayment to put on,
To waile his griefe, but he received none:
Then (sore dismay'd, impatient to forbear
The knowledge of the thing she fear'd to heare)
She sent her servant to him, to importune,
What sudden Chance, or what disastrous fortune
Had caus'd this strange and ill-apparell'd griefe,
That she (if in her lies) may send reliefe:
To whom his sorrowes made this sad Relation,
And this the tenor of his Declaration:
« *Hamans* (that cursed *Hamans* haughty pride
« Because my knee deservedly deny'd
« To make an Idol of his greatnesse) hath
« Incenst the fury of his jealous wrath,
« And proffer'd lavish bribes to buy the blood
« Of me, and all the faithfull Iewish brood:

« Lo,

« Lo, here the Copy, granted by the King,
« Styl'd in his name, confirmed with his Ring:
« By vertue of the which, into his hands,
« Curſt *Haman* hath ingroſt our lives, our lands:
« Goe tell the Queene, it reſteth in her powers
« To help; the eaſe is hers as well as ours:
« Goe tell my Couſin Queene, it is her charge
« To uſe the meanes whereby ſhe may inlarge
« Her aged Kinſmans life, and all her Nation;
« Preferring to the King her ſupplication.

Medita. 9.

WHo hopes t'attaine the ſweet Elyſian Layes
To reap the harveſt of his well-ſpent dayes,
Muſt paſſe the joyleſſe ſtreames of Acharon,
The ſcorching waves of burning Phlegeton,
And ſable billowes of the Stygian Lake:
Thus ſweet with ſowre each mortall muſt partake.
What joyfull Harveſter did e'r obtaine
The ſweet fruition of his hopefull gaine,
Vntill his hardy labours firſt had paſt
The Summers heat, and ſtormy Winters blaſt?
A ſable night returnes a ſhining morrow;
And dayes of joy enſue ſad nights of ſorrow:
The way to bliſſe lies not on beds of Downe,
And he that had no Croſſe, deſerves no Crowne:
There's but one Heav'n, one place of perfect eaſe,
In man it lies, to take it where he pleaſe,
Above, or here below: and few men doe
Injoy the one, and taſte the other too:
Sweating, and conſtant labour wins the Goale
Of reſt; Afflictions clarifie the ſoule,

And like hard Masters, give more hard directions,
Tut'ring the nonage of uncurb'd affections:
Wisedome (the Antidote of sad despaire)
Makes sharp Afflictions seeme not as they are,
Through patient sufferance; and doth apprehend,
Not as they seeming are, but as they end:
To beare Affliction with a bended brow,
Or stubborne heart, is but to disallow
The speedy meanes to health; salve heales no soare,
If mis-apply'd, but makes the griefe the more:
Who sends Affliction, sends an end, and He
Best knowes what's best for him, what's best for me:
'Tis not for me to carve me where I like;
Him pleases when he list to stroke or strike:
Ile neither wish, nor yet avoid Tentation,
But still expect it, and make preparation:
If he thinke best, my Faith shall not be tride,
Lord keep me spotlesse from presumptuous pride:
If otherwise, with tryall give me care,
By thankfull patience to prevent despaire:
Fit me to beare what e'r thou shalt assigne;
I kisse the Rod, because the Rod is thine.
How-e'r, let me not boast, nor yet repine,
With tryall, or without, (Lord) make me thine.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Her aide implor'd, the Queene refuſes
To help them, and her ſelfe excuſes:
But (urg'd by Mordecai*) conſents*
To die, or croſſe their foes intents.

Sect. 10.

NOw when the ſervant had return'd the words
Of wretched *Mordecai*, like pointed ſwords
They neare impierc'd Queene *Eſters* tender heart,
That well could pitty, but no help impart;
Ballac'd with griefe, and with the burthen foyld,
(Like Ordnance over-charg'd, ſhe thus recoyl'd:
« Goe, *Hatach*, tell my wretched kinſman thus,
« The caſe concernes not you alone, but us:
« We are the ſubject of proud *Hamans* hate,
« As well as you; our life is pointed at
« As well as yours, or as the meaneſt Jew,
« Nor can I help my ſelf, nor them, nor you:
« You know the cuſtome of the Perſian State,
« No King may break, no ſubject violate:
« How may I then preſume to make acceſſe
« Before th'offended King? or rudely preſſe
« (Vncall'd) into his preſence? How can I
« Expect my ſuit, and have deſerv'd to die?
« May my deſires hope to finde ſucceſſe,
« When to effect them, I the Law tranſgreſſe?
« Theſe thirty dayes uncall'd for have I bin
« Vnto my Lord, how dare I now goe in?
« Goe, *Hatach*, and returne this heavy newes,
« And ſhew the truth of my enforc'd excuſe.

Whereof when *Mordecai* was full poſſeſt,
His troubled Soule he boldly thus expreſt:
" Goe, tell the fearfull Queen, too great's her fear,
" Too ſmall her zeale; her life ſhe rates too deare:
" How poor's th'adventure, to ingage thy blood,
" To ſave thy peoples life, and Churches good?
" To what advantage canſt thou more expoſe
" Thy life, than this? Th'aſt but a life to loſe:
" Think not thy Greatneſſe can excuſe our death,
" Or ſave thy life, thy life is but a breath
" As well as ours, (Great Queen) thou hop'ſt in vain,
" In ſaving of a life, a life to gaine:
" Who knowes if God on purpoſe did intend
" Thy high preferment for this happy end?
" If at this needfull time thou ſpare to ſpeak,
" Our ſpeedy help ſhall (like the morning) break
" From heaven, together with thy woes; and he
" That ſuccours us, ſhall heap his plagues on thee.

Which when Queen *Eſter* had right well perus'd,
And on each wounding word had ſadly mus'd,
Startled with zeale, not daring to deny,
She rouz'd her faith, and ſent this meek reply:
" Since heaven it is endowes each enterprize
" With good ſucceſſe, and onely in us lies
" To plant, and water; let us firſt obtaine
" Heavens high aſſiſtance, leſt the work be vaine:
" Let all the Iewes in *Saſa* ſummon'd be,
" And keep a ſolemne three dayes Faſt, and we,
" With all our ſervants, and our maiden-traine,
" Shall faſt as long, and from our thoughts abſtaine:
" Then to the King (uncall'd) will I repaire,
" (Howe'r my boldneſſe ſhall his Lawes contraire)
" And bravely welcome Death before mine eye,
" And ſcorne her power: If I die, I die.

Meditat.

Meditat. 10.

AS in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,
(Whoſe carefull Summer Providence foreſees
Th'approaching fruitleſſe Winter, which denies
The crowne of labour) ſome with laden thighs
Take charge to beare their waxy burthens home;
Others receive the welcome load; and ſome
Diſpoſe the waxe; others, the plot contrive;
Some build the curious Comb, ſome guard the Hive,
Like armed Centinels; others diſtreine
The purer honey from the waxe; ſome traine,
And diſcipline the young, while others drive
The ſluggiſh Drones from their deſerved Hive:
Thus in the Common-wealth (untaught by Art)
Each winged Burger acts his buſie part;
So man (whoſe firſt creation did intend,
And chiefly pointed at no other end,
Then (as a faithfull Steward) to receive
The Fine and quit-rent of the lives we live)
Muſt ſuit his deare endeavour to his might;
Each one muſt lift to make the burthen light,
Proving the power, that his gifts afford,
To raiſe the beſt advantage for his Lord,
Whoſe ſubſtitute he is, and for whoſe ſake
We live and breathe, each his account muſt make,
Or more, or leſſe; and he whoſe power lacks
The meanes to gather honey, muſt bring waxe:
Five talents double five; two render foure;
Where's little, little's crav'd; where's much, there's more:
Kings by their Royall priviledge may doe,
What unbefits a mind to ſearch into.

But by the force of their prerogatives,
They cannot free the cuſtome of their lives:
Their ſilly Widow (from whoſe wrinckled browes
Faint drops diſtill, through labour that ſhe owes
Her needy life,) muſt make her Audite too,
As well as Kings and mighty Monarchs doe:
The world's a Stage, each mortall Acts thereon,
As well the King that glitters on the Throne,
As needy beggars: Heav'n Spectator is,
And marks who acteth well, and who amiſſe.
¶ What part befits me beſt, I cannot tell:
It matters not how meane, ſo acted well.

THE ARGUMENT.

Unto the King Queene Eſter *goes,*
He unexpected favour ſhewes;
Demands her ſuit, ſhe doth requeſt
The King and Haman *to a Feaſt.*

Sect. 11.

WHen as Queen *Eſters* ſolemne three dayes Faſt
Had feaſted heaven with a ſweet repaſt,
Her lowly bended body ſhe unbow'd,
And (like faire *Titan* breaking from a Cloud)
She roſe, and with her Royall Robe ſhe clad
Her liveleſſe limmes, and with a face as ſad
As griefe could paint, (wanting no Art to borrow
A needleſſe help to counterfeit a ſorrow,)
Softly ſhe did direct her feeble pace
Vnto the inner Court, where for a ſpace
She boldly ſtood before the Royall Throne,
Like one that would, but durſt not make her mone:

Which

Which when her Princely Husband did behold,
His heart relented. (Fortune helps the bold)
And to expreſſe a welcome unexpected,
Forth to the Queene his Scepter he directed;
Whom (now imboldned to approach ſecur'd)
In gracious termes he gently thus conjur'd:
« What is't Queene *Eſter* would? what ſad requeſt
« Hangs on her lips, dwels in her doubtfull breſt?
« Say, ſay, (my life's preſerver) what's the thing
« That lies in the performance of a King,
« Shall be deny'd? Faire Queene, what e'r is mine,
« Vnto the moity of my Kingdome's thine.
So *Eſter* thus: « If in thy Princely eyes,
« Thy loyall ſervant hath obtain'd the prize
« Of undeſerved favour, let the King
« And *Haman* grace my this-dayes banquetting,
« To crowne the dainties of his hand-maids Feaſt,
« Humbly devoted to ſo great a Gueſt.
The motion pleas'd, and fairely well ſucceeded:
(To willing minds, no twice intreaty needed)
They came; but in Queene *Eſters* troubled face,
(Robb'd of the ſweetneſſe of her wonted grace)
The King read diſcontent; her face divin'd
The greatneſſe of ſome further ſuit behind.
« Say, ſay, (thou bounteous harveſt of my joyes)
(Said then the King) what dumpiſh griefe annoyes
« Thy troubled ſoule? Speak Lady, what's the thing
« Thy heart deſires? By th'honour of a King,
« My Kingdomes halfe, requeſted, I'le divide,
« To faire Queene *Eſter*, to my faireſt Bride.
« Loe then the tenour of my deare requeſt,
(Reply'd the Queene) « unto a ſecond Feaſt,
« Thy humble Suitor doth preſume to bid
« The King, and *Haman*, as before ſhe did:

Now

« Now therefore if it pleaſe my gracious Lord
« To daigne his Royall preſence, and afford
« The peereleſſe treaſure of his Princely Grace,
« To dry the ſorrowes of his Hand-maids face,
« Then to my Kingly, and thrice-welcome Gueſt
« His ſervant ſhall unboſome her requeſt.

Meditat. 11.

HE that invites his Maker to a Feaſt,
(Adviſing well the greatneſſe of his Gueſt)
Muſt purge his dining chamber from infections,
And ſweep the Cobwebs of his lewd affections,
And then provide ſuch Cates, as moſt delight
His Palate, and beſt pleaſe his Appetite:
And ſuch are holy works, and pious deeds,
Theſe are the dainties whereon heaven feeds:
Faith playes the Cooke, ſeaſons, directs, and guides;
So man finds meat, ſo God the Cook provides:
His drink are teares, ſprung from a midnight cry,
Heaven ſips out Nectar from a ſinners eye;
The dining Chamber is the ſoule oppreſt;
God keeps his revels in a Sinners breſt:
The muſick that attends the Feaſt, are groanes,
Deep ſounding ſighes, and loud lamenting moanes:
Heav'n heares no ſweeter muſick, than complaints;
The Faſts of Sinners, are the Feaſts of Saints,
To which heav'n dains to ſtoop, and heav'ns high King
Deſcends, whil'ſt all the quire of Angels ſing,
And with ſuch ſenſe-bereaving Sonets fill
The Hearts of wretched men, that my rude quill
(Dazel'd with too much light) it ſelfe addreſſing
To blaze them forth, obſcures them in th'expreſſing:

Thrice

Thrice happy man, and thrice-thrice happy Feast,
Grac'd with the presence of so great a guest;
To him are freely giv'n the privy keyes
Of heav'n and earth, to open when he please,
And lock when e'r he list; In him it lies
To ope the shoring floodgates of the skies,
Or shut them at his pleasure; in his hand
The Host of heaven is put; if he command,
The Sunne (not daring to withstand) obeyes,
Out-runs his equall houres, flies back, or stayes,
To him there's nought uneasie to atchieve;
Hee'l rouze the graves, and make the dead alive.
¶ Lord, I'm unfit t'invite thee to my home,
My Cates are all too coorse, too meane my Roome:
Yet come and welcome: by thy power Divine,
Thy Grace may turne my Water into Wine.

THE ARGUMENT.

Good Mordecai's *unreverence*
Great Haman's *haughty pride offends:*
H'acquaints his wife with the offence,
The Counsell of his wife and friends.

Sect. 12.

THat day went *Haman* forth; for his swolne breast
Was fill'd with joyes, and heart was full possest
Of all the height Ambition could require,
To satisfie her prodigall Desire.
But when he passed through the Palace Gate,
(His eye-sore) aged *Mardocheus* sate,
With head unbar'd, and stubborne knee unbent,
Vnapt to fawne, with slavish blandishment:

Which

Which when great *Haman* saw, his boyling brest
(So great disdaine unable to digest)
Ran o're; his blood grew hot, and new desires
Incenst and kindled his avenging fires;
Surcharg'd with griefe, and sick with male-content
Through his distemper'd passion, home he went;
Where (to asswage the swelling of his sorrow
With words, the poorest helps distresse can borrow)
His wife and friends he summon'd to partake
His cause of discontent, and thus bespake:
« See, see, how Fortune with a liberall hand,
« Hath with the best and sweetest of the Land,
« Crown'd my desiers, and hath timely blowne
« My budded hopes, whose ripenesse hath out-grown
« The limits and the hight of expectation,
« Scarce to be had, but in a Contemplation:
« See, see, how fortune, (to inlarge his breath,
« And make me living in despight of Death)
« Hath multiply'd my loynes, that after-Fame
« May in my stock preserve my blood, my name.
« To make my honour, with my fortunes even,
« Behold, my gracious Lord the King hath given
« And trusted to my hand the sword of Pow'r;
« Or life, or death lies where I laugh, or lowre;
« Who stands more gracious in my Princes eye?
« How frownes the King, if *Haman* be not by?
« *Ester* the Queene hath made the King her Guest,
« And (wisely weighing how to grace the Feast
« With most advantage) hath (in policie)
« Invited me: And no man else but I
« Onely a fit companion for a King)
« May taste the secrets of the banquetting.
« Yet what availes my wealth, my place, my might?
« How can I relish them? with what delight?

« What

« What pleaſure is in dainties, if the taſte
« Be in it ſelfe diſtemper'd? Better faſt:
« In many ſweets, one ſowre offends the Palate,
« One loathſome weed annoyes the choyſeſt Sallat:
« What are my riches? what my honour'd place?
« What are my Children? or my Princes Grace,
« So long as curſed *Mordecai* ſurvives?
« Whoſe very breath infects, whoſe life deprives
« My life of bliſſe, and viſage ſternly ſtrikes
« Worſe venome to mine eyes than Baſiliskes.

When *Haman* then had launc'd his rip'ned griefe,
In bloody termes they thus apply'd reliefe:

« Erect a Gibbet, fifty Cubits high,
« Then urge the King (what will the King deny
« When *Haman* ſues?) that ſlaviſh *Mordecai*
« Be hang'd thereon; his blood will ſoone allay
« The heat of thine; his curſed death ſhall fame
« The highneſſe of thy power, and his ſhame;
« So when thy ſuit ſhall find a faire event,
« Goe banquet with the King, and live content.

The Counſell pleas'd: The Gibbet fairely ſtands,
Soone done, as ſaid: *Revenge* finds nimble hands.

Meditat. 12.

SOme Ev'ls I muſt approve; all Goods, I dare not;
Some are, & ſeem not good; ſome ſeem, & are not:
In choofing goods my heart will make the choice,
My flattring eye ſhall have no caſting voice:
No outward ſenſe may chuſe an inward bliſſe,
For ſeeming Happineſſe leaſt happy is:
The Eye (the chiefeſt Cinque-port of the Heart)
Keeps open doores, and playes the Traitors part,

Lets

Lets painted pleaſures in, to bribe th' Affections,
Which masks foule faces under falſe complexions:
It hath no power to judge, nor can it ſee
Things as they are, but as they ſeeme to be.
There's but one happineſſe, one perfect bliſſe;
But how obtain'd, or where, or what it is,
The world of nature ne'r could apprehend,
Grounding their labours on no other end
Than bare opinion, diverſly affecting
Some one thing, ſome another, ſtill projecting
Prodigious fancies, till their learned Schooles
Lent ſo much knowledge as to make them fooles:
One builds his bliſſe upon the blaze of glory;
Can perfect happineſſe be tranſitory?
In ſtrength, another ſummes felicitie;
What horſe is not more happy far than he?
Some pile their happineſſe on heaps of wealth:
Which (ſick) they'd loathe if Gold could purchaſe health
Some, in the uſe of beauty place their end;
Some, in th'enjoyment of a Courtly friend;
Like waſted lamps, ſuch happineſſes ſmother;
Age puffeth out the one; and want, the other.
The happineſſe, whoſe worth deſires the name
Of chiefe, with ſuch a fier doth inflame
The breſt of mortals, that heaven thinks it fit
That men ſhould rather think than taſte of it;
All earthly joyes ſome other ayme intend,
This, for it ſelfe's deſir'd, no other end:
Thoſe (if enjoy'd) are croſt with diſcontent,
If not in the purſuit, in the event:
This (truely good) admits no contrariety,
Without defect, or yet a loath'd ſatiety.
¶ The leaſt is more than my deſert can claime,
(Thankfull for both) at this alone I aime.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The King askes Haman, *what respects*
Best the man that he affects;
And with that honour doth appay
The good deserts of Mordecai.

Sect. 13.

NOw when as *Morpheus* (Serjeant of the night)
Had laid his Mace upon the dawning light,
And with his lustlesse limbes had closely spred
The sable Curtaines of his drowzie bed,
The King slept not, but (indispos'd to rest)
Disguised thoughts within his troubled brest
Kept midnight Revels.
Wherefore (to recollect his randome thought)
He gave command the Chronicles be brought
And read before him; where, with good attention,
He mark'd how *Mardecai* (with faire prevention)
Of a foule Treason 'gainst his blood intended,
His life, and State had loyally defended:
Whereat the King (impatient to repay
Such faithfull service with the least delay)
Gently demands what thankfull recompence,
What worship or deserved reverence,
Equivalent to such great service, hath
Justly repaid this loyall Liege-mans faith?
They answer'd, None: Now *Haman* (fully bent
To give the Vessell of his poyson, vent)
Stood ready charg'd with full Revenge, prepar'd
To beg his life, whom highly to reward
The King intends: "Say (*Haman*) quoth the King,
"What worship, or what honourable thing

Best

« Best fits the person, whom the King shall place
« Within the bounty of his highest Grace?
So *Haman* thus bethought, « Who more than I
« Deserves the Sun-shine of my Princes eye?
« Whom seeks the King to honour more than me?
« From *Hamans* mouth shall *Haman* honour'd be;
« Speak freely then, and let thy tongue proclame
« An honour suiting to thy worth, thy name:
So *Haman* thus: « This honour, this respect
« Be done to him the King shall most affect,
« In Robes Imperiall be his body dreſt,
« And bravely mounted on that very Beast
« The King bestrides; then be the Crowne of State
« Plac'd on his lofty browes; let Princes wait
« Vpon his Stirrop, and in triumph lead
« This Impe of Honour in *Assuerus* stead;
« And to expresse the glory of his name,
« Like Heralds let the Princes thus proclame?
« This peerlesse Honour, and these Princely Rites
« Be done to him in whom the King delights.
Said then the King, (O sudden change of Fate)
« Within the Portall of our Palace Gate
« There sits a Iew whose name is *Mordecai*,
« Be he the man; Let no perverse delay
« Protract; But what thy lavish tongue hath said,
« Doe thou to him: So *Haman* sore dismaid,
His tongue (ty'd to his Roofe) made no reply,
But (neither daring answer, nor deny)
Perforce obey'd, and so his Page became,
Whose life he sought to have bereav'd with shame:
The Rites solemniz'd, *Mordecai* return'd
Vnto the Gate; *Haman* went home and mourn'd,
(His visage muffled in a mournfull vale)
And told his wife this melancholy Tale;

Whereat

Whereat amaz'd, and ſtartled at the newes,
Deſpairing, thus ſhe ſpake : « If from the Iewes
« This *Mordecai* derive his happy line,
« His be the palme of victory, not thine :
« The higheſt heavens have ſtill conſpir'd to bleſſe
« That faithfull ſeed, and with a faire ſucceſſe
« Have crown'd their juſt deſignes : If *Mordecai*
« Deſcend from thence, thy hopes ſhall ſoone decay,
« And melt like waxe before the mid-day Sun.
So ſaid, her broken ſpeech not fully done,
Haman was haſted to Queene *Eſters* Feaſt ;
To mirth and joy, an indiſpoſed Gueſt.

Meditat. 13.

THere's nothing under heaven more glorifies
The name of King, or in a Subjects eyes
Wins more obſervance, or true loyalty,
Than ſacred Iuſtice ſhared equally :
No greater glory can belong to Might,
Than to defend the feeble in their right :
To help the helpleſſe, and their wrongs redreſſe,
To curb the haughty-hearted, and ſuppreſſe
The proud ; requiting ev'ry ſpeciall deed
With puniſhment, or honourable meed :
Herein Kings aptly may deſerve the name
Of gods, enſhrined in an earthly frame ;
Nor can they any way approach more nigh
The full perfection of a Deity,
Than by true Iuſtice, imitating heaven
In nothing more, than in the poizing eaven
Their righteous ballance : Iuſtice is not blind,
As Poets feigne ; but, with a ſight refin'd,

Her Lyncean eyes are clear'd, and ſhine as bright
As doe their errours, that deny her ſight;
The ſoule of Iuſtice reſteth in her eye,
Her contemplation's chiefly to deſcry
True worth from painted ſhowes; and loyalty,
From falſe, and deepe-diſſembled trechery;
A noble Stateſman from a Paraſite;
And good, from what is meerely good in ſight:
Such hidden things her piercing eye can ſee:
If Iuſtice then be blinde, how blinde are wee!
¶ Right fondly have the Poets pleas'd to ſay,
From earth the faire *Aſtræa's* fled away,
And in the ſhining Baudrike takes her ſeat,
To make the number of the Signes compleat:
For why? *Aſtræa* doth repoſe and reſt
Within the Zodiake of my Sov'raignes breſt,
And from the Cradle of his infancy
Hath train'd his Royall heart with induſtry,
In depth of righteous lore, and ſacred thewes
Of Iuſtice Schoole, that this my Haggard Muſe,
Cannot containe the freeneſſe of her ſpright,
But make a Mounty at ſo faire a flight,
(Perchance) though (like a baſtard Eagle) daz'd
With two great light, ſhe winke, and fall amaz'd.
¶ Heav'n make my heart more thankfull in confeſ-
So high a bliſſe, than skilfull, in expreſſing. (ſing

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Queene brings Hamans *accuſation,*
The King's diſpleas'd, and growes in paſſion:
Proud Haman *treachery deſcry'd;*
The ſhamefull end of ſhameleſſe pride.

Sect. 14.

FOrthwith to ſatisfie the Queenes requeſt,
The King and *Haman* came unto her Feaſt,
Whereat the King, (what then can hap amiſſe?)
Became her ſuitor, that was humbly his,
And fairely thus intreating, this beſpake:
« What is't Queen *Eſter* would? and for her ſake,
« What is't the King would not? preferre thy ſuit,
« Faire Queen: Thoſe that deſpaire, let them be mute,
« Cleare up thoſe clouded beames (my faireſt Bride)
« My Kingdomes halfe (requeſted) I'le divide.
Whereat the Queene, halfe hoping, halfe afraid,
Diſclos'd her trembling lips, and thus ſhe ſaid:
« If in the bounty of thy Princely Grace,
« Thy ſad petitioner may finde a place
« To ſhrowd her moſt unutterable griefe,
« Which, if not there, may hope for no reliefe;
« If in the treaſure of thy gracious eyes,
« (Where mercy and relenting pitie lies)
« Thy hand-maid hath found favour; let my Lord
« Grant me my life (my life ſo much abhord,
« To do him ſervice) and my peoples life,
« Which now lie open to a Tyrants knife:
« Our lives are ſold, 'tis I, 'tis guiltleſſe I,
« Thy loyall Spouſe, thy Queene and hers muſt die:

« The ſpotleſſe blood of me, thy faithfull Bride,
« Muſt ſwage the ſwelling of a Tyrants pride:
« Had we beene ſold for drudges, to attend
« The buſie Spindle; or for ſlaves to ſpend
« Our weary howers, to deſerve our bread,
« So as the gaine ſtood but my Lord in ſtead,
« I had been ſilent, and ne'r ſpent my breath:
« But neither he that ſeeks it, nor my death,
« Can to himſelfe the leaſt advantage bring,
« (Except revenge) nor to my Lord the King.
Like to a Lyon rouzed from his reſt,
Rag'd then the King, and thus his rage expreſt:
« Who is the man that dares attempt this thing?
« Where is the Traitor? What? Am I a King?
« May not our Subjects ſerve, but muſt our Queene
« Be made the ſubject of a villaines ſpleene?
« Is not Queene *Eſter* boſom'd in our heart?
« What Tratior then dares be ſo bold, to part
« Our heart and us? Who dares attempt this thing?
« Can *Eſter* then be ſlaine, and not the King?
Reply'd the Queene, « The man that hath done this,
« That curſed *Haman*, wicked *Haman* is.
Like as a Felon ſhakes before the Bench,
Whoſe troubled ſilence proves the Evidence,
So *Haman* trembled when Queene *Eſter* ſpake,
Nor anſwer, nor excuſe his guilt could make.
The King, no longer able to digeſt
So foule a treachery, forſooke the Feaſt,
Walk'd in the Garden, where conſuming rage
Boyl'd in his heart, with fire (unapt to ſwage)
So *Haman* pleading guilty to the fault,
Beſought his life of her, whoſe life he ſought.
When as the King had walk'd a little ſpace,
(So rage and choller often ſhift their place)

In

In he return'd, where *Haman* fallen flat
Was on the bed whereon Queene *Eſter* ſat:
Whereat the King new cauſe of rage debates,
(Apt to ſuppoſe the worſt, of whom he hates)
New paſſion addes new fuell to his fire,
And faines a cauſe to make it blaze the higher:
« Is't not enough for him to ſeeke her death,
« (Said he) but with a Letchers tainted breath,
« Will he inforce my Queene before my face,
« And make his Brothell in our Royall Place?
So ſaid, they veiled *Hamans* face, as he
Vnfit were to be ſeene, or yet to ſee:
Then ſaid an Eunuch, ſadly ſtanding by,
« In *Hamans* Garden, fifty Cubits high,
« There ſtands a Gibbet, built but yeſterday,
« Made for thy Loyall ſervant *Mordecai*,
« Whoſe faithfull lips thy life from danger freed,
« And merit leads him to a fairer meed.
Said then the King, « It ſeemeth juſt and good,
« To ſhed his blood, that thirſted after blood;
« Who plants the tree, deſerves the fruit; 'tis fit
« That he that bought the purchaſe, hanſell it:
« Hang *Haman* there; It is his proper good;
« So let the Horſeleach burſt himſelfe with blood:
They ſtraight obey'd: Loe here the end of Pride:
Now reſts the King appeas'd and ſatisfy'd.

Medita. 14.

CHeere up, and caroll forth your ſilver ditty,
(Heavens winged Quiriſters, and fill your City
(The new Ieruſalem) with jolly mirth: (earth:
The Church hath peace in heaven, hath peace on

Spread forth your golden pinions, and cleave
The flitting skies; diſmount, and quite bereave
Our ſtupid ſenſes with your heavenly mirth,
For lo, there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on earth:
Let *Hallelujah* fill your warbling tongues,
And let the Ayre compos'd of ſaintly ſongs,
Breathe ſuch celeſtiall Sonnets in our eares;
That whoſoe'r this heav'nly muſicke heares,
May ſtand amaz'd, and (raviſht at the mirth) (earth:
Chant forth, there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
Let Mountaines clap their joyfull, joyfull hands,
And let the leſſer hils trace o'r the Lands
In equall meaſure; and reſounding woods (flood:
Bow downe your heads, and kiſſe your neighb'ring
Let peace and love exalt your key of mirth;
For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
You holy Temples of the higheſt King, (earth:
Triumph with joy; Your ſacred Anthemes ſing;
Chant forth your Hymns, and heav'nly roundelayes,
And touch your Organs on their louder keyes:
For *Haman's* dead, that danted all your mirth, (earth:
And now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on
Proud *Haman's* dead, whoſe life diſturb'd thy reſt,
Who ſought to cut, and ſeare thy Lilly breſt;
The rav'nous Fox, that did annoyance bring
Vnto the Vineyard, 's taken in a Spring.
¶ Seem'd not thy Spouſe unkind, to heare thee weep
And not redreſſe thee? Seem'd he not aſleepe?
No, (Sion) no, he heard thy bitter prayer,
But let thee weepe, for weeping makes thee faire,
The morning-Sunne reflects, and ſhines moſt bright;
When Pilgrims grope in darkneſſe all the night:
The Church muſt conquer, e'r ſhe gets the prize,
But there's no conqueſt, where's no enemies:

The

The day is thine; In triumph make thy mirth,
For now there's peace in heav'n, there's peace on earth:
What man's ſo dull, or in his brains undone,
To ſay, (becauſe he ſees not) There's no Sun?
Weake is the faith, upon a ſudden griefe,
That ſayes (becauſe not now) There's no releefe:
God's bound to help, but loves to ſee men ſue:
Though dateleſſe, yet the bond's not preſent due.
¶ Like to the ſorrowes of our Child-bed wives,
Is the ſad pilgrimage of humane lives:
But when by throes God ſends a joyfull birth,
Then find we peace in heav'n and peace on earth.

THE ARGUMENT.

Vpon the Queene and Mordecai
Dead Hamans *wealth and dignitie*
The King beſtowes: to their diſcretion
Referres the Iewes decreed oppreſſion.

Sect. 15.

THat very day the King did freely adde
More bounty to his gift: What *Haman* had
Borrow'd of ſmiling Fortune, he repaid
To *Eſters* hand, and to her uſe convaid:
And *Mordecai* found favour with the King;
Vpon his hand he put his Royall Ring,
Whoſe Princely pow'r proud *Haman* did abuſe,
In late betraying of the guiltleſſe Iewes;
For now had *Eſter* to the King deſcry'd
Her Iewiſh Kin, how neare ſhe was ally'd
To *Mardocheus*, whom (her Father dead)
His love did foſter in her fathers ſtead.

Once more the *Queene* prefers an earnest suit,
Her humble body lowly prostitute
Before his Royall feet, her cheeks o'rflowne
With marish teares, and thus her plainfull moane,
Commixt with bitter singults, she expreſt:
« If in the Cabin of thy Princely breſt
« Thy loyall servant (undeserv'd) hath found
« A place wherein her wishes might be crown'd
« With faire succeſſe; If in thy gracious sight
« I pleasing, or my cause seeme just and right,
« Be speedy letters written, to reverſe
« Thoſe bloody Writs which *Haman* did diſperſe
« Throughout thy Provinces, whoſe sad content
« Was the subversion of my innocent
« And faithfull people; Help, (my gracious Lord)
« The time's prefixt, wherein th'impartiall Sword
« Muſt make this maſſacre, the day's at hand,
« Vnleſſe thy speedy Grace send countermand:
« How can I brooke within my tender breſt,
« To break the bonds of Natures high beheſt,
« And see my people, (for whoſe sake I breathe)
« Like stalled Oxen, bought and sold for death?
« How can I see such miſchiefe? how can I
« Survive, to see my kin, and people die?
Said then the King, « Lo curſed *Haman* hath
« The execution of our higheſt wrath,
« The equall hire of his malicious pride;
« His wealth to thee I gave; (my faireſt Bride)
« His honour (better plac'd) I have beſtow'd
« On him, to whom my borrow'd life hath ow'd
« Her five yeares breath, the truſty *Mordecai*,
« Our loyall kinſman: Let his hand pourtray
« Our pleaſure, as beſt liketh him, and thee;
« Let him ſet downe, and be it our Decree,

« Let

« Let him confirme it with our Royall Ring,
« And we ſhall ſigne it with the name of King:
« For none may alter, or reverſe the ſame
« That's ſeal'd and written in our Princely name.

Meditat. 15.

TO breathe's a neceſſary gift of nature,
Whereby we may diſcerne a living creature
From plants, or ſtones: 'Tis but a meere degree
From vegetation; and this, hath ſhe
Like equally ſhar'd out to bruitiſh beaſts
With man, who leſſe obſerves her due beheſts
(Sometimes) than they; and oft, by accident,
Doe leſſe improve the gift in the event:
But man, whoſe Organs are more fairely dreſt,
To entertaine a far more noble Gueſt,
Hath, through the excellence of his Creation,
A Soule Divine; Divine by inſpiration;
Divine through likeneſſe to that power Divine,
That made and plac'd her in her fleſhly ſhrine;
From hence we challenge lifes prerogative;
Beaſts onely breathe; 'Tis man alone doth live;
One end of mans Creation, was Society,
Mutuall Communion, and friendly Piety:
The man that lives unto himſelfe alone,
Subſiſts, and breathes, but lives not; Never one
Deſerv'd the moity of himſelfe, for hee
That's borne, may challenge but one part of three;
Triparted thus; his Country claimes the beſt;
The next his Parents; and himſelfe the leaſt.
He husbands beſt his life, that freely gives
It for the publike good; he rightly lives,

That

That nobly dyes: 'tis greateſt maſtery,
Not to be fond to live, nor feare to die
On juſt occaſion; He that (in caſe) deſpiſes
Life, earnes it beſt; but he that over-prizes
His deareſt blood, when honour bids him die,
Steales but a life, and lives by Robbery.
¶ O ſweet Redeemer of the world, whoſe death
Deſerv'd a world of lives! Had Thy deare breath
Beene deare to Thee; Oh had'ſt Thou but deny'd
Thy precious Blood, the world for e'r had dy'd:
O ſpoyle my life, when I deſire to ſave it,
By keeping it from Thee, that freely gave it.

THE ARGUMENT.

Letters are ſent by Mordecai,
That all the Iewes, upon the day
Appointed for their death, withſtand
The fury of their foe-mens hand.

Sect. 16.

FOrthwith the Scribes were ſummon'd to appeare;
To ev'ry Province, and to ev'ry Shire,
Letters they wrote (as *Mordecai* directed)
To all the Iewes, (the Iewes ſo much dejected)
To all Lieu-tenants, Captaines of the Band,
To all the States, and Princes of the Land,
According to the phraſe, and divers faſhion
Of Dialect, and ſpeech of ev'ry Nation;
All which was ſtiled in the name of th'King,
Sign'd with his hand, ſeal'd with his Royall Ring:
Loe here the tenour of the Kings Commiſſion;
« Whereas of late, (at *Hamans* urg'd petition,

Decrees

« Decrees were ſent, and ſpred throughout the Land,
« To ſpoile the Iewes, and with impartiall hand
« (Vpon a day prefixt) to kill and ſlay;
« We likewiſe grant, upon that very day,
« Full power to the Iewes, to make defence,
« And quit their lives, and for a Recompence,
« To take the ſpoyles of thoſe they ſhall ſuppreſſe,
« Shewing like mercy to the mercileſſe.
By Poſts, as ſwift as Time, was this Decree
Commanded forth; As faſt as Day they flee,
Spurr'd on, and haſt'ned with the Kings Command,
Which ſtraight was nois'd, and publiſht through the Land,
As warning to the Iewes, to make proviſion
To entertaine ſo great an oppoſition.
So *Mordecai* (disburth'ned of his griefe,
Which now found hopefull tokens of reliefe)
Departs the preſence of the King, addreſt
In royall Robes, and on his lofty Creſt
He bore a Crowne of Gold, his body ſpred
With Lawne, and Purple deepely coloured:
Fill'd were the Iewes with triumphs, and with noyſe,
(The common Heralds to proclaime true joyes.)
Like as a priſner muffled at the tree,
Whoſe life's remov'd from death ſcarce one degree,
His laſt pray'r ſaid, and hearts confeſſion made,
(His eyes poſſeſſing deaths eternall ſhade)
At laſt unlook'd for, comes a ſlow Reprieve,
And makes him (even as dead) once more to live:
Amaz'd, he rends deaths muffler from his eyes,
And (over-joy'd) knowes not he lives, or dyes;
So joy'd the Iewes, whoſe lives, this new Decree
Had quit from death and danger, and ſet free
Their gaſping ſoules, and (like a blazing light)
Diſperſt the darkneſſe of the approaching night;

So

So joy'd the Iewes: and with their ſolemne Feaſts
They chas'd dull ſorow from their penſive breaſts:
Meane while the people (ſtartled at the newes)
Some griev'd, ſome envi'd, ſome (for feare) turn'd (Iewes.

Medita. 16.

AMong the noble Greekes it was no ſhame
To loſe a Sword; It but deſerv'd the name
Of warres diſaſtrous fortune; but to yeeld
The right and ſafe poſſeſſion of the Shield,
Was foule reproach, and manleſſe cowardize,
Far worſe than death to him that ſcorn'd to prize
His life before his Honour; Honour's wonne
Moſt in a juſt defence, Defence is gone,
The Shield once loſt; the wounded Theban cry'd,
How fares my Shield? which ſafe, he ſmil'd and dy'd:
True honour bides at home, and takes delight
In keeping, not in gaining of a Right;
Scornes uſurpation, nor ſeekes ſhe blood,
And thirſts to make her name not great, as good:
God gives a Right to man; To man, defence
To guard it giv'n; but when a falſe pretence
Shall ground her title on a greater Might,
What doth he elſe but warre with heav'n, and fight
With Providence? God ſets the Princely Crowne
On heads of Kings; Who then may take it downe?
No juſter quarrell, or more noble Fight,
Than to maintaine, where God hath giv'n a Right;
There's no deſpaire of Conqueſt in that warre,
Where God's the Leader; Policie's no barre
To his deſignes; no power can withſtand
His high exploits; within whoſe mighty Hand

Are

Are all the corners of the earth; the Hils
His fenfive bulwarks are, which when he wils,
His leſſer breath can bandy up and downe,
And cruſh the world, and with a winke, can drowne
The ſpacious Vniverſe in ſuds of Clay;
Where Heav'n is Leader, Heaven muſt win the day:
God reapes his honour hence; That combat's ſafe,
Where he's a Combatant, and ventures halfe:
Right's not impair'd with weakneſſe, but prevailes
In ſpight of ſtrength, when ſtrength & power failes:
Fraile is the truſt repos'd on Troops of Horſe;
Truth in a Handfull, findes a greater force.
¶Lord maile my heart with faith, and be my ſhield,
And if a world confront me I'le not yeeld.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bloody Maſſacre: The Jewes
Prevaile; their fatall ſword ſubdues
A world of men, and in that fray,
Hamans *ten curſed ſonnes they ſlay.*

Sect. 17.

NOw when as Time had rip'ned the Decree,
(Whoſe Winter fruit, unſhaken, from the tree
Full ready was to fall) and brought that Day,
Wherein pretended miſchiefe was to play
Her tragick Sceane upon the Iewiſh Stage,
And ſpit the venome of her bloody rage
Vpon the face of that diſperſed Nation,
And in a minute breathe their deſolation;
Vpon that day (as patients in the fight)
Their ſcatter'd force the Iewes did reunite.

And

And to a head their ſtragling ſtrength redue'd,
And with their fatall hand (their hand diſus'd
To bathe in blood) they made ſo long recoyle,
That with a purple ſtreame the thirſty ſoyle
O'rflowd: & on the pavement (drown'd with blood)
Where never was before, they rais'd a flood:
There lies a headleſſe body, there a limme
Newly diſ-joynted from the trunke of him
That there lies groaning; here, a gaſping head
Cropt from his neighbours ſhoulders; there, half dead
Full heaps of bodies, whereof ſome curſe Fate,
Others blaſpheme the name of Heav'n, and rate
Their undiſpoſed Starres; with bitter cries,
One pitties his poore widow-wife, and dies;
Another bannes the night his ſonnes were borne,
That he muſt die, and they muſt live forlorne;
Here (all beſmear'd in blood congeal'd) there lies
A throng of carcaſes, whoſe liveleſſe eyes
Are clos'd with duſt, and death: there, lies the Syre
Whoſe death the greedy heire did long deſire;
And here the ſon, whoſe hopes were all the pleaſure
His aged father had, and his lifes treaſure:
Thus fell their foes, ſome dying, and ſome dead,
And onely they that ſcap'd the ſlaughter, fled;
But with ſuch ſtrange amazement were affrighted,
(As if themſelves in their owne deaths delighted)
That each his force againſt his friend addreſt,
And ſheath'd his ſword within his neighbours breſt;
For all the Rulers (being ſore afraid
Of *Mardocheus* name) with ſtrength and ayde
Supply'd the Iewes: For *Mardocheus* name
Grew great with honour, and his honour'd Fame
Was blaz'd through every Province of the Land,
And ſpred as farre, as did the Kings Command:

In

In favour he increaſt; and ev'ry how'r
Did adde a greater greatneſſe to his Pow'r:
Thus did the Iewes triumph in victory,
And on that day themſelves were doom'd to die,
They ſlew th'appointed actors of their death,
And on their heads they wore that noble wreath,
That crownes a Victor with a Victors prize;
So fled their foes, ſo dy'd their enemies:
And on that day at Suſan were imbru'd
In blood, five hundred men whom they ſubdu'd;
The curſed fruit of the accurſed Tree,
That impious Decad, *Hamans* progeny,
Vpon that fatall day, they overthrew,
But tooke no ſpoyle, nor ſubſtance, where they ſlew.

Meditat. 17.

I Lately mus'd; and muſing ſtood amaz'd,
My heart was bound, my ſight was over-daz'd
To view a miracle: could *Pharo* fall
Before the face of Iſrael? could her ſmall
And ill-appointed handfull then prevaile,
When *Pharo's* men of warre, and Charr'ots faile?
Theſe ſtood like Gyants; thoſe like Pigmy brats?
Theſe ſoar'd like Eagles; thoſe like ſwarms of gnats:
On foot theſe marcht; thoſe rode on troops of horſe,
Theſe never better arm'd; they, never worſe;
Strong back't with vēgeance, and revenge were they;
Theſe, with deſpaire, themſelves, themſelves betray;
They cloſe purſu'd; theſe (fearefull) fled the field;
How could they chuſe, but win? or theſe but yeeld?
Sure 'tis, nor man, nor horſe, nor ſword availes,
When Iſrael conquers, and great *Pharo* failes:

Poore

Poore Isr'el had no man of war, but One;
And *Pharo* having all the rest, had none;
Heav'n fought for Isr'el, weakned *Pharo's* heart,
Who had no *Counter-god* to take his part:
What meant that cloudy Pillar, that by day
Did usher Isr'el in an unknown way?
What meant that fi'ry Pillar, that by night
Appear'd to Isr'el, and gave Isr'el light?
'Twas not the secret power of *Moses* Rod,
That charm'd the Seas in twaine; 'twas *Moses* God
That fought for Isr'el, and made *Pharo* fall;
Well thrives the Fray where God's the Generall:
'Tis neither strength nor undermining sleight,
Prevailes, where Heaven's ingaged in the fight.
¶ Me list not ramble into antique dayes,
To manne this theame, lest while *Vlysses* strayes,
His heart forget his home *Penelope:*
Our prosp'rous *Britaine* makes sufficient Plea
To prove her blisse, and heav'ns protecting power
Which had she mist, her glory in an hower
Had falne to Cinders, and had past away
Like smoake before the winde; Which happy Day
Let none but base-bred Rebels ever faile
To consecrate; and let this Age entaile
Vpon succeeding times Eternity,
Heav'ns highest love, in that dayes memory.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſonnes of Haman *(that were ſlaine)*
Are all hang'd up : The Iewes obtaine
Freedome to fight the morrow after,
They put three hundred more to ſlaughter.

Sect. 18.

WHen as the fame of that dayes bloodie newes
Came to the King, he ſaid; « Behold, the Iews
« Have wonne the day, and in their juſt defence,
« Have made their wrong, a rightfull recompence;
« Five hundred men in Suſan they have ſlaine,
« And that remainder of proud *Hamans* ſtraine,
« Their hands have rooted out; Queene *Eſter*, ſay,
« What further ſuit (wherein *Aſſuerus* may
« Expreſſe the bountie of his Royall hand)
« Reſts in thy boſome? What is thy demand?
Said then the Queene: « If in thy Princely ſight
« My boone be pleaſing, or thou take delight
« To grant thy ſervants ſuit, Let that Commiſſion
« (Which gave the Iews this happie dayes permiſſion
« To ſave their lives) to morrow ſtand in force,
« For their behalfes that onely make recourſe
« To God, and thee; and let that curſed brood
« (The ſonnes of *Haman*, that in guiltie blood
« Lie all ingoar'd, unfit to taint a Grave)
« Be hang'd on Gibbets, and (like Co-heires) have
« Like equall ſhares of that deſerved ſhame,
« Their wretched father purchas'd in his name:
The King was pleas'd, and the Decree was giv'n
From Suſan, where betwixt the earth and Heaven,

(Most undeserving to be own'd by either)
These cursed ten (like twins) were borne together.
When *Titan* (ready for his journall chase)
Had rouz'd his dewie locks, and Rosie face
Inricht with morning beautie, up arose
The Iewes in Susan, and their bloodie blowes
So roughly dealt, that in that dismall day
A lease of hundreds fell, but on the prey
No hand was laid: So, sweet and jolly rest
The Iews enjoy'd, and with a solemne Feast,
(Like joyfull Victors, dispossest of sorrow)
They consecrated the ensuing morrow;
And in the Provinces throughout the Land,
Before their mightie and Victorious hand,
Fell more than seventie thousand, but the prey
They seized not; and in mem'rie of that day
They solemnized their victorious Guests,
With gifts and triumphs, and with holy Feasts.

Meditat. 18.

THe Doctrine of the Schoole of Grace dissents
From Natures (more uncertaine) rudiments,
And are as much contrarie, and opposite
As Yea, and Nay, as blacke, and purest white:
For Nature teaches first to understand,
And then beleeve; but Grace doth first command
Man to beleeve, and then to comprehend;
Faith is of things unknowne, and must intend,
And soare above conceit; what we conceive,
We stand possest of, and alreadie have:
But faith beholds such things, as yet we have not, (*not*,
Which *eye sees not*, *eare heares not*, *heart conceives*

Hereon

Hereon, as on our ground-worke, our ſalvation
Erects her pillars; from this firme foundation,
Our ſoules mount up the new Ieruſalem,
To take poſſeſſion of her Diadem;
God loves no ſophiſtry; Who argues leaſt
In graces ſchoole, concludes, and argues beſt;
A womans Logicke paſſes there; for 'tis
Good proofe to ſay, *'Tis* ſo, becauſe *it is*;
Had *Abraham* advis'd with fleſh and blood,
Bad had his faith beene, though his reaſons good;
If God bid doe, for man to urge a Why?
Is, but in better language, a deny:
The fleſhly ballances of our conceits,
Have neither equall poyſure, nor juſt weights,
To weigh, without impeachment, Gods deſigne;
There's no proportion betwixt things Divine,
And mortall: Lively faith may not depend
Either upon th'occaſion or the end.
The glorious Sunnes reflected beames ſuffice,
To lend a luſter to the feebleſt eyes,
But if the eye too covetous of the light,
Boldly out-face the Sunne (whoſe beames ſo bright,
And undiſpers'd, are too-too much refin'd
For view) is it not juſtly ſtrucken blind?
I dare not taske ſtout *Samſon*, for his death;
Nor wandring *Ionah*, that bequeath'd his breath
To raging Seas, when God commanded ſo;
Nor thee (great Queene) whoſe lips did over-flow
With ſtreames of blood; nor thee (O cruell kinde)
To quench the fire of a womans minde,
With flowing rivers of thy ſubjects blood;
For bad beginnings God creates a good,
And happy end: What I cannot conceive,
Lord, let my ſoule admire, and beleeve.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Feast of Purim consecrated:
Th'occasion why 'twas celebrated;
Letters were writ by Mordecai,
To keepe the mem'ry of that day.

Sect. 19.

SO *Mardocheus* throughout all the Land
Dispers'd his Letters, with a strict command
To celebrate these two dayes memorie
With Feasts, and gifts, and yearly jollitie,
That after ages may record that day,
And keepe it from the rust of time, that they
Which shall succeed, may ground their holy mirth
Vpon the joyes, those happy dayes brought forth,
Which chang'd their sadness, and black nights of sorrow,
Into the brightnesse of a gladsome morrow; (
Whereto the Iewes (to whom these letters came)
Gave due observance, and did soone proclame
Their sacred Festivals, in memorie
Of that dayes joy, and joyfull victorie:
And since the Lots, (that *Haman* did abuse,
To know the dismall day which to the Iewes
Might fall most fatall, and, to his intent
Least unpropitious) were in th' event
Crost with a higher Fate, than blinded Chance,
To worke his ruine, their deliverance:
They therefore in remembrance of the Lot
(Whose hop'd for sad event succeded not)
The solemne feasts of *Purim* did invest,
And by the name of *Purim* call their Feast;

Which

Which to observe with sacred Complement,
And ceremoniall rites, their soules indent,
And firmely inroll the happy memory
Ith'hearts of their succeeding Progeny,
That time (the enemie of mortall things)
May not with hov'ring of his nimble wings,
Beate downe the deare memoriall of that time,
But keep it flowring in perpetuall prime.
Now left this shining day in times progresse
Perchance be clouded with forgetfulnesse,
Or left the gauled Persians should debate
The bloodie slaughter, and re-ulcerate
In after-dayes, their former miserie,
And blurre the glorie of this daies memorie,
The Queene and *Mordecai* sent Letters out
Into the Land dispersed round about
To re-confirme and fully ratifie
This feast of *Purim* to Eternitie;
That it to after-ages may appeare, (eare,
When sinners bend their hearts, heaven bowes his

Meditat. 19.

AND are the Lawes of God defective then?
Or was the Paper scant, or dull the Pen
That wrote those sacred lines? Could imperfection
Lurke closly there, where heav'n hath giv'n direction?
How comes it then new feasts are celebrated,
Vnmention'd in the Law, and uncreated
By him that made the Law compleat and just;
Not to be chang'd as brain-sick mortals lust?
Is not heavens deepest curse with death to boote,
Denounc'd to him that takes from, or adds too't?

True 'tis, the Law of God's the rule and squire
Whereby to limit mans uncurb'd desire,
And with a gentle hand doth justly paize
The ballances of his unbevell'd wayes.
True 'tis accurs'd, and thrice accurs'd be he,
That shall detract, or change such Lawes, as be
Directive for his worship, or concerne
His holy Service, these we strictly learne,
Within our constant brest to keepe inshrin'd,
These in all seasons, and for all times binde:
But Lawes (although Divine) that doe respect
The publike rest, and properly direct,
As Statutes politike, doe make relation
To times and persons, places, and occasion.
The brazen Serpent, which by Gods command,
Was builded up, was by the Prophets hand
Beat downe againe, as impious and impure,
When it became an Idoll, not a Cure.
A morall Law needs no more warranty,
Then Lawfull givers, and conveniency,
(Not crossing the Divine:) It lies in Kings
To act, and to inhibit all such things
As in his Princely wisedome shall seeme best,
And most vantagious to the publike rest;
And what before was an indifferent thing,
His law makes good or bad: A lawfull King
Is God's Lieutenant; in his sacred eare
God whispers oft, and keeps his presence there.
¶ To breake a lawfull Princes just Command,
Is brokage of a sinne, at second hand.

THE ARGUMENT.

Assuerus Acts upon Record.
The just mans vertue and reward.

Sect. 20.

AND *Assuerus* stretch'd his heavie hand,
Laying a Tribute both on Sea and Land;
What else he did, what *Trophees* of his fame
He left for time to glorifie his Name.
With what renowne and grace, he did appay
The faithfull heart of loyall *Mordecai*;
Are they not kept in endlesse memorie,
Recorded in the Persian Historie?
For *Mordecai* possest the second seat
In all the Kingdome, and his name is great;
Of God and man his vertues were approv'd,
Of God and man much honour'd and belov'd;
Seeking his people good, and sweet prosperitie,
And speaking joyfull peace to his posteritie.

Meditat. 20.

THus thrives the man, thus prosper his indeavours
That builds on faith, and in that faith persevers:
¶ It is no losse, to lose; no gaine to get,
If he that loses all shall win the Set:
God helps the weakest, takes the losers chaire,
And setting on the King doth soone repaire

His losse with vengeance; He's not alway best
That takes the highest place, nor he the least
That sits beneath: for outward fortunes can
Expresse (how great, but) not how good's the man;
Whom God will raise, he humbles first a while;
And where he raises, oft he meanes to spoyle.
¶ It matters not (Lord) what my fortunes be,
May they but lead or whip me home to thee.

Here the Canonicall History of Queene ESTER *ends.*

JOB MILITANT:

Horat. car. lib. 1. ode 17.

——*Diis, pietas mea;*
Et Musa, cordi est——

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,
Printed by MILES FLESHER.
1638.

LONDON.
Printed by Miles Flesher.
1632.

The Proposition of the Worke.

Wouldst thou discover in a curious Map,
That Iland, which fond worldlings call
Surrounded with a Sea of brinie teares, Mishap
The rockie dangers, and the boggy Feares,
The stormes of Trouble, the afflicted Nation,
The heavy soyle, the lowly scituation?
On wretched Job then spend thy weeping eye,
And see the colour painted curiously.

Wouldst thou behold a tragicke Sceane of sorrow,
Whose woefull Plot the Author did not borrow
From fad invention? The fable Stage,
The lively Actors with their equipage?
The Musicke made of Sighs, the Songs of Cryes,
The sad spectators with their watry Eyes?
Behold all this, comprized here in one;
Expect the Plaudit when the Play is done.

Or wouldst thou see a well built Pinace toss
Vpon the swelling Ocean, split (almost)
Now on a churlish Rocke; now fiercely striving
With labouring Windes; now, desperately driving
Vpon the boyling Sands, her storme-rent Flags,
Her Main-Mast broke, her Canvas torne to rags,

Her

Her Treaſure loſt, her men with lightning ſlaine,
And left a wreck to the relentleſſe Maine?
This, this and more, unto your moyſtned Eyes,
Our patient Job *ſhall lively moralize.*

Would'ſt thou behold unparalleld diſtreſſe,
Which minds cānot out-thinke, nor tongues expreſſe
Full to the life, the Anvill, whereupan
Miſchiefe doth worke her Maſter-piece, for none
To imitate; the dire Anatomy
Of (curiouſly-diſſected) Miſery;
The face of Sorrow in her ſterneſt lookes,
The rufull Arg'ment of all Tragicke bookes?
In briefe, Would tender eyes endure to ſee
(Summ'd up) the greateſt ſorrowes that can bee?
Behold they then, poore Job *afflicted here,*
And each Beholder ſpend (at leſt) his Teare.

TO

TO THE GREAT TETRAGRAMMATON, LORD PARAMOUNT OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

His Humble Servant dedicates himselfe, and implores the Enfranchising of his Muse.

1.

GReat God, th'indebted praises of thy glory,
If Man should smother, or his Muse wax faint
To number forth; the stones would make complaint,
And write a never-ending Story,
And, not without just reason, say,
Mens hearts are more obdure than they.

2.

Dismount from Heaven (O thou Diviner Power)
Hansell my slender Pipe, breathe (thou) upon it,
That it may runne an everlasting Sonnet,
Which envious time may not devoure:
Oh, let it sing to after dayes
(When I am Dust) thy louder Praise.

3 Direct

3

Direct the footsteps of my sober Muse
To tread thy glorious path: For be it knowne,
Shee onely seeks thy Glory, not her owne,
Nor rouzed for a second use;
If otherwise, O may she never
Sing more, but be struck dumbe for ever.

JOB MILITANT:

THE ARGUMENT.

Iobs Lineage, and Integrity,
His Issue, wealth, Prosperity,
His Childrens holy Feast: His wise
Forecast, and zealous Sacrifice.

Sect. 1.

NOt far from Casius, in whose bounteous wombe,
Great *Pompeys* dust lies crowned with his tomb,
Westward, betwixt Arabia and Iudæa,
Is situate a Countrey, called Idumæa,
There dwelt a man (brought from his Lineage,
That for his belly swopt his Heritage,)
His name was *Iob*, a man of upright Will,
Iust, fearing Heaven, eschewing what was ill,
On whom his God had heap'd in highest measure,
The bounteous Riches of his boundlesse Treasure.
As well of Fortune, as of Grace, and Spirit,
Goods for his Children, Children to inherit;
As did his Name, his wealth did daily wexe,
His seed did germinate in either Sexe,
A hopefull Issue, whose discent may keepe
His righteous Race on foot; seven thousand sheepe
Did pay their Summer-tribute, and did adde
Their Winter blessings to his Fold: He had

Three

Three thouſand Camels, able for their load,
Five hundred Aſſes, furniſht for the Road,
As many yoake of Oxen, to maintaine
His houſhold, for he had a mighty Traine;
Nor was there any in the Eaſt, the which
In vertue was ſo rare, in wealth ſo rich.

Vpon a time, his Children (to improve
Their ſweet affection of their mutuall love)
Made ſolemne Feaſts; each feaſted in his turne,
(For there's a time to mirth, as well as mourne)
And who, by courſe was Maſter of the Feaſt,
Vnto his home invited all the reſt.

Even as a Hen (whoſe tender brood forſake
The downie cloſes of her Wings, and take
Each it's affected way) markes how they feed,
This, on that Grumme; and that, on't other Seed;
Moves, as they move; and ſtayes when as they ſtay,
And ſeemes delighted in their infant-play:
Yet fearing danger, with a buſie eye,
Lookes here and there, if ought ſhe can eſpie;
Which unawares might ſnatch a bootie from her,
Eyes all that paſſe, and watches everie commer.
Even ſo th'affection of this tender Syre,
(Being made more fervent with the ſelfe-ſame fire
Of deareſt love, which flamed in their breſts,
Preſerved (as by fuell) in thoſe Feaſts)
Was raviſht in the height of joyes to ſee
His happie Childrens ten fold unitie:
As was his joy, ſuch was his holy feare,
Leſt he that plants his Engines everie where,
Baited with golden Sinnes, and re-inſnares
The ſoule of Man, turning his Wheat to Tares,
Should ſeaſon Error with the taſte of Truth,
And tempt the frailtie of their tender youth.

No ſooner therefore had the dapled skie
Opened the twilight of her waking eye,
And in her breaking light had promis'd day,
But up he róſe, his holy hands did lay
Vpon the ſacred Altar (one by one)
An early Sacrifice for every Sonne:
« For who can tell, (ſaid he) my Sonnes (perchance)
« Have ſlipt ſome ſinne, which neither ignorance
« Pleaded, nor want of heed, nor youth can cure,
Sinne ſteales, unſeene, when men ſleep moſt ſecure.

Meditat. 1.

VVAnt is the badge of poverty: Then he
That wanteth moſt, is the moſt poore, ſay we.
The wretch that hunger drives from doore to doore,
Aiming at preſent Almes, deſires no more.
The toyling Swaine, that hath with pleaſing trouble
Cockt a ſmall fortune, would that fortune double,
Which dearly bought with ſlavery, then (alas)
Hee would be deem'd a Man, that's well to paſſe:
Which got, his mind's now tickled with an itch,
But to deſerve that glorious ſtile of Rich.
That done, h'enjoyes the crowne of all his labour,
Could he but once out-noſe his right-hand-neighbor,
Lives he at quiet now? Now he begins
To wiſh that Vs'ry were the leaſt of ſinnes:
But great, or ſmall, he tries, and ſweets the trouble,
And for it's ſake he wiſheth all things double;
Thus wiſhing ſtill, his wiſhes never ceaſe,
But as his Wealth, his wiſhes ſtill encreaſe.
Wiſhes proceed from want: The richeſt then,
Moſt wiſhing, want moſt, and are pooreſt men:

If hee be poore, that wanteth much, how poore
Is he that hath too much, and yet wants more?
Thrice happy hee, to whom the bounty of Heaven,
Sufficient, with a ſparing hand, hath given:
'Tis Grace, not Gold, makes great; ſever but which,
The Rich man is but poore, the Poore man rich.
The faireſt Crop, of either Graſſe, or Graine,
Is not for uſe, undew'd with timely raine.
The wealth of *Cræſus*, were it to be given,
Were not thank-worthy, if unbleſt by Heaven.
Even as faire *Phœbe*, in Diameter,
(Earth interpos'd betwixt the Sunne and her)
Suffers Ecclips, and is diſrobed quite
(During the time) of all her borrowed light;
So Riches, which fond Mortals ſo embrace,
If not enlightned with the Beames of Grace,
Being interpoſed with too groſſe a Care,
They lie obſcured; and no riches are.
My ſtint of Wealth lies not in my expreſſing,
With *Iacobs* Store (Lord) give me *Iacobs* Bleſſing;
Or if, at night, thou grant me *Lazars* Boone,
Let *Dives* Dogs licke all my ſoares at noone,
Lord, pare my wealth by my Capacity,
Leſt I, with it, or it ſuit not with mee.
This humbly doe I ſue for at thy Hand,
Enough, and not too much for thy command.
Lord, what thou lend'ſt, ſhall ſerve but in the place
Of reckoning Counters, to ſumme up thy Grace.

The Argument.

Satan appeares, and then profesſes
Himſelfe mans Enemy, confeſſes
Gods love to Iob, *malignes his Faith,*
Gaines power over all he hath.

Sect. 2.

VPon a time, when heavens ſweet quire of Saints
(Whoſe everlaſting Halelujah chaunts
The higheſt praiſe of their celeſtiall King)
Before their Lord did the preſentment bring
Of th'execution of his ſacred Will,
Committed to their function to fulfill:
Satan came too (that Satan, which betraid
The ſoule of man to Deaths eternall ſhade.
Satan came too) and in the midſt he ſtands,
Like to a Vulture 'mongſt a heard of Swannes.
Said then th'Eternall; « From what quarter now
« Hath buſineſſe brought thee? (Satan) whence com'ſt
« The Lord of Heavē (ſaid th'Infernall) ſince (thou?
« Thou haſt intitled me the Worlds great Prince,
« I have beene practiſing mine old profeſſion
« And come from compaſſing my large Poſſeſſion,
« Tempting thy ſonnes, and (like a roaring Lyon)
« Seeking my prey, diſturbe the peace of Sion;
« I come from ſowing Tares among thy Wheat,
« To him that ſhall diſſemble *Peters* ſeat,
« I have been plotting how to prompt the death
« Of Chriſtian Princes, and the bribed breath

« Of cheapned Iuſtice, hath my fire inflam'd
« With ſpirit of boldneſſe, for a while, unſham'd.
« I come from planting ſtrife and ſterne debate,
« 'Twixt private man and man, 'twixt State & State,
« Subverting truth with all the power I can,
« Accuſing Man to God; and God to man:
« I daily ſow freſh ſchiſmes among thy Saints;
« I buffet them, and laugh at their complaints;
« The Earth is my Dominion, Hell's my Home,
« I round the world, and ſo from thence I come.
Said then th'Eternall: « True, thou haſt not fail'd
« Of what thou ſay'ſt; thy ſpirit hath prevail'd
« To vexe my little Flock: Thou haſt beene bold
« To make them ſtray, a little, from their Fold.
« But ſay; In all thy hard Adventures, hath
« Thine eye obſerved *Iob* my Servants faith?
« Hath open force, or ſecret fraud beſet
« His bulwarke ſo impregnable, as yet?
« And haſt thou (without envy) yet beheld,
« How that the world his ſecond cannot yeeld?
« Haſt thou not found, that hee's of upright will,
« Iuſt, fearing God, eſchewing what is ill?
« True Lord, (reply'd the Fiend) thy Champion hath
« A ſtrong and fervent (yet a crafty) Faith.
« A forced love needs no ſuch great applauſe,
« He loves but ill, that loves not for a cauſe.
« Haſt thou not heap'd his Garners with exceſſe?
« Inricht his Paſtures? Doth not he poſſeſſe
« All that he hath; or can demand from Thee?
« His Coffers fill'd, his Land ſtock'd plenteouſly?
« Hath not thy love ſurrounded him about,
« And hedg'd him in, to fence my practice out?
« But ſmall's the tryall of a Faith, in this,
« If thou ſupport him, 'tis thy ſtrength, not his.

Can

« Can then my power, that ſtands by thy permiſſion,
« Encounter, where thou mak ſt an Oppoſition?
« Stretch forth thy Hand, & ſmite but what he hath,
« And prove thou then the temper of his Faith;
« Ceaſe cock'ring his fond humour, veil thy Grace,
« No doubt but hee'll blaſpheme thee to thy face.
« Loe, (ſaid th'Eternall) to thy curſed hand,
« I here commit his mighty Stocke, his Land,
« His hopefull Iſſue, and Wealth though ne'r ſo muc'
« Himſelfe, alone, thou ſhalt forbeare to touch:

Meditat. 2.

SAtan begg'd once, and found his pray'rs reward:
We often beg, yet oft returne, unheard.
If granting be th'effect of love, then we
Conclude our ſelves to be leſſe lov'd than he:
True, Satan begg'd, and begg'd his ſhame, no leſſe;
'Twas granted; ſhall we envy his ſucceſſe?
We begge, and our requeſt's (perchance) not granted;
God knew, perhaps, it were worſe had than wanted.
Can God and Belial both joyne in one will;
The one to aske, the other to fulfill?
Sooner ſhall Stygian darkneſſe bled with light
The Froſt with Fier, ſooner day with Night.
True, God and Satan will'd the ſelfe-ſame Will,
But God intended Good; and Satan, Ill:
That Will produc'd a ſeverall concluſion;
He aym'd at Mans, and God at his confuſion;
He that drew light from out the depth of Shade,
And made of Nothing, whatſoe'r he made,
Can out of ſeeming Evill, bring good events;
God worketh Good, though by ill Inſtruments.

As in a Clocke, one motion doth convay
And carry divers wheeles a ſeverall way:
Yet all together, by the great wheeles force,
Direct the hand unto his proper courſe:
Even ſo, that ſacred Will, although it uſe
Meanes ſeeming contrary; yet all conduce
To one effect, and in a free conſent
They bring to paſſe heavens high decreed intent.
Takes God delight in humane weakneſſe, then?
What glory reaps he from afflicted men?
The Spirit gone, can Fleſh and blood indure?
God burnes his Gold to make his Gold more pure.

Even as a Nurſe, whoſe childes imperfect pace
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
Leaves her fond kiſſing, ſets him downe, to goe,
Nor does uphold him for a ſtep or two:
But when ſhee findes that he begins to fall,
She holds him up, and kiſſes him withall:
So God from man ſometimes withdrawes his hand
A while, to teach his Infant faith to ſtand;
But when he ſees his feeble ſtrength begin,
To faile, he gently takes him up againe.

Lord, I'm a childe; ſo guide my paces, than,
That I may learne to walke an upright man:
So ſhield my faith, that I may never doubt thee,
For I ſhall fall if e'r I walke without thee.

THE ARGUMENT.

The frighted Messengers tell Iob
His four-fold losse: He rends his Robe.
Submits him to his Makers trust,
whom he concludeth to be just.

Sect. 3.

VPon that very day, when all the rest
Were frollicke at their elder Brothers feast,
A breathlesse man, prickt on with winged feare,
With staring eyes, distracted here and there,
(Like kindled exhalations in the Aire
At midnight glowing) his stiffe-bolting haire,
(Not much unlike the Pennes of Porcupines)
Crossing his armes, and making wofull signes,
Purboyld in sweat, shaking his fearfull head,
That often lookt behinde him as he fled,
He ranne to *Iob*, still ne'rtheless afraid,
His broken blast breath'd forth these words and said:
Alas (deare Lord) the whiles thy servant ply'd
Thy painfull Plough, and whilest on every side
Thy Asses fed about us as we wrought,
There sallied forth on us (suspecting nought
Nor ought intending but our cheerfull paine)
A rout of rude *Sabæans* with their Traine
Armed with death, and deafe to all our Cries,
Which with strong Hand, did in an houre surpize
All that thou hadst, and whilest we strove in vaine
To guard them, their impartiall hands have slaine

Thy faithfull Servants with their thirſty Sword,
I onely ſcap'd to bring this woefull word.
No ſooner had he clos'd his lips, but ſee!
Another comes, as much agaſt as he:
A flaſh of fire (ſaid hee) now falne from heaven,
Hath all thy ſervants of their lives bereaven,
And burnt thy Sheepe; I, I alone am hee
That's left unſlaine, to bring the newes to thee.
This Tale not fully told, a third enſues,
Whoſe lips in labour with more heavy Newes,
Brake thus; The forces of a Triple Band,
Brought from the fierce Chaldeans, with ſtrong hand
Hath ſeiz'd thy Camels, murtherd with the ſword
Thy ſervants all, but me that brings thee word.
Before the ayre had cool'd his haſty breath,
Ruſht in a fourth, with viſage pale as Death:
The while (ſaid he) thy children all were ſharing
Mirth at a Feaſt of thy firſt Sonnes preparing,
Aroſe a winde, whoſe errand had more haſt
Than happy ſpeed, which with a full-mouth'd blaſt
Hath ſmote the houſe, which hath thy children reft
Of all their lives, and thou art childleſſe left;
Thy Children all are ſlaine, all ſlaine together,
I onely ſcap'd to bring the tydings hither.
So ſaid, Behold the man, whoſe wealth did flow
Like to a Spring-tyde, one bare houre agoe,
With the unpattern'd height of fortunes bleſt,
Above the greateſt Dweller in the Eaſt;
He that was Syre of many Sonnes but now,
Lord of much people, and while-e'r could ſhow
Such Herds of Cattell: He, whoſe fleecy flocke
Of Sheep could boaſt ſeven thouſand in a flocke,
See how he lies, of all his wealth diſpoyl'd,
He now hath neither Servant, Sheepe nor Childe;

Like

Like a poore man aroſe the patient *Iob*,
(Stun'd with the newes) and rent his purple Robe,
Shaved the haire from off his woefull head,
And proſtrate on the floore he worſhipped:
« Naked, ah! Poore and naked did I come
« Forth from the cloſet of my mothers wombe,
« And ſhall returne (alas) the very ſame,
« To th'earth as poore and naked as I came:
« God gives, and takes; and why ſhould he not have
« A priviledge, to take thoſe things he gave?
« We men miſtake our Tenure oft, for Hee
« Lends us at will, what we miſcall as Fee;
« He reaſſumes his owne, takes but the ſame
« He lent a while. Thrice bleſſed be his Name.
In all this paſſage, *Iob*, in heart, nor tongue
Thought God unjuſt, or charg'd his hand with wrong.

Meditat. 3.

THe proudeſt pitch of that victorious ſpirit,
Was but to winne the World, whereby t'inherite
The ayrie purchaſe of a tranſitory,
And glozing Title of an ages Glory;
Would'ſt thou by conqueſt win more fame than Hee?
Subdue thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe's a world to thee:
Earth's but a Ball that Heaven hath quilted o'r
With Wealth and Honour, handed on the floore
Of fickle Fortunes falſe and ſlippery Court,
Sent for a Toy, to make us Children ſport,
Mans ſatiate ſpirits with freſh-delights ſupplying,
To ſtill the Fondlings of the world from crying,

And

And he whoſe merit mounts to ſuch a Ioy,
Gaines but the Honour of a mighty Toy. (crown'd
But would ſt thou conquer, have thy conqueſt
By hands of Seraphins, triumph'd with the ſound
Of Heavens loud Trumpet, warbled by the ſhrill
Celeſtiall Quire, recorded with a Quill,
Pluckt from the Pinion of an Angels wing,
Confirm'd with joy, by heavens Eternall King?
Conquer thy ſelfe, thy rebell thoughts repell,
And chaſe thoſe falſe affections that rebell. (thee?
Hath Heaven diſpoyl'd what his full hand had given
Nip thy ſucceeding Bloſſomes? or bereaven thee
Of thy deare lateſt hope, thy boſome Friend?
Doth ſad Deſpaire deny theſe griefes an end?
Deſpair's a whiſpring Rebell, that within thee,
Bribes all thy Field, and ſets thy ſelfe agin thee:
Make keene thy Faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, hee'll conquer thee:
Advance thy Shield of Patience to thy head,
And when griefe ſtrikes, 'twill ſtrike the ſtriker dead.
The patient man in ſorrow ſpies reliefe,
And by the taile he couples Ioy with Griefe.
In adverſe fortunes be thou ſtrong and ſtout,
And bravely win thy ſelfe, Heaven holds not out
His Bow, for ever bent. The diſpoſition
Of nobleſt ſpirits, doth, by oppoſition
Exaſperate the more: A gloomy night
Whets on the morning to returne more bright;
A blade well try'd, deſerves a treble price,
And Vertue's pureſt, moſt oppos'd by Vice:
Brave mindes, oppreſt, ſhould (in deſpight of Fate)
Looke greateſt (like the Sunne) in loweſt ſtate,
But ah! ſhall God thus ſtrive with fleſh and blood?
Receives he glory from, or reapes he Good

In

In mortals Ruine, that he leaves man ſo
To bee or'whelm'd by his unequall foe?
May not a Potter, that from out the ground,
Hath fram'd a Veſſell, ſearch if it be ſound?
Or if by furbuſhing, he take more paine
To make it fairer, ſhall the Pot complaine?
Mortall, thou art but Clay: then ſhall not he
That fram'd thee for his ſervice, ſeaſon thee?
Man, cloſe thy lips, be thou no undertaker
Of Gods deſignes, Diſpute not with thy Maker.
Lord, 'tis againſt thy nature to doe ill;
Then give me power to beare, and worke thy Will;
Thou know'ſt what's beſt, make thou thine owne
Beglorifi'd, although in my confuſion. (concluſion,

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan the ſecond time appeares
Before th' Eternall, boldly dares
Maligne Iobs *tryed faith afreſh,*
And gaines the afflicting of his Fleſh.

Sect. 4.

ONce more, when Heavens harminious Quiriſters
Appear'd before his Throne, (whoſe miniſters
They are, of his concealed Will) to render
Their ſtrict account of Iuſtice, and to tender
Th'accepted Sacrifice of higheſt praiſe,
(Warbled in Sonnets, and celeſtiall Layes)
Satan came too, bold, as a hungry Foxe,
Or rav'nous Wolfe amid the tender Flocks,

Satan

Satan, (said then th'Eternall) from whence now
Hath thy imployment driven thee? Whence com'ſt
Satan replies; Great God of heaven and earth, (thou?
I come from tempting, and from making mirth:
To heare thy deareſt Children whine and roare:
In briefe, I come, from whence I came before.
Said then th'Eternall, Haſt thou not beheld
My ſervants Faith, how like a ſeven-fold ſhield,
It hath defended his integritie
Againſt thy fiery Darts? Hath not thine Eye
(Thine envious eye) perceiv'd how purely juſt
He ſtands, and perfect, worthy of the truſt
I lent into his hand, perſiſting ſtill
Juſt, fearing God, eſchewing what is ill?
'Twas not the loſſe of his ſo faire a Flocke,
Nor ſudden rape of ſuch a mighty Stocke;
'Twas neither loſſe of Servants, nor his Sonnes
Vntimely ſlaughter, (acted all at once)
Could make him quaile, or warpe ſo true a Faith,
Or ſtaine ſo pure a Love; ſay (Satan) hath
Thy hand (ſo deeply counterfeiting mine)
Made him miſtruſt his God. or once repine?
Can there in all the earth, ſay, can there bee
A man ſo Perfect and ſo Juſt, as He?
Replies the Tempter, Lord, an outward loſſe
Hopes for repaire, it's but a common croſſe:
I know thy ſervant's wiſe, a wiſe forecaſt
Grieves for things preſent, not for things are paſt;
Perchance the tumour of his ſullen heart,
Brookes loſſe of all, ſince he hath loſt a part;
My ſelfe have ſervants who can make true boaſt,
They gave away as much as he hath loſt:
Others (which learning made ſo wifely mad)
Refuſe ſuch Fortunes as he never had;

A Faith's not try'd by this uncertaine Touch;
Others, that never knew thee did as much:
Lend me thy Power then, that I might once
But Sacrifice his Flesh, afflict his Bones,
And pierce his Hide, but for a moments space,
Thy Darling then would curse thee to thy Face,
To which, th'Eternall thus: « His bodie's thine,
« To plague thy fill, withall I doe confine
« Thy power to her lists: Afflict and teare
« His flesh at pleasure: But his life forbeare.

Meditat. 4.

BOth Goods and Body too; Lord, who can stand?
Expect not *Iobs* uprightnesse, at my hand,
Without *Jobs* aide; The temper of my Passion,
(Vntam'd by thee) can brooke no *Iobs* Temptation;
For I am weake and fraile, and what I can
Most boast of, proves me but a *sinfull man*:
Things that I should avoid, I doe; and what
I am injoyn'd to doe, that doe I not.
My Flesh is weake, too strong in this, alone,
It rules my spirit, that should be rul'd by none
But thee; my spirit's faint, and hath beene never
Free from the fits of sinnes quotidian Fever.
My powers are all corrupt, corrupt my Will,
Marble to good, and waxe to what is ill;
Eclipsed is my reason, and my Wit,
By interposing earth 'twixt heaven and it:
My mem'ri's like a Searce of Lawne (Alas)
It keepes things grosse, and lets the purer passe.

What

What have I then to boaſt? What Title can
I challenge more than this, *A ſinfull man?*
Yet d.e I ſometimes feele a warme deſier,
Raiſe my low thoughts, and dull affections higher,
Where, like a ſoule entranc't, my ſpirit flies,
Makes leagues with Angels, and brings Deities
Halfe way to heaven, ſhakes hands with Seraphims,
And boldly mingles wings with Cherubims,
From whence I looke askauns adowne the earth,
Pity my ſelfe, and loſe my place of birth:
But while I thus my lower ſtate deplore,
I wake, and prove the wretch I was before.
Even as the Needle, that directs the houre,
(Toucht with the Loadſtone) by the ſecret power
Of hidden Nature, points upon the Pole;
Even ſo the wav'ring powers of my ſoule,
Toucht by the vertue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee.
When I have faith to hold thee by the Hand,
I walke ſecurely, and me thinkes I ſtand
More firme than *Atlas*; But when I forſake
The ſafe protection of thine Arme, I quake
Like winde-ſhak'd Reeds, and have no ſtrength at all,
But as a Vine, (the Prop cut downe) I fall.
Yet wretched I, (when as thy Iuſtice lends
Thy glorious Preſence from me) ſtraight am friends
With Fleſh and blood, forget thy Grace, flie from it,
And, like a Dog, returne unto my vomit;
The fawning world to pleaſure then invites
My wandring eyes; The fleſh preſents delights
Vnto my yeelding heart, which thinks thoſe pleaſures
Are onely buſ'neſſe now, and rareſt treaſures,
Content can glory in, whil'ſt I, ſecure,
Stoope to the painted plumes of Satans Lure:

Thus

Thus I captiv'd, and drunke with pleaſures Wine,
Like to a mad-man, thinke no ſtate like mine.
What have I then to boaſt, what Title can
I challenge more than this, *A ſinfull man?*
I feele my griefe enough; nor can I be
Redreſt by any, but (great God) by thee.
Too great thou art to come within my Rooſe,
Say but the word, *Be whole*, and tis enough;
Till then, my tongue ſhall never ceaſe, mine Eyes
Ne'r cloze, my lowly bended knees ne'r riſe:
Till then my ſoule ſhall ne'r want early ſobs,
My cheekes no teares, my Penſive breſt no throbs,
My heart ſhall lacke no zeale, nor tongue expreſſing,
Ile ſtrive like *Iacob* till I get my Bleſſing:
Say then, *Be cleane*, I le never ſtop till then;
Heaven ne'r ſhall reſt, till Heaven ſhall ſay, *Amen.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Iob, ſmote with Vlcers, groveling lies,
Plung'd in a Gulfe of miſeries,
His Wife to blaſphemy doth tempt him,
His three Friends viſit, and lament him.

Sect. 5.

LIke as a Truant-Scholler (whoſe delay
Is worſe than whipping,) having leave to play,
Makes haſte to be inlarged from the layle
Of his neglected Schoole, turnes ſpeedy tayle
Vpon his Tedious booke (ſo ill befriended)
Before his Maſters *Ite* be full ended:

So

So thankleſſe Satan, full of winged haſte,
Thinking all time, not ſpent in Miſchiefe, waſte,
Departs with ſpeed, leſſe patient to forbeare
The patient *Iob*, then patient *Iob* to beare.
Forth from the furnace of his Noſtrill, flies
A ſulpherous vapour which (by the envious eyes
Of this foule fiend inflam'd) poſſeſt the faire
And ſweet complexion of th'abuſed Ayre,
With Peſtilence, and (having power ſo farre)
Tooke the advantage of his worſer Starre,
Smote him with Vlcers (ſuch as once befell
Th'Egyptian Wizzards) Vlcers hot and fell,
Which like a ſearching Tetter uncorrected,
Left no part of his body unaffected,
From head to foot no empty place was found
That could b'afflicted with another wound:
So noyſome was the nature of his griefe,
That (left by friends, and wife, that ſhould be chief
Aſſiſters) he poore he, alone remain'd
Groveling in Aſhes, being (himſelfe) conſtrain'd
With Pot-ſheards to ſcrape off thoſe rip'ned cores,
(Which dogs diſdain'd to licke) from out his ſoares.
Which when his wife beheld, adult and keene
Her paſſion waxt, made ſtrong with ſcorn and ſpleen,
Like as the Windes, impriſon'd in the earth,
And barr'd the paſſage to their naturall birth,
Grow fierce; and nilling to be longer pent,
Breake in an Earthquake, ſhake the world, and vent;
So brake ſhee forth, ſo forth her fury brake,
Till now, pent in with ſhame and thus ſhe ſpake.

« Fond Saint, thine Innocence findes timely ſpeed,
« A fooliſh Saint receives a ſaintly meed;
« Is this the juſt mans recompence? Or hath
« Heaven no requitall, for thy painfull Faith,

Other

« Other than this? what have thy zealous Qualmes,
« Abstemious Fastings, and thy hopefull Almes,
« Thy private groanes, and often bended knees,
« No other end, no other thanks, but these?
« Fond man submit thee to a kinder Fate,
« Cease to be righteous at so deare a rate:
« 'Tis Heaven, not Fortune that thy weale debarres;
« Curse Heaven then, and not thy wayward stars:
« 'Tis God that plagues thee, God not knowing why,
« Curse then that God, revenge thy wrongs and die.
Job then reply'd: « God loves where he chastiz'd;
« Thou speakest like a foole, and ill adviz'd:
« Laugh we to lick the sweet, and shall we lowre,
« If he be pleas'd to send a little sowre?
« Am I so weak, one blast or two, should chill me?
« I'le trust my Maker, though my Maker kill me.
When these sad tydings fill'd those itching eares
Of Earths black babling daughter (she that heares
And vents alike, both truth and Forgeries,
And utters, often, cheaper than she buyes)
She spred the pinions of her nimble wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,
And fils the whisp'ring ayre, which soone possest
The spacious borders of th'enquiring East,
Vpon the summons of such solemne Newes,
Whose truth, malignant Fame could not abuse,
His wofull friends came to him, to the end
To comfort, and bewaile their wretched friend.
But when they came far off, they did not know
Whether it were the selfe-same friend or no:
(Brimfill'd with briny woe) they wept and tore
(T'expresse their grief) the garments that they wore.
Seven dayes and nights they sate upon the ground,
But spake not, for his sorrowes did abound.

Meditat. 5.

SAy, is not Satan justly stiled than,
A Tempter, and an enemy to Man?
What could he more? His wish would not extend
To death, lest his assaults with death should end:
Than what he did, what could he further doe?
His hand hath seiz'd both goods and body too.
The hopefull Issue of a holy straine,
In such a dearth of holinesse is slaine:
What hath the Lazar left him, but his griefe,
And (what might best be spar'd) his foolish wife?
Could mischief bin more hard, (though more in kind)
To nip the flowers, and leave the weeds behind?
Woman was made a helper by Creation,
A Helper, not alone for Propagation,
Or fond Delight, but sweet Society,
Which Man (alone) should want, and to supply
Comforts to him for whom her Sexe was made,
That each may joy in eithers needfull aide:
But fairest Angels had the foulest fall;
And best things (once abus'd) prove worst of all,
Else had not Satan beene so foule a Fiend,
Else had not Woman prov'd so false a Friend.
Ev'n as the treacherous Fowler, to intice
His silly winged Prey, doth first devise
To make a Bird his stale, at whose false call,
Others may chance into the selfe-same thrall:
Even so, that crafty snarer of Mankind,
Finding Mans righteous Palate not inclin'd
To taste the sweetnesse of his gilded baites,
Makes a collaterall Suite, and slily waites

Upon

Vpon the weaknesse of some bosome friend,
From whose enticement he expects his end.
Ah righteous *Iob*, what crosse was left unknowne?
What griefe may be describ'd, but was thine owne?
Is this a Iust mans case? What doth befall
To one man, may as well betide to all.
The worst I'le looke for, that I can project,
If better come, 'tis more than I expect;
If otherwise, I'me arm'd with Preparation;
No sorrow's sudden to an expectation.
Lord, to thy wisedome I submit my Will,
I will be thankfull, send me good or ill;
If good, my present State will passe the sweeter;
If ill, my Crowne of glory shall be greater.

THE ARGUMENT.

Orewhelm'd with griefe, Iob breaketh forth
Into impatience: Bans his birth,
Professes that his heart did doubt
And feare what since hath fallen out.

Sect. 6.

VVOrn bare with griefe, the patient *Iob* betraid
His seven-dayes silence, curst his day; & said;
« O that my day of birth had never bin,
« Nor yet the night which I was brought forth in!
« Be it not numbred for a Day, let Light
« Not make a difference 'twixt it and Night;
« Let gloomy shades (than death more sable) passe
« Vpon it, to declare how fatall 'twas:

« Let Clouds o'r-cast it, and as hatefull make it,
« As life's to him, whom Tortures bid forsake it:
« From her next day, let that black Night be cut,
« Nor in the reck'ning of the Months, be put:
« Let Desolation fill it, all night long,
« In it, be never heard a Bridall song:
« Let all sad Mourners that doe curse the night:
« When light's drawne in, begin to curse this night:
« Her evening Twilight, let foule darknesse staine;
« And may her midnight expect light in vaine;
« Let her infant Day (but newly borne)
« Suffer't to see the Eye-lids of the morne,
« Because my Mothers Wombe it would not cloze,
« Which gave me passage to endure these Woes:
« Why dyed I not in my conception, rather?
« Or why was not my birth, and death together?
« Why did the Midwife take me on her knees?
« Why did I suck, to feele such griefes as these?
« Then had this body never beene oppreſt,
« I had enjoy'd th'eternall sleep of rest;
« With Kings, and mighty Monarchs, that lie crown'd
« With stately Monuments, poore I had found
« A place of Rest, had borne as great a sway,
« Had beene as happy, and as rich as they:
« Why was not I as an abortive birth,
« That ne'r had knowne the horrors of the earth?
« The silent Grave is quiet from the feare
« Of Tyrants: Tyrants are appeased there:
« The grinded Prisoner heares not (there) the noyse,
« Nor harder threatnings of th'Oppressors voyce:
« Both rich and poore are equal'd in the Grave,
« Servants no Lords, and Lords no Servants have:
« What needs there light to him thats comfortlesse?
« Or life to such as languish in distresse,

And

« And long for death, which if it come by leiſure,
« They ranſacke for it, as a hidden treaſure?
« What needs there Life to him, that cannot have
« A Boone, more gratious, than a quiet Grave?
« Or elſe to him, whom God hath wall'd about,
« That would, but cannot finde a paſſage out?
« When I but taſte, my ſighes returne my food,
« The flowing of my teares have rais'd a flood;
« When my eſtate was proſperous, I did feare,
« Leſt by ſome heedleſſe ſlip, or want of care,
« I might be brought to miſery, and (alas!)
« What I did then ſo feare is come to paſſe:
« But though ſecure, my ſoule did never ſlumber;
« Yet doe my Woes exceed both Weight, & Number.

Meditat. 6.

SO poore a thing is Man. No Fleſh and blood
Deſerves the ſtile of *Abſolutely good:*
The righteous man ſinnes oft; whoſe power's ſuch,
To ſinne the leaſt, ſins (at the leaſt) too much:
The men, whoſe faith diſdaines his *Iſaacks* life,
Diſſembled once, a Siſter, for a Wife:
The righteous *Lot*, being drunke, did make (at once)
His daughters both halfe ſiſters to their ſonnes:
The royall Favorite of heaven, ſtood
Not guiltleſſe of Adultery and Blood.
And he whoſe hands did build the Temble, doth
Bow downe his luſtfull knees to *Aſhtaroth.*
The ſinfull woman was accus'd, but none
Was found, that could begin to fling a ſtone:

From mudled Springs, can Chriſtall water come?
In ſome things, all men ſinne; in all things, ſome.
Even as the ſoyle, (which *Aprils* gentle ſhowres
Have fill'd with ſweetneſſe, and inricht with flowres)
Reares up her ſuckling plants, ſtill ſhooting forth
The tender bloſſomes of her timely Birth,
But, if deny'd the beames of chearly *May*,
They hang their withered heads, and fade away:
So man, aſſiſted by th'Almighties Hand,
His faith doth flouriſh, and ſecurely ſtand,
But left a while, forſooke (as in a ſhade)
It languiſhes, and nipt with ſinne, doth fade:
No Gold is pure from Droſſe, though oft refin'd;
The ſtrongeſt Cedar's ſhaken with the winde;
The faireſt Roſe hath no prerogative
Againſt the fretting Canker-worme; The Hive
No Honey yeelds unblended with the waxe,
The fineſt linnen hath, both ſoyle and bracks:
The beſt of men have ſinnes; none lives ſecure,
In Nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.
Lord, ſince I needs muſt ſinne, yet grant that I
Forge no advantage by infirmity:
Since that my Veſture cannot want a ſtaine,
Aſſiſt me, leſt the tincture be in Graine.
To thee (my great Redeemer) doe I flie,
It is thy Death alone, can change my Die;
Teares, mingled with thy Blood, can ſcower ſo,
That Scarlet ſinnes ſhall turne as white as Snow.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rash Eliphaz *reproves, and rates;*
And falsly censures Iob; *Relates*
His Vision, shewes him the event
Of wicked men: Eids him repent.

Sect. 7.

THen *Eliphas* his pounded tongue repliev'd,
And said, Should I cõtend, thou wouldst be griev'd;
Yet what man can refraine, but he must breake
His angry silence, having heard thee speake?
O sudden change! many hast thou directed,
And strẽgthened those whose minds have bin dejected
Thy sacred Thewes, and sweet Instructions, did
Helpe those were falling, rais'd up such as slid:
But now it is thy case, thy soule is vext,
And canst not helpe thy selfe, thy selfe perplext;
Thou lov'st thy God, but basely for thy profit,
Fear'st him in further expectation of it;
Iudge then: Did Record ever round thine eare
That God forsooke the heart that was sincere?
But often have we seene, that such as plow
Lewdnesse, and mischiefe, reape the same they sow:
So have proud Tyrants from their Thrones bin cast,
With all their off-spring, by th' Almighties Blast;
And they whose hands have bin imbrew'd in blood,
Have with their Issue dyed for want of Food:
A vision lately appear'd before my sight,
In depth of darkenesse, and the dead of night,
Vnwonted feare usurp'd me round about,
My trembling bones were sore, from head to foot:

Forthwith a Spirit glanc'd before mine eyes,
My browes did ſweat, my moiſtned haire did riſe,
The face I knew not, but a while it ſtaid,
And in the depth of ſilence, thus it ſaid:
Is man more juſt, more pure than his Creator?
Amongſt his Angels (more upright by nature
Than man) he hath found Weakneſſe; how much
Shall he expect in him, that's walled o'r (more
With mortall fleſh and blood, founded, and floor'd
With Duſt, and the Wormes to be devour'd?
They riſe ſecurely with the Morning Sun,
And (unregarded) die e'r Day be done;
Their glory paſſes with them as a breath,
They die (like fooles) before they think of death.
Rage then, and ſee who will approve thy rage,
What Saint will give thy railing Patronage?
Anger deſtroyes the Foole, and he that hath
A wrathfull heart, is ſlaine with his owne wrath;
Yet have I ſeene, that Fooles have oft been able
To boaſt with Babel, but have ſalne with Babel:
Their ſons deſpairing, roare without relief
In open ruine, on the Rocks of Griefe:
Their harveſt (though but ſmall) the hungry eate,
And robbers ſeize their wealth, though ne'r ſo great:
But wretched man, were thy Condition mine.
I'de not deſpaire as thou doſt, nor repine,
But offer up the broken Sacrifice
Of a ſad ſoule, before his angry eyes,
Whoſe works are Miracles of admiration,
He mounts the meeke, amidſt their Deſolation,
Confounds the worldly wiſe, that (blindfold) they
Grope all in darkneſſe at the noone of day:
But guards the humble from reproach of wrong,
And ſtops the current of the crafty Tongue;

Thrice

Thrice happy is the man his hands correct:
Beware leſt fury force thee to reject
Th'Almighties Tryall; He that made thy wound
In Iuſtice, can in Mercy make it ſound:
Feare not though multiply'd Afflictions ſhall
Beſiege thee; he, at length, will rid them all:
In Famine he ſhall feed, in Warre defend thee;
Shield thee from ſlander, and in griefes attend thee:
The Beaſts ſhall ſtrike with thee eternall Peace,
The Stones ſhall not diſturbe thy fields Encreaſe;
Thy Houſe ſhall thrive, repleniſht with Content,
Which thou ſhalt rule in proſp rous government;
The number of thy Of-ſpring ſhall abound,
Like Summers Graſſe upon a fruitfull Ground:
Like timely Corne well rip'ned in their Eares,
Thou ſhalt depart thy life ſtruck full of years:
All this Experience tels, Then (*Job*) adviſe,
Thou haſt taught many, now thy ſelfe be wiſe.

Meditat. 7.

THe perfect modell of true Friendſhip's this:
A rare affection of the ſoule, which is
Begun with ripened judgement; doth perſever
With ſimple Wiſdome, and concludes with Never.
'Tis pure in ſubſtance, as refined Gold,
That buyeth all things, but is never ſold.
It is a Coyn, and moſt men walk without it;
True Love's the Stamp, *Jehovah's* writ about it;
It ruſts unus'd, but uſing makes it brighter,
'Gainſt Heav'n high treaſon 'tis to make it lighter.

'Tis

'Tis a Gold Chaine, linkes ſoule and ſoule togethr
In perfect Vnity, ties God to either.
Affliction is the touch, whereby we prove,
Whether't be Gold, or gilt with fained Love.
The wiſeſt moraliſt that ever div'd
Into the depth of Natures bowels, ſtriv'd
With th'Auger of Experience, to bore
Mens hearts ſo farre, till he had found the Ore
Of Friendſhip, but deſpairing of his end,
My friends (ſaid he) *there is no perfect Friend.*
Friendſhip's like Muſick; two ſtrings tun'd alike,
Will both ſtirre; though but onely one you ſtrike.
It is the Quinteſſence of all perfection
Extracted into one: A ſweet connexion
Of all the Vertues morall and Divine,
Abſtracted into one. It is a Mine,
Whoſe nature is not rich, unleſſe in making
The ſtate of others wealthy, by partaking:
It bloomes and bloſſomes both in Sun and ſhade,
Doth (like the Bay in Winter) never fade:
It loveth all, and yet ſuſpecteth none,
Is provident, yet ſeeketh not her owne:
'Tis rare it ſelfe, yet maketh all things common,
And is judicious, yet judgeth no man.
The noble Theban, being asked which
Of three (propounded) he ſuppos'd moſt rich
In Vertues ſacred treaſure, thus reply'd:
Till they be dead, that doubt cannot be try'd.
It is no wiſemans part to weigh a Friend,
Without the gloſſe and goodneſſe of his End:
For life, without the death conſidered, can
Afford but halfe a Story of the Man.
'Tis not my Friends affliction that ſhall make
Me either Wonder, Cenſure, or Forſake:

Iudge-

Iudgement belongs to Fooles; enough that I
Finde hee's afflicted, not enquier why:
It is the hand of Heaven, that ſelfe-ſame ſorrow
Grieves him to day, may make me groane to morrow.
Heaven be my comfort; in my higheſt griefe
I will not truſt to Mans, but Thy reliefe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Iob counts his ſorrowes, and from thence
Excuſes his impatience;
Deſcribes the ſhortneſſe of Mans Time,
And makes confeſſion of his Crime.

Sect. 8.

BVt wretched *Iob* ſigh'd forth theſe words, & ſaid;
Ah me! that my Impatience were weigh'd
With all my ſorrowes, by an equall hand,
They would be found more ponderous than the ſand
That lies upon the new-forſaken ſhore:
My griefes want utterance, and have ſtopt their doore:
And wonder not; heav'ns ſhafts have ſtruck me dead;
And God hath heapt all miſchiefes on my head:
Will Aſſes bray, when they have graſſe to eate?
Or lowes the Oxe, when as he wants no meate?
Can palates findea reliſh in diſtaſte?
Or can the Whites of Egges well pleaſe the taſte?
My vexed ſoule is daily fed with ſuch
Corruptions, as my hands diſdaine to touch,
Alas! that Heav'n would heare my hearts requeſt,
And ſtrike me dead, that I may finde ſome reſt:

What

What hopes have I, to ſee my end of griefe,
And to what end ſhould I prolong my life?
Why ſhould not I wiſh Death? My ſtrength (alas)
Is it like marble, or my fleſh like Braſſe?
What power have I to mitigate my paine?
If e'r I had, that power now is vaine;
My friends are like the Rivers, that are drie
In heat of Summer, when neceſſitie
Requireth water; they amazed ſtand
To ſee my griefe, but lend no helping hand.
Friends, beg I ſuccour from you? Craved I
Your goods, to ranſome my Captivity?
Shew me my faults, and wherein I did wrong
My Patience, and I will hold my tongue;
The force of reaſonable words may move,
But what can Rage, or Lunacie reprove?
Rebuke you (then) my words to have it thought
My ſpeech is franticke, with my griefe diſtraught?
You take a pleaſure in your friends diſtreſſe,
That is more wretched than the Fatherleſſe:
Behold theſe ſoares: Be judg'd by your owne eyes
If theſe be counterfeited miſeries;
Ballance my words, and you ſhall finde me free
From theſe foule crimes wherewith ye branded me,
And that my ſpeech was not diſtain'd with ſinne,
Onely the language ſorrow treated in.
Is not mans day prefixt, which when expir'd,
Sleeps hee not quiet, as a ſervant hir'd?
A ſervants labour doth at length, ſurceaſe,
His Day of travell findes a Night of peace;
But (wretched) I with woes am ſtill oppreſt,
My Mid-day torments ſee no Even of Reſt;
My nights (ordain'd for ſleep) are fill'd with griefe,
I looke (in vaine) for the next dayes reliefe:

With

With duſt and wormes my fleſh is hid, my ſorrowes
Have plow'd my skinne, and filth lies in her furrowes;
My dayes of joy are in a Moment gone,
And (hopeleſſe of returning) ſpent and done:
Remember (Lord) my life is but a puffe,
I but a man, that's miſery enough;
And when pale death hath once ſeal'd up my ſight,
I ne'r ſhall ſee the pleaſures of the light,
The eye of man ſhall not diſcover me,
No, nor thine (Lord) for I ſhall ceaſe to be;
When mortals die, they paſſe (like Clouds before
The Sunne) and backe return e they never more;
This earthly houſe he ne'r ſhall come agin,
And then ſhall be, as if he ne'r had bin:
Therfore my tongue ſhall ſpeak, while it hath breath,
Prompted with griefe, and with the pangs of death:
Am I not weake and faint? what needſt thou ſtretch
Thy direfull hand upon ſo poore a wretch?
When as I thinke that night ſhall ſtop the ſtreames
Of my diſtreſſe, thou fright'ſt me then with dreams;
So that my ſoule doth rather chooſe to die,
Than be involved in ſuch miſery;
My life's a burthen, and will end: O grieve
No longer him, that would no longer live.
Ah! what is Man, that thou ſhould'ſt raiſe him ſo
High at the firſt, then ſinke him downe ſo low?
What's man? thy glory's great enough without him:
Why doſt thou (thus) diſturbe thy minde about him?
Lord, I have ſinn'd (Great Helper of Mankinde)
I am but Duſt and Aſhes, I have ſinn'd
Againſt thee: (as a marke) why haſt thou fixt me?
How have I treſpaſt, that thou thus afflict'ſt me?
Why, rather, didſt thou not remove my ſinne,
And ſalve the ſorrowes that I raved in?

For

For thou hast heapt such vengeance on my head,
That when thou seek'st me, thou wilt finde me dead.

Meditat. 8.

TH'Egyptians, amid'st their solemne Feasts,
Vsed to welcome, and present their Guests
With the sad sight of Mans Anatomy
Serv'd in with this loud Motto, *All must die.*
Fooles often goe about, when as they may
Take better vantage of a nearer way.
Looke well into your bosomes; doe not flatter
Your knowne infirmities: Behold, what matter
Your flesh was made of: Man cast backe thine eye
Vpon the weakneſſe of thine Infancy;
See how thy lips hang on thy mothers Breſt,
Bawling for helpe, more helpleſſe than a Beast:
Liv'ſt thou to childhood? then, behold, what toyes
Doe mocke the ſenſe, how ſhallow are thy joyes.
Com'ſt thou to downy yeares? ſee, how deceits
Gull thee with Golden fruit, and with falſe baits
Slily beguile the prime of thy affection.
Art thou attain'd at length to full perfection
Of ripened yeares? Ambition hath now ſent
Thee on her frothy errand, Diſcontent
Payes thee thy wages. Doe thy grizly haires
Begin to caſt account of many cares
Vpon thy head? The ſacred luſt of Gold
Now fits thy ſpirit, for fleſhly luſt too cold,
Makes thee a ſlave to thine owne baſe deſire,
Which melts and hardens at the ſelfe-ſame Fire.

Art

Art thou decrepit? Then thy very breath
Is grievous to thee, and each griefe's a death.
Looke where thou liſt, thy life is but a ſpan,
Thou art but duſt, and to conclude, *A Man.*
Thy life's a Warfare, thou a Souldier art,
Satan's thy Foe-man, and a faithfull Heart
Thy two-edg'd Weapon, Patience thy Shield,
Heaven is thy Chieftaine, and the world thy Field.
To be afraid to die, or wiſh for death,
Are words and paſſions of deſpairing breath:
Who doth the firſt, the day doth faintly yeeld,
And who the ſecond, baſely flies the field.
Man's not a lawfull Stearſman of his dayes,
His bootleſſe wiſh, nor haſtens, nor delayes:
We are Gods hired Workmen; he diſcharges
Some, late at night, and (when he liſt) enlarges
Others at noone, and in the morning ſome:
None may relieve himſelfe, till he bid, Come:
If we receive for one halfe day, as much
As they that toyle till evening, ſhall we grutch?
Our life's a Road, in death our Iourney ends,
We goe on Gods Embaſſage, ſome he ſends
Gall'd with the trotting of hard Miſery,
And others, pacing on Proſperitie:
Some lagge, whileſt others gallop on, before;
All goe an-end, ſome faſter, and ſome ſlower.
Lead me that pace (great God) that thou think'ſt beſt,
And I will follow with a dauntleſſe breſt:
Which (ne're theleſſe) if I refuſe to doe,
I ſhall be wicked, and yet follow to.
Aſſiſt me in my Combate with the fleſh,
Relieve my fainting powers, and refreſh
My feeble ſpirit: I will not wiſh to be
Caſt from the World, Lord, caſt the World from me.

THE

The Argument.

Bildad, mans either ſtate expreſſes,
Gods Mercy and Juſtice Iob confeſſes;
He pleads his cauſe, and begs reliefe,
Foil'd with the burthen of his griefe.

Sect. 9.

SO *Bildads* ſilence (great with tongue) did breake,
And like a heartleſſe Comforter did ſpeake:
How long wilt thou perſiſt to breathe thy mind
In words that vaniſh as a ſtorme of wind?
Will God forſake the innocent, or will
His Iuſtice ſmite thee, undeſerving ill?
Though righteous death thy ſinfull ſons hath rent
From thy ſad boſome, yet if thou repent,
And waſh thy wayes with undiſſembled tears,
Tuning thy troubles to th'Almighties eares,
The mercy of his eyes ſhall ſhine upon thee,
And ſhoure the ſweetneſſe of his bleſſings on thee:
And though a while thou plunge in miſery,
At length hee'l crowne thee with proſperity:
Run back and learne of ſage Antiquity,
What our late births, to preſent times, deny;
See how, and what (in the worlds downy age)
Befell our Fathers in their Pilgrimage;
If Ruſhes have no mire, and Graſſe no raine,
They ceaſe to flouriſh, droop their heads, and waine:
So fades the man, whoſe heart is not upright,
So periſheth the double Hypocrite;

His

His hopes are like the Spiders web, to day
That's flourishing, to morrow swept away:
But he that's just, is like the flouring tree,
Rooted by Christall Springs, that cannot be
Scorcht by the noone of day, nor stir'd from thence,
Where firmly fixt it hath a residence;
Heaven never failes the soule that is upright,
Nor offers arme to the base Hypocrite:
The one he blesses with eternall joyes,
The other his avenging hand destroyes:
I yeeld it for a truth, (sad *Job* reply'd)
Compar'd with God, can man be justify'd?
If man should give account what he hath done,
Not of a thousand can he answer one:
His hand's all-Power, and his heart all pure,
Against this God, what man can stand secure?
He shakes the Mountaines, and the Sun he bars
From circling his due course, shuts up the Stars,
He spreads the Heavens, and rideth on the Flood,
His works may be admir'd, not understood:
No eye can see, no heart can apprehend him,
Lists he to spoile? what's he can reprehend him?
His Will's his Law. The smoothest pleader hath
No power in his lips to slake his wrath,
Much lesse can I plead faire immunitie,
Which could my guiltlesse tongue attaine, yet I
Would kisse the footstep of his Iudgement seat:
Should he receive my cry, my griefe's so great,
It would perswade me that he heard it not,
For he hath torne me with the five-fold knot
Of his sharp Scourge; his plagues successive are,
That I can find no ground, but of Despaire.
If my bold lips should dare to justifie
My selfe, my lips would give my lips the lie,

God owes his mercy, nor to good, nor bad;
The wicked oft he spares, and oft does adde
Griefe to the just mans griefe, woes after woes;
We must not judge man, as his Market goes,
But might my prayers obtaine this boone, that God
Would cease those sorrowes, and remove that Rod
Which moves my patience; I would take upon me
T'implead before him your rash judgement on me,
Because my tender Conscience doth perswade me,
I'm not so bad, as your bad words have made me.
My life is tedious, my distresse shall break
Into her proper Voice, my griefes shall speake:
(Iust Iudge of Earth) condemne me not, before
Thou please to make me understand wherefore:
Agrees it with thy Iustice, thus to be
Kind to the wicked, and so harsh to Me?
Seest thou with fleshly eyes? or doe they glance
By favour? Are they clos'd with Ignorance?
Liv'st thou the life of man? Dost thou desire
A space of time to search, or to enquire
My sinne? No, in the twinkling of an eye
Thou seest my heart, seest my Immunitie (pleasure
From those foule crimes, wherewith my friends at
Taxe me, yet thou afflict'st me in this Measure:
Thy hands have form'd, and fram'd me, what I am,
When thou hast made, wilt thou destroy the same?
Remember, I am built of Clay, and must
Returne againe (without thy help) to Dust.
Thou did'st create, preserve me; hast indu'd
My life with gracious blessings; oft renew'd
Thy precious favours on me: How wert thou,
Once, so benigne, and so cruell now?
Thou hunt'st me like a prey, my plagues increase?
Succeed each other, and they never cease,

Why

Why was I borne? Or why did not my Tombe
Receive me (weeping) from my mothers wombe?
I have not long to live; Lord grant that I
May see some comfort, that am soone to die

Meditat. 9.

HEE that's the truest Master of his owne,
Is never lesse alone, than when alone;
His watchfull eyes are plac'd within his heart;
His skill, is how to know himselfe: his Art
How to command the pride of his Affections,
With sacred Reason: how to give directions
Vnto his wandring Will; his conscience checks his
More loofer thoughts; His louder sinnes, she vexes
With frights, and feares, within her owne precincts
She rambles with her whips of Wire, ne'r winkes
At smallest faults, like as a tender Mother
(Howe'r she loves her darling) will not smother
His childish faults, but she (her selfe) will rather
Correct, than trust him to his angry Father:
Even so the tender Conscience of the wise,
Checks her beloved soule, and doth chastise
And judge the crime it selfe, lest it should stand
As lyable to a severer hand.

Fond soule beware, who e'r thou art, that spies
Anothers fault, that thou thine owne chastise,
Lest like a foolish man thou judge another, (ther.
In those selfe-crimes, which in your brest you smo-
VVho undertakes to dreine his brothers eye
Of noysome Humours, first, must clarifie

His owne, leſt when his brothers blemiſh is
Remov'd, he ſpie a fouler Blaine in his.
It is beyond th'extent of mans Commiſſion,
To judge of man: The ſecret diſpoſition
Of ſacred Providence is lockt, and ſeal'd
From mans conceit, and not to be reveal'd,
Vntill that Lambe breake ope the Seale, and come
With life and death, to give the world her doome.
The ground-worke of our faith muſt not relie
On bare Events; Peace and Proſperity
Are goodly favours, but no proper marke
Wherewith God brands his Sheepe: No outward (barke
Secures the body to be ſound within;
The rich man liv'd in Scarlet, dy'd in ſinne.
Behold th'afflicted man; affliction moves
Compaſſion; but no confuſion proves.
A gloomy Day brings oft a glorious Even:
The Poore man dy'd with ſoares, and lives in heaven.
To good and bad, both fortunes Heaven doth ſhare,
That both, an after-change, may hope, and feare.
I'le hope the beſt, (Lord) leave the reſt to thee,
Leſt while I judge another, thou judge me;
It's one mans worke to have a ſerious ſight
Of his owne ſinnes, and judge himſelfe aright.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Zophar *blames* Iob; Iob *equall makes*
His wiſdome unto theirs: He takes
In hand to plead with God, and then
Deſcribes the fraile eſtate of men.

Sect. 10.

THen *Zophar* from deep ſilence, did awake
His words with lowder language, and beſpake:
Shall Pratlers be unanſwer'd, or ſhall ſuch
Be counted juſt, that ſpeake, for babling much?
Shall thy words ſtop our mouths, he that hath blam'd
And ſcoft at others, ſhall he die unſham'd?
Our eares have heard thee, when thou haſt excus'd
Thy ſelfe of evill, and thy God accus'd:
But if thy God ſhould plead with thee at large,
Thoud'ſt reape the ſorrowes of a double charge.
Canſt thou, by deep inquiry, underſtand
The hidden Iuſtice of th'Almighties hand?
Heavens large dimenſions cannot comprehend him;
What e'r he doe, what's he can reprehend him?
What refuge haſt thou then, but to preſent
A heart, inricht with the ſad complement
Of a true convert, on thy bended knee,
Before thy God, t'attone thy God and thee?
Then doubt not, but he'll-rear thee from thy ſorrow,
Diſperſe thy Clouds, and like a ſhining morrow
Make cleare the Sun-beames of Proſperitie,
And reſt thy ſoule in ſweet Security.

But he, whose heart, obdur'd in sinne, persists,
His hopes shall vanish, as the morning Mists:
But *Iob*, even as a Ball against the ground
Banded with violence, did thus rebound:
You are the onely wisemen, in your brests
The hidden Magazen of true Wisedome rests,
Yet (though astun'd with sorrowes) doe I know
A little, and (perchance) as much as you;
I'm scorned of my Friends, whose prosp'rous state
Surmises mee (that have expir'd the date
Of earths faire Fortunes) to be cast away
From heavens regard, thinke none belov'd, but they;
I am despised, like a Torch that's spent,
Whiles that the wicked blazes in his Tent:
VVhat have your wisdomes taught me, more thã the
VVhich birds & beasts (could they but speak) would
Digests the Stomack e'r the Pallat tastes? (chat)
O weigh my words, before you judge my case.
But you referre me to your Fathers dayes,
To be instructed in their wiser Layes.
True, length of dayes brings wisdome; but, I say,
I have a wiser teacheth me, than they:
For I taught, and tutor'd by that Hand,
VVhose unresisted power doth command
The limits of the Earth, whose VViſdome schooles
And traines the simple, makes the learned fooles:
His hand doth raise the poore, depose Kings;
On him, both Order, and the Change of things
Depend; he searches, and brings forth the light
From out the shadowes, and the depth of night:
All this, mine owne Experience hath found true,
And in all this I know as much as you.
But you averre, If I should plead with God,
That he would double his severer Rod.

Your

Your tongue belies his Iuſtice, you apply
Amiſſe your Medicine to my Maladie;
In ſilence, you would ſeeme more wiſe, leſſe weake;
You having ſpoke, now lend me leave to ſpeake.
Will you doe wrong, to doe Gods Iuſtice right?
Are you his Counſell? Need you help to fight
His quarrels? Or expect you his applauſe,
Thus (brib'd with ſelfe-conceit) to plead his cauſe?
Iudgement's your Fee, when as you take in hand
Heavens cauſe to plead it, and not Heav'n command.
If that the foulneſſe of your cenſures could
Not fright you, yet me thinks his greatneſſe ſhould,
Whoſe Iuſtice you make Patron of your lies;
Your ſlender Maximes, and falſe Forgeries
Are ſubſtanc'd like the duſt that lies beſides me;
Peace then, and I will ſpeak, what e'r betides me:
My ſoule is on the rack, my teares have drown'd me,
Yet will I truſt my God, though God confound me;
He, He's my Towre of ſtrength; No hypocrite
Stands unconfounded in his glorious ſight:
Ballance my words; I know my caſe would quit
Me from your cenſures, ſhould I argue it.
Who takes the plaintifes pleading? Come, for I
Muſt plead my right, or elſe perforce muſt die.
With thee (great Lord of Heaven) I dare diſpute,
If thou wilt grant me this my double Suit;
Firſt, that thou ſlake theſe ſorrows that ſurround me;
Then, that thy burning face doe not confound me:
Which granted, then take thou thy choice, let me
Propound the queſtion, or elſe anſwer Thee.
Why doſt thou thus purſue me like thy Foe?
For what great ſin doſt thou afflict me ſo?
Break'ſt thou a wither'd Leafe, thy Iuſtice doth
Summe up the reckonings of my ſinfull youth:

Thou keep'ſt me priſ'ner, bound in fetters faſt,
And, like a thred-bare garment doe I waſt.
Man borne of Woman, hath but a ſhort while
To live, his dayes are fleet, and full of toyle:
He's like a Flower, ſhooting forth and dying,
His life is as a Shadow, ſwiftly flying.
Ah! b'ing ſo poore a thing, what needſt thou mind (him
The number of his dayes thou haſt confin'd him;
Then adde not plagues unto his Griefe, O give
Him peace, that hath ſo ſmall a time to live:
Trees that are fell'd, may ſprout againe, man never;
His dayes are numbred, and he dies for ever:
He's like a Miſt, exhaled by the Sun,
His dayes once done, they are for ever done.
O that thy hand would hide me cloſe, and cover
Me in the Grave, till all thy Wrath were over!
My deſperate ſorrows hope for no reliefe,
Yet will I wait my change. My day of griefe
Will be exchang'd for an Eternall day
Of joy: but now thou doſt not ſpare to lay
Full heaps of vengeance on my broken ſoule,
And writ'ſt my ſins upon an ample ſcrowle:
As Mountaines (being ſhaken) fall, and Rocks
(Though firm) are worn and rent with many knocks;
So ſtrongeſt men are batter'd with thy ſtrength,
Loſe ground, returning to the ground at length:
So mortals die, and (being dead) ne'r mind
The faireſt fortunes that they leave behind.
While man is man (untill that death bereave him
Of his laſt breath) his griefes ſhall never leave him.

Meditat. 10.

DOth Hiſt'ry then, and ſage Chronology,
(The Index, pointing to Antiquity)
So firmly grounded on deep Iudgement, guarded
And kept by ſo much Miracle, rewarded
With ſo great glory, ſerve, but as ſleight Fables,
To edge the dulneſſe of mens wanton Tables,
And claw their itching eares? or doe they, rather
Like a conciſe Abridgement, ſerve to gather
Mans high Adventures, and his tranſitory
Atchievements, to expreſſe his Makers glory?
Acts that have blowne the lowdeſt Trumpe of Fame,
Are all but humours, purchas'd in His name,
Is he, that (yeſterday) went forth, to bring
His Fathers Aſſes home, (to day) crown'd King?
Did he, that now on his brave Palace ſtood,
Boaſting his Babels beauty, chew the cud
An hower after? Have not Babes been Crown'd,
And mighty Monarchs beaten to the ground?
Man undertakes, heaven breathes ſucceſſe upon it;
What good, what evill is done, but heaven hath done it.
The *Man* to whom the world was not aſham'd
To yeeld her Colours, he that was proclam'd
A God in humane ſhape, whoſe dreadfull voyce
Did ſtrike men dead like thunder, at the noyſe;
Was rent away, from his Imperiall Throne,
Before his flower of youth was fully blowne,
His Race was rooted out, his Iſſue ſlaine,
And left his Empire to another ſtraine.
Who that did e'r behold the ancient Rome,
Would raſhly, give her glory ſuch a doome,

Or

Or thought her subject to such alterations,
That was the Mistresse, and the Queene of Nations?
Egypt, that in her walls, had once engrost
More Wisedome than the world besides, hath lost
Her senses now: Her wisest men of State,
Are turn'd, like Puppets, to be pointed at:
If Romes great power, and Egypts wisdome can
Not ayde themselves, how poore a thing is Man?
God playes with Kingdomes, as with Tennis-Balls,
Fells some that rise, and raises some that falls:
Nor policy can prevent, nor secret Fate,
Where Heaven hath pleas'd to blow upon a State:
If States be not secure, nor Kingdomes, than
How helplesse (Ah!) how poore a thing is Man!
Man's like a flower, the while he hath to last,
He's nipt with frost, and shooke with every blast,
He's borne in sorrow, and brought up in teares,
He lives a while in sinne, and dies in feares.
Lord, I'le not boast, what ere thou give unto me,
Lest e'r my brag be done, thou take it from me.
No man may boast but of his owne, I can
Then boast of nothing, for I am a Man.

THE

The Argument.

Rash Eliphaz *doth aggravate*
The sinnes of Iob, *vnfaign's his state,*
whom Iob *reproving, justifies*
Himselfe, bewailes his miseries.

Sect. II.

DOth vaine repining (*Eliphaz* replies) (wise?
Or words, like winde, beseeme the man that's
Ah sure, thy faithlesse heart rejects the feare
Of heav'n, doth not acquaint thy lips with pray'r:
Thy words accuse thy heart of Impudence,
Thy tongue (not I) brings in the Evidence:
Art thou the first of men? Doe Mysteries
Vnfold to thee? art thou the onely wise?
Wherein hath wisedome beene more good to you
Than us? What know you that we never knew?
Reverence, not Censure, fits a youngmans eyes,
We are your Ancients, and should be as wise;
Is't not enough, your Arrogance derides
Our Counsels, but must scorne thy God besides?
Angels (if God inquier strictly) must
Not plead Perfection: then can man be just?
It is a truth receiv'd, these aged eyes
Have seen't, and is confirmed by the wise,
That still the wicked man is void of rest,
Is alwayes fearfull, fals when he feares least;
In trouble he despaires, and is dejected,
He begs his bread, his death comes unexpected,

In

In his adverſitie, his griefes ſhall gaule him;
And, like a raging Tyrant, ſhall inthrall him,
He ſhall advance againſt his God, in vaine,
For Heaven ſhall cruſh and beate him downe againe;
What if his Garners thrive, and goods increaſe?
They ſhall not proſper, nor he live in peace,
Eternall horrour ſhall begirt him round,
And vengeance ſhall both him and his confound,
Amidſt his joyes, deſpaire ſhall ſtop his breath,
His ſonnes ſhall periſh with untimely death;
The double ſoule ſhall die, and in the hollow (low.
Of all falſe hearts, falſe hearts themſelves ſhall ſwal-

Then anſwered *Iob*, All this, before, I knew;
They want no griefe, that finde ſuch friends as you?
Ah, ceaſe your words, the fruits of ill-ſpent houres!
If heav'n ſhould pleaſe to make my fortunes yours,
I would not ſcoffe you, nor with taunts torment ye,
My lips ſhould comfort, and theſe eyes lament ye?
What ſhall I doe? Speak not, my griefes oppreſſe
My ſoule, or ſpeake (alas) they'r ne'rtheleſſe;
Lord I am waſted, and my pangs have ſpent me,
My skin is wrinkled, for thy hand hath rent me,
Mine enemies have ſmit me in diſdaine,
Laught at my torments, jeſted at my paine:
I ſwell'd in wealth, but (now) alas, am poore,
And (feld with woe) lie groveling on the floore,
In duſt and ſackcloth I lament my ſorrowes,
Thy hand hath trench't my cheekes with water fur-
Nor can I comprehend the cauſe, that this (rowes,
My ſmart ſhould be ſo grievous as it is:
Oh earth! If then an Hypocrite I bee,
Cover my cries, as I doe cover thee;
And witneſſe Heaven, that theſe my Vowes be true,
(Ah friends!) I ſpend my teares to Heav'n, not you.

My

My time's but ſhort, (alas!) would then that I
Might try my cauſe with God before I die.
Since then I languiſh, and not farre from dead,
Let me a while with my Accuſers plead
(Before the Iudge of Heaven and earth) my right:
Have they not wrong'd, and vext me day and night?
Who firſt layes downe his Gage to meet me? Say
I doubt not (Heaven being Iudge) to winne the day:
You'll ſay perchance, wee'll recompell your word,
E're ſimple truth ſhould unawares afford
Your diſcontent; No, no, forbeare, for I
Hate leſſe your Cenſure, than your flattery;
I am become a by-word, and a Tabor,
To ſet the tongues, and eares of men in labour;
Mine eyes are dimme, my bodie's but a ſhade,
Good men that ſee my caſe, will be afraid,
But not confounded; They will hold their way,
And in a bad they'll hope a better day;
Recant your errors, for I cannot ſee
One man that's truely wiſe among you Three:
My dayes are gone, my thoughts are miſ-poſſeſt,
The ſilent night, that heaven ordain'd for reſt,
My day of travell is, but I ſhall have
E're long, long peace, within my welcome grave;
My neareſt kindred are the wormes, the earth
My mother, for ſhe gave me firſt my birth;
Where are my hopes then? where that future joy,
Which you falſe-propheſi'd I ſhould enjoy?
Both hopes, and I alike, ſhall travell thither,
Where, cloſ'd in duſt, we ſhall remaine together.

Medicus. 11.

THe Morall Poets, (nor unaptly) faine,
That by lame Vulcans helpe, the pregnant braine
Of soveraigne *Love*, brought forth, and at that birth,
Was borne *Minerva*, Lady of the Earth.
O strange Divinitie! but sung by rote;
Sweet is the tune, but in a wider note.
The Morall sayes, All Wisedome that is given
To hood-wink'd mortals, first proceeds from heaven;
Truth's errour, Wisedome's but wise insolence,
And light's but darknesse, not deriv'd from thence;
Wisedome's a straine transcends Moralitie,
No Vertue's absent, Wisedome being by.
Vertue by constant practice is acquir'd,
This (this by sweat unpurchas'd) is inspir'd:
The master-piece of knowledge is to know
But what is good, from what is good in show,
And there it rests: Wisdome proceeds, and chuses
The seeming evill, th'apparent good refuses;
Knowledge descries alone; Wisedome applies;
That makes some fooles; this, maketh none but wise:
The curious hand of knowledge doth but picke
Bare simples, wisedome pounds them for the sicke;
In my afflictions knowledge apprehends
Who is the Author, what the Cause, and Ends;
It findes that Patience is my sad reliefe,
And that the hand that cans'd, can cure my griefe:
To rest contented here, is but to bring
Clouds without raine, and heate without a Spring:
What hope arises hence? The Devils doe
The very same: They know and tremble too;

But

But sacred Wisedome doth apply that good,
Which simple knowledge barely understood:
Wisdome concludes, and in conclusion, proves,
That whereso'ever God corrects, he loves:
Wisdome digests what knowledge did but tast,
That deales in futures; this, in things are past:
Wisdome's the Card of knowledge, which, without
That Guide, at randome's wreck'd on every doubt:
Knowledge, when wisdome is too weak to guide her,
Is like a head-strong horse that throwes the rider:
Which made that great Philosopher avow,
He knew so much, that he did nothing know.

Lord, give me wisdome to direct my wayes,
I beg nor riches, nor yet length of dayes:
O grant thy servant Wisdome, and with it,
I shall receive such knowledge, as will fit
To serve my turne: I wish not *Phœbus* waine,
Without his skill to drive it, left I gaine
Too deare an Honour: Lord, I will not stay
To pick more Manna, than will serve to day.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bildad, *the whilſt he makes a ſhow*
To ſtrike the wicked, gives the blow
To Iob; Iobs *miſery and faith*;
Zophar *makes good what* Bildad *ſaith.*

Sect. 12.

SAid *Bildad* then, When will ye bring to end
The ſpeeches whereabout ye ſo contend?
Waigh eithers words, leſt ignorant confuſion
Debar them of their purpoſed concluſion:
We came to comfort, fits it then that we
Be thought as Beaſts, or fooles accounted be?
But thou, *Job*, (like a mad-man) wouldſt thou force
God, to deſiſt his order, and ſet courſe
Of Iuſtice? ſhall the wicked, for thy ſake
(That would'ſt not taſte of evill) in good partake?
No, no, his Lamp ſhall blaze, and die, his ſtrength
Shall faile, and ſhall confound it ſelfe, at length
He ſhall be hampred with cloſe hidden ſnares,
And dog'd, where e'r he ſtarts, with troups of fears:
Hunger ſhall bite, deſtruction ſhall attend him,
His skin ſhall rot, the worſt of death ſhall end him:
His feares ſhall be a thouſand linckt together,
His branch above, his root beneath ſhall wither,
His name ſhall ſleep in duſt, in duſt decay,
Odious to all, by all men chac'd away,
No Sonne ſhall keep alive his Houſe, his Name,
And none ſhall thrive, that can alliance clame,

The

The after-age ſhall ſtand amaz'd, to heare
His fall, and they that ſee't, ſhall ſhake for feare:
Thus ſtands the ſtate of him that doth amiſſe,
And (*Job*) what other is thy caſe, than this?
But *Job* reply'd, How long (as with ſharp ſwords)
Will ye torment me with your pointed words?
How often have your biting tongues defam'd
My ſimple Innocence, and yet unſham'd?
Had I deſerv'd theſe plagues, yet let my griefe
Expreſſe it ſelfe, though it find no reliefe;
But if you needs muſt weare your tongues upon me,
Know, 'tis the hand of God hath overthrowne me:
I roare, unheard; his hand will not releaſe me;
The more I grieve, the more my griefes oppreſſe me:
He hath deſpoil'd my joyes, and goes about
(My branches being lopt) to 'ſtroy the Root:
His plagues, like ſouldiers, trench within my bones,
My friends, my kindred flie me all at once,
My neighbours, my familiars have forgone me,
My houſhold ſtares, with ſtrangers eyes upon me:
I call my ſervant, but his lips are dumbe,
I humbly beg his help, but he'll not come:
My owne wife loathes my breath, though I did make
My ſolemne ſuit, for our dead Childrens ſake:
The poore, whoſe wants I have ſupply'd, deſpiſe me,
And he that liv'd within my breaſt, denies me:
My bones are hide-bound, there cannot be found
One piece of skin (unleſſe my gums) that's ſound:
Alas! complaints are barren ſhadowes, to
Expreſſe, or cure the ſubſtance of my woe.
Have pity (oh my friends) have pity on me,
'Tis your Gods hand and mine, that lies upon me:
Vexe me no more, O let your anger be
(If I have wrong'd you) calm'd with what ye ſee:

O! that my ſpeeches were ingraven, then,
In Marble Tablets, with an yron Pen:
For ſure I am, that my Redeemer lives,
And though pale death conſume my fleſh, and gives
My Carkas to the wormes, yet am I ſure
Clad with this ſelf-ſame fleſh (but made more pure)
I ſhall behold his glory; Theſe ſad eyes
Shall ſee his Face, how-e'r my body lies
Mouldred in duſt; Theſe fleſhly eyes, that doe
Behold theſe Sores, ſhall ſee my Maker too.
Vnequall hearers of unequall griefe,
Y'are all ingag'd to the ſelf-ſame beliefe;
Know there's a Iudge, whoſe voice will be as free
To judge your words, as you have judged me.
Said *Zophar* then, I purpos'd to refraine
From ſpeaking, but thou mov'ſt me back againe:
For having heard thy haughty ſpirit break
Such haſty termes, my ſpirit bids me ſpeake:
Hath not the change of Ages, and of Climes,
Taught us, as we ſhall our ſucceeding times,
How vain's the triumph, and how ſhort the blaze,
Wherein the wicked ſweeten out their dayes?
Though for a while his Palmes of glory flouriſh,
Yet, in concluſion they grow ſere, and periſh:
His life is like a Dreame, that paſſes o'r,
The eye that ſaw him, ne'r ſhall ſee him more:
The Sonne ſhall flatter, whom the Syre oppreſt,
And (poore) he ſhall returne, what he did wreſt;
He ſhall be baited with the ſins, that have
So ſmil'd upon his Childhood, to his Grave;
His plenty (purchas'd by oppreſſion) ſhall
Be honey, taſted, but digeſted, Gall:
It ſhall not bleſſe him with prolonged ſtay,
But evilly come, it ſoone ſhall paſſe away;

The

The man whose griping hath the poore oppreſt,
Shall neither thrive in ſtate, nor yet finde reſt
In ſoule, nought of his fulneſſe ſhall remaine,
His greedy Heire ſhall long expect in vaine;
Soak't with extorted plenty, others ſhall
Squeeze him, and leave him diſpoſſeſt of all;
And when his joyes doe in their height abound,
Vengeance ſhall ſtrike him groaning to the ground;
If Swords forbeare to wound him, Arrowes ſhall,
Returning forth, annoynted with his Gall;
No ſhade ſhall hide him, And an unblowne Fyer
Shall burne both him and his. Heav'n like a Cryer
Shall blaze his ſhame, and earth ſhall ſtand his foe,
His wandring Children ſhall no dwelling know,
Behold the mans eſtate, whom God denies,
Behold thine owne, pourtraicted to thine Eyes.

Meditat. 12.

CAn mercy come from bloody *Cain*? Or hath
His angry brow a ſmile? Or can his wrath
Be quencht with ought but righteous *Abels* blood?
Can guilty Priſ'ners hope for any good
From the ſeverer Iudge, whoſe diſmall breath
Dooms them to die, breathes nothing elſe but death?
Ah righteous Iudge! wherein hath Man to truſt?
Man hath offended, and thy Lawes are juſt;
Thou frowneſt like a Iudge, but I had rather,
That thou would'ſt ſmile upon me like a Father,
What if thy *Eſau* be auſtere and rough?
Thou haſt a *Iacob* that is ſmooth enough:

Thy *Jacobs* tender Kid brings forth a blessing,
While *Esaus* tedious Ven'zon is a dressing.
Thy face hath smiles, as well as frownes, by turnes;
Thy fier giveth light, as well as burnes:
What if the Serpent stung old *Adam* dead?
Young *Adam*, lives, to breake that Serpents head.
Iustice hath struck me with a bleeding wound,
But Mercy powres in Oyle to make it sound.
The Milk-white Lambe confounds the roaring Lyon,
Blasted by Sinah, I am heal'd by Sion:
The Law findes guilty, and Death Iudgement gives,
But sure I am that my Redeemer lives.

How wretched was mans case in those dark dayes
When Law was onely read: Which Law dismayes,
And, taking vantage, through the breach of it,
The Letter kils, and can no way admit
Release by pardon; for by Law we die.
Why then hop'd man, without a reason why?
Although there was no Sunne, their Morning eyes
Saw by the Twilight, that the Sunne would rise.
The Law was like a misty Looking-glasse,
Wherein the shadow of a Saviour was,
Treats in a darker straine, by Types and Signes,
And what should passe in after-dayes, divines.
The Gospell sayes, that he is come and dead;
And thus the Riddle of the Law is read.
Gospell is Law, the Myst'ry being seal'd;
And Law is Gospell, being once reveal'd.

Experience tels us, when as birth denies
To man (throgh Natures over-sight) his eyes,
Nature (whose curious workes are never vaine)
Supplies them in the power of his Braine:
So they, whose eyes were barr'd that glorious sight
Of the *Messiah's* day, receiv'd more Light,

(Inspired

(Inſpired by the breath of Heaven) then they,
That heard the tydings of that happy day.
The man, that with a ſharpe contracted eye
Lookes in a cleare perſpective-Glaſſe, doth ſpie
Objects remote, which to the ſenſe appeare
(Through helpe of the Perſpective) ſeeming neare.
So they that liv'd within the Lawes Dominion,
Did heare farre off, a bruit and buzz'd Opinion,
A Saviour one day ſhould be borne; but he
That had a Perſpective of Faith, might ſee
That long expected day of joy as cleare,
As if the triumph had beene then kept there.
Lord, ſo direct me in thy Perfect Way,
That I may looke, and ſmile upon that Day:
O! bath me in his blood, ſpunge every ſtaine,
That I may boldly ſue my Counter-paine:
O! make me glorious in the doome he gives,
For ſure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

THE ARGUMENT.

Earths happineſſe is not Heavens brand:
A raſh recounting of Iob's *crimes:*
Iob *truſts him to th' Almighties hand:*
God ties his Iudgements not to Times.

Sect. 13.

THen *Iob* reply'd: O, let your patience prove,
You came (not to afflict me, but) in Love.
O! beare with me, and heare me ſpeake at leaſure,
My ſpeech once ended, mock, and ſcoffe your pleaſure.

Myst'ries I treat, not Toyes; If then I range
A thought beyond my selfe, it is not strange;
Behold my case, and stand amaz'd, forbeare me:
Bee still, and in your deeper silence heare me.
Search you the hearts of men, (my friends) or can
You judge the Inward by the Outward Man?
How haps the wicked then, so sound in health,
So ripe in yeares, so prosperous in wealth?
They multiply, their house is fill'd with Peace,
They passe unplagu'd, their fruitfull flocks increase,
Their Children thrive in joyfull melody,
Prosperous they live, and peacefully they die;
Renounce us (God) say they *(if God there bee,)*
What need we knowledge of thy Word or Thee?
What is th' Almighty, that we should adore him?
What boots our prayer, or us to fall before him?
'Tis not by chance, their vaine Prosperity
Crownes them with store; or Heav'n, not knowing (why
But you affirme, *That in conclusion they*
Shall fall; But not so sudden as you say:
But can ye limit forth the space, confine
How long, or when their lamps shall cease to shine?
Will any of you undertake to teach
Your Maker, things so farre above your reach?
The bad man lives in plenty, dies in peace:
The good, as doe his houres, his griefes increase;
Yet both the good and bad alike shall have,
Though lives much differing, yet one common grave.
I know your mining thoughts; You will demand,
Where is the wickeds power? And where stand
Their lofty buildings? Are they to be seene?
Enquire of wandring Pilgrims that have beene
Experienc'd in the Roade: and they'll relate
The Princely greatnesse of their Tow'rs and State:

Live any more ſecure than they? Or who
Dare once reprove them for the deeds they doe?
He lives in power, and in peace he dies,
Attended in his pompeous Obſequies.
How vaine are then the comforts of your breath,
That cenſure goodneſſe, or by Life or Death?

Said *Eliphaz*, What then remeines? Thy tongue
Hath quit thy ſelfe, accus'd thy God of wrong.
Gaines he by mans uprightneſſe? Can man adde
To his perfection, what he never had?
Fears he the ſtrength of man? Doth he torment him
Leſt that his untam'd power ſhould prevent him?
What need I waſt this breath? Recall thy ſenſes,
And take the Inventory of thy offences:
Thou took'ſt the poore mans Pawne, nor haſt thou fed
Thy needy Brother, with thy proſp'rous Bread;
Thy hands perverted Iuſtice, and have ſpoil'd
The hopeleſſe Widow, with her helpleſſe Child.
Hence ſpring thy ſorrowes (*Job*) 'Tis Iuſtice then
Thou ſhould'ſt be plagu'd, that thus plagu'd other men;
Is heaven juſt? Can heavens juſt Creator
Let paſſe (unpuniſht) Sins of ſo high a nature?
Hath not experience taught, that for a while,
The Wicked may exalt their Creſts, and ſmile,
Blowne up with Inſolence: but in concluſion
They fall, and good men laugh at their confuſion?
Job, adde not ſin to ſin, ceaſe to beguile
Thy ſelfe, thinking to quench thy fire with Oyle:
Returne thee to thy God, confeſſe thy crimes;
Returne, and he will crowne thy after times
With former Bleſſings, and thy Riches ſhall
Be as the Sand: for God is all in all:
His face ſhall welcome thee, and ſmile upon thee,
And ceaſe that miſchief his juſt hand hath done thee,

He shall be pleased with thy holy Fires,
And grant the issue of thy best Desires.
Job answer'd then: Although my soule be faint,
And griefes weigh downe the scale of my complaint,
Yet would I plead my cause (which you defam'd)
Before my Maker, and would plead, unsham'd;
Could I but find him, I would take upon me
To quit the censures you have passed on me.
His Iustice hath no limits, is extended
Beyond conceit, by man unapprehended;
Let Heaven be Vmpire, and make Arbitration
Betwixt my guiltlesse heart, and your taxation:
My Embrion thoughts, and words are all inroll'd,
Pure will he find them, as refined Gold;
His steps I followed, and uprightly stood,
His Lawes have been my guide, his words my food;
Hath he but once decreed? (alas!) there's none
Can barre: for what he wills, must needs be done;
His Will's a Law: If he have doom'd that I
Shall still be plagu'd, 'tis bootlesse to reply.
Hence comes it, that my sore afflicted spright
Trembles, and stands confounded at his sight;
His hand hath struck my spirits in a maze,
For I can neither end my Griefes, nor dayes.
Why should not times in all things be forbid,
When to the just, their time of sorrow's hid?
Some move their Land-marks, rob their neighbours flocks;
Others in gage, receive the widows oxe,
Some grind the poore, while others seeke the prey;
They reap their Harvest, bear their grain away;
Men presse their Oyle, and they distrain their store,
And rend the gleanings from the hungry poore.
The Citie roares, the blood which they have spent,
Cryes (unreveng'd) for equall punishment;

Early

Early they murther, and rob late at night,
They trade in Darkneſſe, for they hate the Light;
They ſin (unpuniſh'd) thriving, uncontrol'd,
And what by force they got, by force they hold.
O friends! repeale your words, your ſpeeches bring
No lawfull iſſue, prove not any thing:
Your deeper wiſedomes argue (in effect)
That God doth, or not know, or elſe neglect:
Conclude with me, or prove my words untrue,
I muſt be found the lyar, or elſe you.

Meditat. 13.

THe wiſeſt men that Nature e'r could boaſt
For ſecret knowledge of her power, were loſt,
Confounded, and in deepe amazement ſtood,
In the diſcovery of the Chiefeſt Good:
Keenly they hunted, beat in every brack,
Forwards they went, on either hand, and back
Return'd they counter; but their deep-mouth'd art,
(Though often challeng'd ſcent, yet) ne'r could ſtart
In all th' Encloſures of Philoſophy,
That Game, from ſquat, they terme, Felicity:
They jangle, and their Maximes diſagree;
As many men, ſo many minds there be.
One digs to *Pluto's* Throne, thinks there to find
Her Grace, rak'd up in Gold: anothers mind (nor,
Mounts to the Courts of Kings, with plumes of ho-
And feather'd hopes, hopes there to ſeize upon her;
A third, unlocks the painted Gate of Pleaſure,
And ranſacks there, to find this peereleſſe Treaſure.

A fourth, more ſage, more wiſely melancholy,
Perſwades himſelfe, her Deitie's too holy
For common hands to touch, he rather chuſes
To make a long dayes journey to the Muſes:
To *Athens* (gown'd) he goes, and from that Schoole
Returnes unſped, a more inſtructed foole.
Where lies ſhe then? or lies ſhe any where?
Honours are bought and ſold, ſhe reſts not there;
Much leſſe in Pleaſures hath ſhe her abiding,
For they are ſhar'd to Beaſts, and ever ſliding:
Nor yet in Vertue, Vertue's often poore,
And (cruſht with fortune) begs from doore to doore;
Nor is ſhe ſainted in the Shrine of wealth;
That, makes men ſlaves, is unſecur'd from ſtealth;
Conclude we then, *Fœlicity* conſiſts
Not in exteriour Fortunes, but her liſts
Are boundleſſe, and her large extenſion
Out-runs the pace of humane apprehenſion;
Fortunes are ſeldome meaſur'd by deſert,
The fairer face hath oft the fouler heart;
Sacred Felicity doth ne'r extend
Beyond it ſelfe: In it all wiſhes end:
The ſwelling of an outward Fortune can
Create a proſp'rous, not a happy man:
A peacefull Conſcience is the true Content,
And wealth is but her golden Ornament.
I care not ſo my kernell reliſh well,
How ſlender be the ſubſtance of my ſhell;
My heart b'ing vertuous, let my face be wan,
I am to God, I onely ſeeme to man.

The Argument.

Bildad, shewes mans impuritie;
Iob setteth forth th' Almightyes power,
Pleads still his owne integrity:
Gods Wisdome no man can discover.

Sect. 14.

SAid *Bildad* then, With whom dost thou contest,
But with thy Maker, that lives ever blest?
His pow'r is infinite, mans light is dimme,
And knowledge darkneſſe, not deriv'd from him.
Say then, who can be juſt before him? No man
Can challenge Purity that's borne of Woman.
The greater Torch of heaven in his ſight
Shall be aſham'd, and loſe his purer light;
Much leſſe can man, that is but living Duſt,
And but a fairer Worme, be pure and juſt.
Wherat *Iob* thus: Doth heav'ns high judgement ſtand
To be ſupported by thy weaker hand?
Wants he thy helpe? To whom dost thou extend
Theſe theſe thy laviſh lips, and to what end?
No, hee's Almighty, and his power doth give
Each thing his Beeing, and by him they live:
To him is nothing darke, his ſoveraigne hands
Whirle round the reſtleſſe Orbs, his power cõmands
The eaven-pois'd Earth, the water-pots of heaven
He empties at his pleaſure, and hath given
Appointed liſts, to keep the Waters under;
The trembling skies he ſtrikes amaz'd, with thunder:

Theſe

Theſe, theſe the Trophees of his Power be,
Where is there e'r a ſuch a God as He!
My friends, theſe eares have heard your cenſures (on me:
And Heavens ſharp hand doth waigh ſo hard upon
So languiſhing in griefe, that no defence (me;
Seemes to remaine, to ſhield my Innocence:
Yet while my ſoule a gaſpe of breath affords
I'le not diſtruſt my Maker, nor your words
Deſerve, which Heaven forfend, that ever I
Prove true, but I'le plead guiltleſſe till I die,
While I have breath, my pangs ſhall ne'r perſwade
To wander, and revolt from him that made me. (me
E'r ſuch thoughts ſpring from this confuſed breſt,
Let death and tortures doe their worſt, their beſt.
What gaines the Hypocrite, although the whole
Worlds wealth he purchaſe, with the price on's ſoule
Will Heaven heare the voyce of his diſeaſe?
Can he repent, and turne, when e'r he pleaſe?
True, God doth ſometime plague with open ſhame
The wicked, often blurres he forth his name
From out the earth, his children ſhall be ſlaine,
And who ſurvives, ſhall beg their bread in vaine;
What if his Gold be heapt, the good man ſhall
Poſſeſſe it, as true Maſter of it all;
Like Mothes, their houſes ſhall they build, in doubt
And danger, every houre to be caſt out;
Beſieg'd with want, their lips make fruitleſſe moane
Yet (wanting ſuccour) be reliv'd by none;
The worme of Conſcience ſhall torment his breſt,
And he ſhall roare, when others be at reſt,
Gods hand ſhall ſcourge him that he cannot flie,
And men ſhall laugh, and hiſſe to heare him crie.
The pureſt metall's hid within the mould,
Without is gravell, but within is Gold;

Man

Man digs, and in his toyle he takes a pleasure,
He seekes, and findes within the Turfe, the treasure;
He never rests unsped, but (underneath)
He mines, and progs, though in the fangs of Death:
No secret, (how obscure so ever) can
Earths bosome smother, that's unfound by man;
But the Divine and high Decrees of Heaven,
What minde can search into? No power's given
To mortall man, whereby he may attaine
The rare discovery of so high a straine:
Dive to the depth of darkenesse, and the deepes
Renounce this Wisdome: The wide Ocean keepes
Her not inclos'd; 'Tis not the purest Gold
Can purchase it, or heapes of silver, told;
The Pearles, and peerlesse Treasures of the East,
Refined Gold, and Gemmes, are all, the least
Of nothing, if compar'd with it, as which,
Earthes Masse of treasure, (summ'd) is not so rich;
Where rests the wisedome then? If men enquire
Below, they finde not her; or if they (higher)
Soare with the Prince of Fowles, they still despaire,
The more they seek, the further off they are.
Ah friends! how more than men? how Eagle-eyd
Are you, to see, what to the world beside
Was darke? To you alone (in trust) was given
To search into the high Decrees of Heaven:
You reade his Oracles, you understand
To riddle forth mans fortunes by his hand;
Your wisedomes have a priviledge to know
His secret smiling from his angry Brow:
Let shame prevent your lips recant, and give
To the Almightie his prerogative;
To him, the searching of mens hearts belong,
Mans judgement sinkes no deeper than the tongue;

He over-lookes the world, and in one space
Of time, his eye is fixt on every place:
He waighes the Waters, ballances the Ayre,
What e'r hath Being, did his hands prepare;
He wils that Mortals be not over-wise,
Nor judge his Secrets with censorious eyes.

Meditat. 14.

'Tis Vertue to flie Vice: there's none more from
Than he that ventures to picke vertue out
Betwixt a brace of Vices: Dangers stand,
Threathing his ruine upon either hand,
His Card must guide him, lest his Pinnace runne
Vpon *Charybdis*, while it *Scylla* shun:
In moderation all Vertue lies;
'Tis greater folly to be over-wise,
Than rudely ignorant: The Golden meane
Is but to know enough; safer to leane
To Ignorance, than Curiosity;
For lightning blasts the Mountaines that are high;
The first of men, from hence deserv'd his fall,
He sought for secrets, and found death, withall:
Secrets are unfit objects for our eyes,
They blinde us in beholding: He that tries
To handle water, the more hard he straines
And gripes his hand, the lesse his hand retaines:
The minde that's troubled with that pleasing itch
Of knowing Secrets, having flowne a pitch
Beyond it selfe, the higher it ascends,
And strives to know, the lesse it apprehends;

That secret Wiseman, is an open Foole,
Which takes a Counsell-chamber for a Schoole.
The eye of man desires no farther light,
Than to descry the object of his sight:
And rests contented with the Suns reflexion,
But (lab'ring to behold his bright complexion)
If it presume t'out-face his glorious light,
The beames bereave him, justly, of his sight:
Even so the mind should rest in what's reveal'd,
But over-curious, if in things conceal'd
She wades too far, beyond her depth, unbounded,
Her knowledge will be lost, and she confounded.
Far safer 'tis of things unsure, to doubt,
Than undertake to riddle secrets out.
It was demanded once, What God did doe
Before the World he framed? Whereunto
Answer was made, *He built a hell for such*
As are too curious, and would know too much.
Who flies with *Icarus* his feathers, shall
Have *Icarus* his fortunes, and his fall.
A noble Prince, (whose bounteous hand was bent
To recompence his servants faith, and vent
The earnest of his favours) did not proffer,
But will'd him boldly to prevent his offer:
Thankfull he thus reply'd, *Then grant unto me*
This boone, With-hold thy Princely secrets from me.
That holy Man, in whose familiar eare
Heav'n oft had thundred, might not come too neare:
The Temple must have Curtaines, mortall hearts
Must rest content to see his Hinder-parts.
I care not (Lord) how far thy Face be off,
If I but kisse thy Hand, I have enough.

THE

The Argument.

Iob wisheth his past happinesse,
Shewes his state present, doth confesse
That God's the Author of his griefe,
Relates the pureness of his life.

Sect. 15.

OH! that I were as happy as I was,
When Heavens bright favours shone upon my face,
And prosper'd my affaires, inrich'd my joyes,
When all my sons could answer to my voice;
Then did my store, and thriving flocks encrease,
Offended Iustice sought my hands, for peace;
Old men did honour, and the young did feare me,
Princes kept silence (when I spake) to heare me:
I heard the poore, reliev'd the Widowes cry,
Orphans I succour'd, was the blind mans eye,
The Cripples foot, my helplesse brothers drudge,
The poore mans Father, and th'oppressors Iudge;
I then supposed, that my dayes long Lease
Would passe in plentie, and expire in peace:
My Roots were fixed, and my Branches sprung,
My Glory blaz'd, my Power grew daily strong;
I speaking, men stood mute, my speeches mov'd
All hearts to joy, by all men were approv'd:
My kindly words were welcome, as a latter
Raine, and were Oracles in a doubtfull matter.
O sudden change! I'm turn'd a laughing-stock
To boyes, and those that su'd to tend my flock,

And

And such, whose hûgry wants have taught their hands
To scrape the earth, and dig the barren lands
For hidden roots, wherewith they might appease
Their Tyran'stomacks, these (even very these)
Flout at my sorrowes, and disdaining me,
Point with their fingers, and cry, *This is he:*
My honour's foyl'd, my troubled spirit lies
Wide open to the worst of injuries;
Where e'r I turne, my sorrow, new, appeares,
I'm vext abroad with flouts, at home with feares:
My soule is faint, and nights that should give ease
To tyred spirits, make my griefes encrease:
I loathe my Carkeise, for my ripened sores
Have chang'd my garments colour with their cores.
But what is worst of worsts, (Lord) often I
Have cry'd to thee, a stranger to my cry,
Though perfect Clemency thy nature be,
Though kind to all, thou art unkind to me.
I ne'r waxt pale, to see another thrive,
Nor e'r did let my afflicted brother strive
With teares alone: but I (poore I) tormented,
Expect for succour, and am unlamented:
I mourne in silence, languish all alone,
As in a Desart, am reliev'd by none:
My sores have dy'd my skin with filth, still turning
My joyes to griefe, and all my mirth to mourning.
My heart hath past Indentures with mine eye,
Not to behold a Maid, for what should I
Expect from heaven but a deserv'd reward,
Earn'd by so foule a sin? for death's prepar'd,
And flames of wrath are blowne for such: Doth He
Not know my actions, that so well knowes me?
If I have lent my hand to slie deceit,
Or if my steps have not been purely strait,

What I have sowne, then let a strange eate,
And root my Plants untimely from their seat.
If I with Lust have e'r distain'd my life,
Or been defiled with anothers Wife,
In equall Iustice let my Wife be knowne
Of all, and let me reap as I have sowne:
For Lust, that burneth in a sinfull brest,
Till it hath burnt him too, shall never rest:
If e'r my haste did treat my servant ill,
Without desert, making my power my Will,
Then how should I before Gods Iudgement stand,
Since we were both created by one Hand?
If e'r my Power wrong'd the Poore mans cause,
Or to the Widow, lengthned out the Lawes:
If e'r (alone) my lips did taste my bread,
Or shut my churlish doores, the poore unfed,
Or bent my hand to doe the Orphane wrong,
Or saw him naked, unapparell'd long;
In heaps of Gold, if e'r I tooke delight,
Or gave heavens worship to the heavenly Light,
Or e'r was flattred by my secret Will,
Or joyed in my Adversaries Ill;
Let God accurse me from his glorious Seat,
And make my plagues (if possible) more great.

Oh! That some equall hearer now were by,
To judge my righteous cause: Full sure am I,
I shall be quitted by th'Almighties hand.
What, therefore, if censorious tongues withstand
The judgement of my sober Conscience?
Compose they Ballads on me, yet from thence
My simple Innocence shall gaine renowne,
And on my head, Ile weare them, as my Crowne:
To the Almighties eare will I reveale
My secret wayes; to him, alone, appeale:

If

If (to conclude) the earth could finde a tongue
T'impeach my guiltlesse hands of doing wrong:
If hidden Wages (earn'd with sweat) doe lie
Rak't in her furrowes, let her wombe deny
To blesse my Harvest, let her better Seeds
Be turn'd to Thistles, and the rest, to Weeds:

Meditat. 15.

THe man whose soule is undistain'd with Ill,
Pure from the check of a distempred Will,
Stands onely free from the distracts of Care,
And flies a pitch above the reach of Feare:
His bosome dares the threatning Bow-mans arme,
His wisedome sees, his Courage feares no harme,
His brest lies open to the reeking Sword;
The darts of swarthy *Maurus* can afford
Lesse dread, than danger, to his well prepar'd
And setled minde, which (standing on her guard)
Bids Mischiefe doe the worsh she can, or will,
For he that does no ill, deserves no ill.
Would any strive with *Samson* for renowne,
Whose brawny arme can strike most pillers downe?
Or try a fall with Angels, and prevaile?
Or with a Hymne unhinge the strongest Iayle?
Would any from a pris'ner prove a Prince?
Or with slow speech best Orators convince?
Preserve he then, unstained in his brest,
A milke-white Conscience; let his soule be blest
With simple Innocence: This sevenfold shield
No dart shall pierce, no sword shall make it yeeld;

The ſinewy Bow, and deadly headed Launce,
Shall breake in ſhivers and the ſplinters glaunce
Aſide, returning backe, from whence they came,
And wound their hearts with an eternall ſhame.
The juſt and conſtant minde, that perſeveres
Vnblemiſht with falſe pleaſures, never feares
The bended threatnings of a Tyrants brow,
Death neither can diſturbe, nor change his Vow;
Well guarded with himſelfe, he walkes along,
When, moſt alone, he ſtands a thouſand ſtrong.
Lives he in weale, and full Proſperity?
His wiſedome tells him, that he lives to die.
Is hee afflicted? Sharpe afflictions give
Him hopes of Change, and that he dies to live.
Is he revil'd and ſcorn'd? He ſits, and ſmiles,
Knowing him happy, whom the world reviles.
If rich, he gives the Poore, and if he live
In poore eſtate, he findes rich friends to give:
He lives an Angel in a mortall forme;
And having paſt the brunt of many a ſtorme,
At laſt ariveth at the Haven of Reſt,
Where that juſt Iudge, that rambles in his breſt,
Ioyning with Angels, with an Angels voyce,
Chaunts forth ſweet *Requiems* of Eternall joyes.

The Argument.

Elihu Iob *reproves, reproves*
His Friends alike; he pleades the caſe
with Iob *in Gods behalfe, and moves*
Him to recant, and call for Grace.

Sect. 16.

THus *Iob* his ill-defended Cauſe adjournes,
And ſilence lends free liberty of turnes,
To his unjuſt Accuſers, whoſe bad cauſe
Hath left them grounded in too large a pauſe,
Whereat *Elihu* (a young ſtander-by,)
Whoſe modeſt eares, upon their long reply
Did wait, his angry ſilence did awake,
And (craving pardon for his Youth) beſpake.
Young Standers-by doe oftentimes ſee more
Than elder Gameſters: Y'are too blame all foure:
T'ones cauſe is bad, but with good proofs befriended,
The others juſt and good, but ill defended:
Though reaſon makes the man, Heaven makes him wiſe,
Wiſdome in greateſt Clerks not alway lies:
Then let your ſilence give me leave to ſpend
My judgement, whil'ſt your heedfull eares attend.
I have not heard, alone, but ſtill expected
To heare what more your ſpleenes might have objected
Againſt your woefull Friend, but I have found
Your reaſons built upon a ſandy ground.
Flouriſh no Flags of Conqueſt: Vnderſtand,
That he's afflicted by th'Almighties hand:

He hath not fail'd to croſſe your accuſations;
Yet I (though not with your foule exprobations)
Will croſſe him too. I'm full, and I muſt ſpeake,
Or like unvented veſſels, I muſt breake;
And with my tongue, my heart will be reliev'd,
That ſwels with what my patience hath conceiv'd:
Be none offended, for my lips ſhall tread
That ground (without reſpect) as Truth ſhall lead;
God hates a flattering language: then how can I
Vnliable to danger, flatter any?

Now, *Iob*, to thee I ſpeake, O, let my Errant
Be welcome to thine eares, for truth's my warrant;
They are no ſlender trifles that I treat,
But things digeſted with the ſacred heate
Of an inſpired knowledge; 'Tis no raſh
Diſcharge of wrath, nor wits conceited flaſh;
I'le ſpeake, and heare thee ſpeake as free, for I
Will take no vantage of thy Miſery.

Thy tongue did challenge to maintaine thy caſe
With God, if he would veile his glorious face:
Be I the man (though clad with clay and duſt,
And morrall like thy ſelfe) that takes the truſt
to repreſent his Perſon: Thou doſt terme
Thy ſelfe moſt juſt, and boldly doth affirme,
That Heaven afflicts thy ſoule without a reaſon.
Ah *Iob*! theſe very words (alone) are treaſon
Againſt th'Almightie's will: thou oughteſt rather
Submit thy paſſion to him, as thy Father,
Than plead with him, as with thy Peere. Is he
Bound to reveale his ſecret Will to thee?
God ſpeaketh oft to man, not underſtood,
Sometimes in dreames, another times thinks good
To thunder Judgement in his drowzy eare;
Sometimes, with hard afflictions ſcourge doth teare

His

His wounded ſoule, which may at length give eaſe
(Like ſharper Phyſick) to his ſoule Diſeaſe:
But if (like pleaſing Iulips) he afford
The meeke Expounders of his ſacred Word,
With ſweet perſwaſions to recure his griefe,
How can his ſorrowes wiſh more faire reliefe?
Ah, then his body ſhall wax young and bright;
Heavens face that ſcorcht before, ſhall now delight,
His tongue with Triumph, ſhall confeſſe to men,
I was a Leper, but am cleare agen.
Thus, thus that Spring of Mercy oftentimes
Doth ſpeak to man, that man may ſpeak his crimes.
Conſider, *Job*; my words with judgement weigh;
Which done (if thou haſt ought) then boldly ſay;
If otherwiſe, ſhame not to hold thy peace,
And let thy wiſdome with my words encreaſe.
And you, you Wiſemen that are ſilent here,
Vouchſafe to lend my lips your ripened eare,
Let's call a parly, and the cauſe decide;
For *Job* pleads guiltleſſe, and would faine be try'd:
Yet hath his boldneſſe term'd himſelfe upright,
And tax'd th'Almighty for not doing right:
His Innocence with Heaven doth he plead,
And that unjuſtly he was puniſhed:
O Purity by Impudence ſuborn'd!
He ſcorn'd his Maker, and is juſtly ſcorn'd:
Far be it from the heart of man, that He
Who is all Iuſtice, yet unjuſt ſhould be.
Each one ſhall reap the harveſt he hath ſowne,
His meed ſhall meaſure what his hands hath done.
Who is't can claime the Worlds great Soveraignty?
Who rais'd the Rafters of the heavens, but He?
If God ſhould breathe on man, or take away
The breath he gave him, what were man but Clay?

O, let thy heart th'unbridled tongue convince!
Say, Dare thy lips defame an earthly Prince?
How dar'ſt thou then malgine the King of Kings,
To whom great Princes are but poorer'ſt things?
He kicks down kingdoms, ſpurns th'Imperiall Crown,
And with his blaſt, puffes mighty Monarchs downe.
'Tis vaine to ſtrive with him, and if he ſtrike,
Our part's to beare, not fondly to miſlike,
(Miſconſtruing the nature of his drift)
But husband his corrections to our thrift.
If he afflict, our beſt is to implore
His Bleſſing with his Rod, and ſin no more.
What if our torments paſſe the bounds of meaſure?
It unbefits our wils, to ſtint his pleaſure;
Iudge then, and let th'impartiall world adviſe,
How far (poore *Job*) thy judgement is from wiſe:
Nor are theſe ſpeeches kindled with the fire
Of a diſtempred ſpleene, but with deſire
T'inrich thy wiſdome, leſt thy fury tie
Preſumption to thy raſh infirmity.

Meditat. 16.

FOr mortals, to be borne, waxe old, and die,
Lies not in Will, but bare Neceſſity,
Common to beaſts, which in the ſelfe degree,
Hold by the ſelf-ſame Patient, even as we:
But to be wiſe is a diviner action
Of the diſcurſive Soule, a pure abſtraction
Of all her powers, united in the Will,
Ayming at Good, rejecting what is Ill:

It

It is an influence of inſpired breath,
Vnpurchaſed by birth, unloſt by death,
Entail'd to no man, no, not free to all,
Yet gently anſwers to the eager call
Of thoſe, that with inflam'd affections ſeeke,
Reſpecting tender youth and age alike:
In depth of dayes, her ſpirit not alway lies,
Yeers make man Old, but heaven returns him Wiſe;
Youths Innocence, nor riper ages ſtrength
Can challenge her as due; (Deſired) length
Of dayes, produced to decrepit yeeres,
Fill'd with experience, and grizly haires,
Can claime no right; th'Almighty ne'r ingages
His gifts to times, nor is he bound to Ages;
His quickuing Spirit, to ſucklings oft reveales,
What to their doting Grandſires he conceales;
The vertue of his breath can unbenumme
The frozen lips, and ſtrike the ſpeaker dumme:
Who put that moving power into his tongue,
Whoſe lips did right the chaſt *Suſanna's* wrong,
Vpon her wanton falſe Accuſers death?
What ſecret fire inflam'd that fainting breath
That blaſted *Pharo?* Or thoſe ruder tongues,
That ſchool'd the faithleſſe Prophet for the wrongs
He did to ſacred Iuſtice? matters not
How ſleight the meane be in it ſelfe, or what
In our eſteemes, ſo wiſedome be the meſſage;
Embaſſadours are worthied in th'Embaſſage:
God ſowes his harveſt to his beſt increaſe,
And glorifies himſelfe howe'r he pleaſe:
Lord, if thou wilt, (for what is hard to thee?)
I may a factour for thy glory be,
Then grant that (like a faithfull ſervant) I
May render back thy ſtock with Vſury.

THE

The Argument.

God reaps no gaine by mans best deeds,
Mans misery from himselfe proceeds:
Gods Mercy and Justice are unbounded,
In works of Nature man is grounded.

Sect. 17.

Elihu, thus his pausing lips againe
Disclos'd and said, (rash *Job*) dost thou maintain
A rightfull cause, which in conclusion, must
Avow thee blamelesse, and thy God unjust?
Thy lawlesse words implying, that it can
Advantage none to live an upright man? (would
My tongue shall schoole thee, and thy friends, that
(Perchance) refell thy reasons, if they could:
Behold thy glorious Makers greatnesse, see
The power of his hand; Say they, can He
Be damag'd by thy sinne, or can He raise
Advantage, by the uprightnesse of thy wayes?
True, the afflicted languish oft in griefe,
And roare to heaven (unanswer'd) for reliefe,
Yet is not Heaven unjust, for their fond cry
Their sin bewailes not, but their misery.
Cease then to make him guilty of thy crimes,
And wait his pleasure, that's not bound to times,
Nor heares vaine words. The sorrowes thou art in
Are sleight, or nothing, ballanc'd with thy sin:

Thy

Thy lihs accuſe thee, and thy fooliſh tongue,
To right thy ſelfe, hath done th'Almighty wrong.
Hold backe thine anſwer, let thy flowing ſtreame
Finde paſſage, to ſurround my fruitfull Theame;
I'le raiſe my thoughts to plead my Makers caſe,
And ſpeake as ſhall befit ſo high a place:
Behold, th'Almighties meeke as well as ſtrong,
Deſtroyes the wicked, rights the Iuſt mans wrong,
Mounts him to honour; If by chance he ſtray,
Inſtructs, and ſhewes him where he loſt his way:
If he returne, his bleſſing ſhall encreaſe,
Crowning his joyes with plenty and ſweet peace;
If not, th'intailed ſword ſhall ne'r depart
His ſtained houſe, but pierce his hardned heart;
Ah ſinfull *Iob*! theſe plagues had never bin,
Had'ſt thou beene guiltleſſe (as thou boaſts) of ſin:
But thy proud lips againſt their Maker plead,
And draw downe heapes of vengeance on thy head:
Looke to thy ſelfe, ſeeke not to underſtand
The ſecret cauſes of th'Eternals hand;
Let wiſedome make the beſt of miſery,
Know who inflicts it, aske no reaſon why:
He will's beyond thy reach, and his Divine
And ſacred knowledge farre ſurpaſſeth thine,
Ah! rather, praiſe him in his workes, that lie
(Wide open to the world) before thine eye;
His meaner Acts, our higheſt thoughts o'retops,
He pricks the clouds ſtils downe the raine by drops;
Who comprehends the lightning, or the thunder?
Who ſees, who heares them, unamaz'd with wonder?
My troubled heart chils in my quivering breſt,
To reliſh theſe things, and is diſpoſſeſt
Of all her powers: who ever heard the voyce
Of th'anggy heavens, unfrighted at the noyſe?

The

The beast by nature daz'd with sudden dread,
Seekes out for covert to secure his head:
If God command, the dusky clouds march forth
Into a Tempest; From the freezing North
He beckens Frost, and Snow; and from the South
He bloweth Whirlewinds with his angry Mouth.
Presumptuous *Iob*! if thou canst not aspire
So high, to comprehend these things, admire.
Know'st thou the progresse of the rambling Clouds?
From mortall eyes, when gloomy darknesse shrouds
The lamps of heaven? know'st thou the reason why?
Can'st thou unriddle Heavens Philosophy?
Know'st thou th'unconstant nature of the weather?
Or whence so many Windes proceed, and whither
Wer't thou made privy, or a stander-by,
When God stretch't forth his spangled Canopy?
Submit thy selfe, and let these secrets teach,
How farre his Myst'ries doe surmount thy reach:
For He's Almighty, and his sacred will
Is just, nor renders an unearned ill:
His workes are objects for no soaring eyes,
But whereso'e're he lookes, he findes none wise.

Meditat. 17.

THe World's an Index to Eternity,
And gives a glance of what our clearer eye,
In time shall see at large; nothing's so slight
Which in it nature sends not forth some light,
Or *Memorandum* of his Makers Glory:
No Dust so vile, but pens an ample story

Of

Of the Almighties power, nor is there that,
Which gives not man just cause to wonder at.
Cast downe thine eyes, behold the pregnant earth,
(Her selfe but one) produceth at one birth
A world of divers natures: From a seed
Entirely one, things hot and cold proceed,
She suckles with one milke, things moist and drie,
Yet in her wombe is no repugnancy.
Or shall thy reason ramble up so high,
To view the Court of wilde Astronony?
Behold the Planets, round about thine eares,
Whirling like fire-balls in their restlesse Spheares,
At one selfe-instant moving severall wayes,
Still measuring out our short, and shorter dayes.
Behold the parts whereon the World consists,
Are limited in their appointed lists,
Without rebellion unapt to vary,
Though being many, divers and contrary:
Looke where we list, above, beneath, or under,
Our eyes shall see to learne, and learne to wonder;
Their depth shall drowne our judgements, and their height,
Besides his wits, shall drive the prime conceit:
Shall then our daring mindes presume t'aspire
To heavens hid Myst'ries shall our thoughts inquire
Into the depth of secrets, unconfounded,
When in the shoare of Nature they were drowned?
Fond man be wise, strive not above thy strength,
Tempt not thy barke beyond her Cables length;
And, like *Prometheus*, filch no sacred fire,
Least Eagles gripe thee: Let thy proud desire
Suit with thy fortunes; Curious mindes, that shall
Mount up with *Phaëton*, shall have *Phaëtons* fall.
Vnbend thy bow betimes, least thou repent
Too late, for it will breake, or else stand bent.

I'le

I'le worke at home, ne'r croſſe the ſcorching Line
In unknowne lands, to ſeeke a hidden Mine:
Plaine Bullion pleaſeth me, I not deſire
Deare Ignots from th'Elixars techy fire;
I'le ſpend my paines (where beſt I may be bold)
To know my ſelfe, wherein I ſhall behold
The world abridg'd, and in that world my Maker,
Beyond which taske I wiſh no Vndertaker.
Great God, by whom it is, what e'r is mine,
Make me thy Viceroy in this world of thine,
So cleare mine eyes, that I may comprehend
My ſlight beginning, and my ſudden end.

THE ARGUMENT.

God queſtions Iob, *and proves that man*
Cannot attaine to things ſo high,
As divine ſecrets, ſince he can
Not reach to Natures; Iobs *reply.*

Sect. 18.

FOrth from the boſome of a murm'ring Cloud,
Heavens great *Iehovah* did at length unſhroud
His Earths-amazing language (equally
Made terrible with Feare and Majeſty)
(Challeng'd the Duell) he did undertake
His grumbling ſervant, and him thus beſpake;
Who, who art thou, that thus doſt pry in vaine,
Into my ſecrets, hoping to attaine,
With murmuring, to things conceal'd from man?
Say (poreblinde mortall) Who art thou that can

Thus clear thy crimes, and dar'st (with vain applause)
Make me Defendant in thy sinfull cause?
Loe, here I am) Engrosse into thy hands
Thy soundest weapons: Answer my demands:
Say, where were thou, when these my hands did lay
The worlds foundation? canst thou tell me? Say.
Was earth not measur'd by this Arme of mine?
Whose hand did aide me? was I help'd by thine?
Where were thou, when the Planets first did blaze,
And in their spheares sang forth their Makers praise?
Who is't that tames the raging of the Seas,
And swathes them up in mists when e'r he please?
Didst thou divide the darknesse from the Light?
Or know'st thou whence *Aurora* takes her flight?
Didst e'r enquire into the Seas Abysse,
Or mark'd the earth of what a bulk she is? (springs?
Know'st thou the place whence Light or Darknesse
Can thy deep age unfold these secret things?
Know'st thou the cause of Snow or haile, which are
My fierce Artill'ry in my time of war?
Who is't that rends the gloomy Clouds in sunder,
Whose sudden rapture strikes forth fire and thunder?
Or who bedewes the earth with gentle showres,
Filling her pregnant soyle with fruits and flowres?
What father got the raine? from what chill wombe
Did frosts, and hard-congealed waters come?
Canst thou restraine faire *Maia's* course, or stint her;
Or sad *Orion* ushering in the Winter?
Will scorching *Cancer* at thy summons come?
Or Sun-burnt Autumne with her fruitfull wombe?
Know'st thou heavens course above, or dost thou
Those gentle influences here below? (know
Who was't inspir'd thy soule with understanding,
And gave thy spirit the spirit of apprehending?

Dost

Doſt thou command the Ciſternes of the Skie
To quench the thirſty ſoile? or is it I?
Nay, let thy practice to the earth deſcend,
Prove there, how far thy power doth extend:
From thy full hand will hungry Lions eate?
Feed'ſt thou the empty Ravens that cry for meat?
Sett'ſt thou the ſeaſon, when the fearfull Hind
Brings forth her painfull birth? Haſt thou aſſign'd
The Mountaine-Goat her Time? Or is it I?
Canſt thou ſubject unto thy ſoveraigntie
The untam'd Vnicorne? Can thy hard hand
Force him to labour on thy fruitfull land?
Didſt thou inrich the Peacock with his Plume?
Or did that Steele-digeſting bird aſſume
His downie Flags from thee? Didſt thou endow
The noble Stallion with his ſtrength? Canſt thou
Quaile his proud courage? See, his angry breath
Puffes nothing forth, but fears, ſumm'd up in death.
Mark with what pride his hornie hoofes doe tabor
The hard reſounding Earth; with how great labour;
How little ground he ſpends: But at the noyſe
And fierce alar'm of the hoarſe Trumpets voice
He breaks the ranks amidſt a thouſand Speares
Pointed with death, undaunted at the feares
Of doubtfull war, he ruſhes like a Ranger,
Through every Troop, and ſcorns ſo brave a danger.
Doe lofty Haggards cleave the flitting Aire,
With Plumes of thy deviſing? Then how dare
Thy ravenous lips thus, thus at randome run,
And countermand what I the Lord have done?
Think'ſt thou to learn (fond mortall) thus, by diving
Into my ſecrets, or to gaine by ſtriving;
Plead then: No doubt but thine will be the Day,
Speak (peeviſh Plaintiffe) if th'aſt ought to ſay.

Job then reply'd: (Great God) I am but Duſt,
My heart is ſinfull, and thy hands are juſt;
I am a Sinner (Lord) my words are wind,
My thoughts are vaine, (Ah Father) I have ſinn'd:
Shall duſt replie? I ſpake too much before,
I'l cloſe theſe lips, and never anſwer more.

Meditat. 18.

O Glorious light! A light unapprehended
By mortall eyes! O Glory, never ended,
Nor e'r created, whence all glory ſprings
In heavenly bodies, and in earthly things!
O Power Immenſe, derived from a Will
Moſt juſt and able to doe all, but ill!
O Eſſence pure, and full of Majeſtie!
Greatneſſe (it ſelfe) and yet no quantity;
Goodneſſe, and without quality; producing
All things from out of Nothing, and reducing
All things to nothing; paſt all comprehending,
Both Firſt and Laſt, and yet without an ending,
Or yet beginning; filling every creature,
And not (it ſelfe) included; above Nature,
Yet not excluded; of it ſelfe ſubſiſting,
And with it ſelfe all other things aſſiſting;
Divided, yet without diviſion;
A perfect Three, yet Three, entirely One;
Both One in Three, and Three in One, together;
Begetting, and begotten, and yet neither;
The Fountaine of all Arts confounding Art;
Both all in All, and all in every part;

Still seeking Glory, and still wanting none;
Though just, yet reaping, where thou ne'r hast sowne.
Great Majestie, since Thou art every where,
O, Why should I misdoubt thy Presence here?
I long have sought thee, but my ranging heart
Ne'r quests, and cannot see thee where thou art;
There's no Defect in thee, thy light hath shin'd,
Nor can be hid, (great God) but I am blind.
O cleare mine eyes, and with thy holy fire
Inflame my breast, and edge my dull desire:
Wash me with Hysope, clense my stained thoughts,
Renew my spirit, blurre forth my secret faults;
Thou tak'st no pleasure in a Sinners death,
For thou art Life, thy Mercy's not beneath
Thy sacred Iustice: Give thy servant power
To seeke aright, and (having sought) discover
Thy glorious Presence; Let my blemisht Eye
See my Salvation yet before I die.
O, then my Dust, that's bowell'd in the ground,
Shall rise with Triumph at the welcome sound
Of my Redeemers earth-awaking Trumpe,
Vnfrighted at the noyse: no sullen Dumpe
Of selfe-confounding Conscience shall affright me,
For he's my Iudge, whose dying blood shall quite me.

The Argument.

GOD speaks to Iob *the second time:*
Iob *yeelds his sinne, repents his crime:*
GOD checks his friends, restores his health,
Gives him new Issue, double wealth.

Sect. 19.

ONce more the mouth of Heavē rapt forth a voyce,
The troubled Firmament was fill'd with noise,
The Rafters of the darkned Skie did shake,
For the Eternall thundred thus, and spake:
Collect thy scattered senses, and advise,
Rouze up (fond man) and answer my Replies.
Wilt thou make Comments on my Text, and must
I be unrighteous, to conclude thee just?
Shall my Decrees be licensed by thee:
What, canst thou thunder with a voyce like Me?
Put on thy Robes of Majesty, Be clad
With as bright glory (*Iob*) as can be had;
Make fierce thy frowns, and with an angry face,
Confound the Proud, and his high thoughts abase,
Pound him to Dust: Doe this, and I will yeeld,
Thou art a God, and needst no other shield.
Behold, the Castle-bearing Elephant,
That wants no bulke, or doth his greatnesse want
An equall strength. Behold his massie bones
Like barres of Yron; like congealed stones,

His knotty ſinewes are; Him have I made,
And given him naturall weapons for his ayde;
High Mountaines beare his food, the ſhady boughes
His Covers are, great Rivers are his Troughes,
Whoſe deep Carouſes would to ſtanders-by
Seeme at a watring to draw Iordan drie: (him?
What skilfull huntſman can with ſtrength out-dare
Or with what Engines can a man enſnare him?
Haſt thou beheld the huge Leviathan,
That ſwarthy Tyrant of the Ocean? Can
Thy bearded hook impierce his Gils, or make him
Thy landed Priſner? Can thy angles take him?
Will he make ſuite for favour from thy hands,
Or be enthralled to thy fierce commands?
Will he be handled as a Bird? or may
Thy fingers binde him for thy childrens play?
Let men be wiſe, for in his lookes he hath
Diſplayed Banners of untimely death.
If Creatures be ſo dreadfull, how is he
More bold than wiſe, that dares encounter Me?
What hand of man can hinder my deſigne?
Are not the Heavens, and all beneath them, mine?
Diſſect the greatneſſe of ſo vaſt a Creature,
By view of ſeverall parts ſumme up his feature:
Like ſhields his Scales are plac't, which neither art
Knowes how to ſunder, nor yet force can part.
His belching rucks forth flames, his moving Eye
Shines like the glory of the morning skie;
His craggy ſinewes are like wreathes of braſſe,
And from his mouth quicke flames of fier paſſe
As from an Oven, the temper of his heart
Is like a Nether-Milſtone, which no Dart
Can pierce, ſecured from the threatning Speare;
Affraid of none, he ſtrikes the world with feare:

The

The Bow-mans brawny arme ſends ſhafts in vaine,
They fall like ſtubble, or bound backe againe:
Stones are his pillow, and the Mud his Downe,
In earth none greater is, nor equall none,
Compar'd with him, all things he doth deride,
And well may challenge to be King of Pride.
So ſaid, th'amazed *Iob* bent downe his eyes
Vpon the ground, and (ſadly) thus replies.
I know (great God) there's nothing hard to Thee,
Thy thoughts are pure, and too too deep for me:
I am a foole, and my diſtempered wits
Longer out-ſtraid my Tongue, than well befits;
My knowledge ſlumbred, while my lips did chat,
And like a Foole, I ſpake I knew not what.
Lord, teach me Wiſedome, leſt my proud Deſire,
Singe her bold feathers in thy Sacred fire;
Mine eare hath oft beene rounded with thy Story,
But now theſe very eyes have ſeene thy glory.
My ſinfull words I not (alone) lament,
But in the horror of my ſoule repent;
Repent with Teares in ſack-cloth, mourne in Duſt;
I am a ſinfull man, and Thou art juſt.
Thou *Eliphaz*, that mak'ſt my ſacred Word
An Engine of Deſpaire, (ſaid then the Lord)
Behold full Viols of my wrath attends
On thee, and on thy two too partiall Friends;
For you have judg'd amiſſe, and have abus'd
My Word to worke your ends, faſly accus'd
My righteous Servant: Of you all there's none
Hath ſpoke uprightly, as my *Iob* hath done.
Haſte then (before my kindling fire begin
To flame) and each man offer for his ſinne
A ſacrifice, by *Iob* my ſervants hand,
And for his ſake, your Offrings ſhall withſtand

The wages of your sinnes, for what can I,
If *Iob*, my servant, make request, deny?
So straight they went, and (after speedy pardon
Desir'd and had) the righteous *Iob* (for guerdion
Of his so tedious Griefe) obtain'd the health
Of a sound body, and increase of wealth;
So that the second harvest of his store,
Was double, that which he enjoy'd before.
E'r this was blazed in the Worlds wide Eares,
(The frozen brests of his familiars,
And cold Allies, being now dissolv'd in Griefe)
His backward friends came to him with reliefe,
To feed his wants, and with sad shouring eyes,
To moane his (yet supposed) Miseries:
Some brought him sheep to blesse his empty Fold,
Some precious Earrings, others, rings of Gold.
God blest his loynes, from whence there sprang again
The number of his children that were slaine;
Nor was there any in the Land so rare
In vertue as his daughters, or so faire.
Long after this he liv'd in peace, to see
His childrens children, to the fourth degree,
Till at the length, cut short by Him that stayes
For none, he dy'd in peace, and full of Dayes.

Meditat. 19.

EVill's the defect of Good, and as a shade,
That's but the ruines of the light decay'd:
It hath no being, nor is understood,
But by the opposition of Good.
What then is man? whose purest thoughts are prest
For Satans warre, which from the tender brest,

With Infant silence have consented to
Such sinfull deeds, as (babes) they could not doe?
What then is man, but Nothing, being Evill,
His Lunatike affections doe unlevell
What Heaven created by just weight and measure;
In pleasures sinke, he takes a swine-like pleasure;
His span of life, and beautie's like a Flower,
Faire flourishing, and fading in an hower.
He breaks into the world with teares, and then
Departs with Griefe, not knowing how, nor when.
His life's a Bubble, full of seeming Bliss,
The more it lengthens, the more short it is;
Begot in darkness, he's brought forth, and cries
For succour, passes o'r the Stage, and dies.
Yet, like a Moale, the earth he undermines,
Making the World the Forge of his designes:
He plots, complots, foresees, prevents, directs,
He hopes, he feares, he doubts, pursues, effects:
Each hath his plot, each one his course doth bend,
Each hath his project, and each one his end.
Thus restlesse man doth still his soule molest
To find out (that which hath no being) Rest;
Thus travels sinfull man in endlesse toyle;
Taking a pleasure in his owne turmoile.
Fond man, first seeke to purchase that divine
And sacred prize, and all the world is thine:
Great *Solomon* made suit for Wisdome, and he found
Not (barely) Wisdome, but that Wisdome crown'd
With Diadems of wealth, and faire encrease
Of Princely Honour, with long dayes of Peace.
(With safe respect, and awfull reverence
To Myst'ries) Meditation doth commence
An earnest doubt: Was *Jobs* dispoyled Flock
Restored double? Was his former Stock

Renew'd with double vantage? Did heaven adde
To all his fortunes double what he had?
Yet those sweet Emblems of his dearest love,
(His sonnes) whom death untimely did remove
From off the face of the unthankfull earth,
Why likewise sprang not they in double birth?
Bruit beasts that perish once, are lost for ever,
Their substance, and their All consumes together.
Once having given a farewell to the light,
They die, and with them is perpetuall night:
But man, (unorgan'd by the hand of Death)
Dies not, is but transplanted from beneath,
Into a fairer soyle, or as a stranger (ger:
Brought home secure, from the worlds pleasing dan-
Jobs flocks were lost, and therefore double given,
His Issue's equall shar'd 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
One halfe in heav'n are glorious in their doome,
Ingag'd as I ledges till the other come.
Great God! my Time's but short, and long my way,
My heart hath lost her Path, and gone astray,
My spirit's faint, and fraile, my soule s imbost,
If thou help not, I am for ever lost;
Though Dust, and Ashes, yet I am thy Creature,
Howe'r my sins are great, thy Mercie's greater:
Of nothing didst thou make me, and my sinne
Hath turn'd me back to nothing, once agin:
Create me a new heart, (great God) inspire
My cold affections with thy sacred fire:
Instruct my Will, and rectifie my Wayes,
O teach me (Lord) to number out my Dayes.

THE

The Digestion of the whole HISTORY.

1 *In Prosperity.*

THou, whose *lanke fortunes* heav'n hath swell'd (with store,
Make not thy selfe, by over-wishing, poore:
Husband that good, which else, abuse makes bad,
Abstracting, where thy base desire would adde:
Lines flowing from a *Sophoclean* quill
Deserve no *Plaudit*, being acted ill.

2 *In Adversitie.*

Hath heav'n withdrawn the *talēt* he hath giv'n thee?
Hath envious Death of all thy Sons bereaven thee?
Have foule Diseases foil'd thee on the floore?
He earnes no sweet, that never tasted sowre:
Thou art a Scholar: if thy Tutor doe
Pose thee too hard, he will instruct thee too.

3 *In Temptation.*

Art thou oppos'd to thy unequall Foe?
March bravely on, thy Generall bids thee Goe;
Thou art heavens Champion to maintain his right;
Who cals thee forth, will give thee strength to fight.
God seeks by conquest, thy renowne; for He
Will win enough, Fight thou, or Faint, or Flee.

4 *In Slander.*

If Winter fortunes nip thy Summer friends,
And tip their tongues with Censure, that offends
Thy tender Name, despaire not, but be wise,
Know Heaven selecteth, whom the world denies:

Thou

Thou haſt a milk-white *Thisby* that's within thee,
Will take thy part when all the world's againſt thee.

5 *In re-advancement.*

Art thou advanc'd to thy ſupreme deſier?
Be ſtill the ſame; Feare Lower, ayme no higher:
Mans Play hath many Sceanes, but in the laſt,
Heaven knits up all; to ſweeten all that's paſt:
Affliction is a Rod, to ſcourge us home,
An'a painfull earneſt of a Heaven to come.

The end.

THE HISTORIE OF SAMSON.

By *Fra: Quarles.*

LONDON,

Printed by MILES FLESHER, for *Iohn Marriot*, in S. *Dunſtans* Church-yard in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

1638.

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1636.

THe tyrannie of my affaires was never yet ſo imperious, but I could ſteale ſome howres to my private Meditations; the fruits of which ſtolne time I heare preſent thee with, in the *Hiſtorie* of *Samſon*: Wherein if thy extreame ſeverity checke at any thing which thou conceiveſt may not ſtand with the Majeſty of this ſacred Subject; know, that my intention was not to offend my brother: The wiſeſt of Kings inſpired by the King of Wiſdome, thought it no detraction from the gravity of his Holy Proverbs, to deſcribe a Harlot like a Harlot, Her whoriſh Attire; her

her immodeſt Geſture; her bold Countenance; her flattering Tongue; her laſcivious Embraces; her unchaſt Kiſſes; her impudent Invitations: If my deſcriptions in the like kinde, offend; I make no queſtion but the validity of my Warrant will give a reaſonable ſatisfaction: Hee that lifts not his feet high enough, may eaſily ſtumble: But on the contrary, if any bee, whoſe worſe than ſacrilegious mindes ſhall prophane our harmleſſe intentions with wanton conceits, to ſuch I heartily wiſh, a *Procul Ite*, Let none ſuch looke farther than this Epiſtle, at their owne perils: If they doe, let them put off their ſhooes, for *this is holy Ground*: Foule hands will muddle the cleareſt waters; and baſe mindes will

corrupt

corrupt the pureſt Text: If any offence be taken, it is by way of ſtealth, for there is none willingly given: I write to *Bees*, and not to *Spiders*: they will ſuck pleaſing honey from ſuch flowers: Theſe may burſt with their owne poyſon: but you, whoſe well-ſeaſon'd hearts are not diſtempered with either of theſe extremities, but have the better reliſh of a Sacred underſtanding; draw neare, and reade.

I Sing th'illuſtrious and renowned Story
Of mighty Samſon; *The eternall glory*
Of his Heroicke acts: His life, His death:
Quicken my Muſe with thy diviner breath,
Great God of Muſes, that my proſp'rous Rimes
May live and laſt to everlaſting times;
That they unborne, may in this ſacred Story,
Admire thy goodneſſe, and advance thy glory.

THE

THE HISTORIE OF SAMSON.

THE ARGUMENT.

A holy Angell doth salute
The wife of Manoah, *and inlarge*
Her barren wombe with promis's fruit
Of both their loynes. The Angels charge.

Sect. 1.

WIthin the Tents of *Zorah* dwelt a man
Of *Jacobs* seed, and of the Tribe of *Dan*,
Knowne by the name of *Manoah*; to whom
Heaven had deny'd the treasure of the wombe;
His Wife was barren; and her prayers could not
Remove that great reproach, or cleanse that blot
Which on her fruitlesse name appear'd so foule,
Not to encrease the Tribe of *Dan* one soule:
Long had she doubles, stroven with heaven by prai'rs
Made strong with tears and sighs; hopes and dispairs;

No doubt had often tortur'd her desire
Vpon a Rack compos'd of frost and fire:
But heaven was pleas'd to turne his deafned eares
Against those prai'rs, made strong with sighs & teares:
She often pray'd; but pray'rs could not obtaine:
Alas, she pray'd, she wept, she sigh'd in vaine:
She pray'd, no doubt, but pray'rs could find no roome
They prov'd, alas, as barren as her wombe.

Vpon a time (when her unanswer'd pray'r
Had now given just occasion of despaire,
(Even when her bed-rid faith was grown so fraile,
That very hope grew heartlesse to prevaile)
Appear'd an Angell to her; In his face,
Terrour and sweetnesse labour'd for the place:
Sometimes his Sun-bright eyes would shine so fierce,
As if their pointed beams would even pierce
Her soule, and strike th'amaz'd beholder dead:
Sometimes, their glory would dispersse, and spread
More easie flames; and, like the Star, that stood
O'r *Bethlem*, promise and portend some good:
Mixt was his bright aspect; as if his breath
Had equall errands both of life and death:
Glory and Mildnesse seemed to contend
In his faire eyes, so long, till in the end,
In glorious mildnesse, and in milder glory,
He thus salutes her with this pleasing story: (not;

« Woman; Heaven greets thee well: Rise up & fear
« Forbeare thy faithlesse tremblings; I appeare not
« Clad in the Vestments of consuming fire;
« Cheare up, I have no warrant to enquire
« Into thy sins; I have no Vials here,
« Nor dreadfull Thunder bolts to make thee fear:
« I have no plagues t'inflict; nor is my breath
« Charg'd with destruction; or my hand with death.

« No,

No, no; cheare up, I come not to deſtroy;
I come to bring thee tydings of great joy:
Rouze up thy dull beliefe; for I appeare
To exerciſe thy Faith, and not thy Feare:
The Guide, and great Creator of all things,
Chiefe Lord of Lords, and Supreme King of Kings,
« To whom an Hoſt of men are but a ſwarme
« Of murm'ring Gnats; whoſe high prevailing arme
« Can cruſh ten thouſand worlds, and at one blow
« Can ſtrike the earth to nothing, and o'r-throw
« The Lofts of Heaven, He that hath the Keyes
« Of wombes, to ſhut, and ope them when he pleaſe;
« He that can all things, that he will, this day,
« Is pleas'd to take thy long reproach away:
« Behold; thy Womb's inlarg'd; and thy deſires
« Shall finde ſucceſſe: Before long time expires,
« Thou ſhalt conceive: Ere twice five months be run,
« Be thou the joyfull mother of a ſonne;
« But ſee, thy wary palate doe forbeare
« The juyce of the bewitching Grape; Beware,
« Leſt thy deſires tempt thy lips to Wine,
« Which muſt be faithfull ſtrangers to the Vine.
« Strong drinke thou muſt not taſte, and all ſuch meat
« The Law proclaimes uncleane, refraine to eate:
« And when the fruit of thy reſtored Wombe
« Shall ſee the light, take heed no Raſor come
« Vpon his fruitfull head; for from his birth,
« Soone as the Wombe entruſts him on the earth,
« The childe ſhall be a Nazarite, to God;
« By whoſe appointment, he ſhall prove a Rod,
« To ſcourge the proud Philiſtians, and recall
« Poore ſuffring Iſrael from their ſlaviſh thrall.

Meditat. 2.

HOw impudent is Nature to account
Thoſe acts her owne, that doe ſo farre ſurmount
Her eaſie reach! How purblinde are thoſe eyes
Of ſtupid mortals, that have power to riſe
No higher than her lawes, who takes upon her
The worke; and robs the *Author* of his honour!
Seeſt thou the fruitfull *Wombe*? How every yeare
It moves thy Cradle, to thy ſlender cheare
Invites another Gueſt, and makes thee Father
To a new Sonne, who now, perchance, hadſt rather
Bring up the old, eſteeming propagation
A thankleſſe worke of Supererogation:
Perchance the formall Mid-wife ſeemes to thee
Leſſe welcome now, than ſhe was wont to bee:
Thou ſtandſt amaz'd to heare ſuch needfull Ioy,
And car'ſt as little for it, as the Boy
That's newly borne into the world; nay worſe
Perchance thou grumbleſt, counting it a curſe
Vnto thy faint eſtate, which is not able
T'increaſe the bountie of thy ſlender Table:
Poore miſerable man what e'r thou bee,
I ſuffer for thy crooked thoughts not thee:
Thou tak'ſt thy children to be gifts of nature;
Their wit, their flouring beautie, comely ſtature,
Their perfect health, their daintie diſpoſition,
Their vertues, and their eaſie acquiſition
Of curious Arts, their ſtrengths attain'd perfection
You attribute to that benigne complexion,

Where

Wherewith your Goddesse Nature hath indow'd
Their well-disposed Organs; and are proud,
And here your Goddesse leaves you, to deplore,
That such admir'd perfections should be poore:
Advance thine eyes, no lesse than wilfull blinde,
And with thine eyes, advance thy drooping minde:
Correct thy thoughts; Let not thy wondring eye
Adore the servant, when the Master's by:
Looke on the God of Nature: From him come
These underprized blessings of the wombe:
He makes thee rich in children; whē his store (poor?
Crownes thee with wealth, why mak'st thou thy selfe
He opes the wombe; why then shouldst thou repine?
They are his children, mortall, and not thine:
We are but Keepers; And the more he lends
To our tuition, he the more commends
Our faithfull trust; It is not every one
Deserves that honour, to command his Sonne.
She counts it as a fortune, that's allow'd
To nurse a Prince; (What nurse would not be proud
Of such a Fortune?) And shall we repine,
Great God, to foster any Babe of thine?
But 'tis the Charge we feare: our stock's but small;
If Heaven, with children, send us wherewithall
To stop their craving stomacks, then we care not;
Great God!
How hast thou cracke thy credit, that we dare not
Trust thee for bread? How is't, we dare not venture
To keep thy Babes, unlesse thou please to enter
In bond for payment? Art thou growne so poore,
To leave thy famisht Infants at our doore;
And not allow them food? Canst thou supply
The empty Ravens, and let thy children die?
Send me that stint, thy wisdome shall thinke fit,

Thy pleasure is my will; and I submit:
Make me deserve that honour thou hast lent
To my fraile trust, and I will rest content.

THE ARGUMENT.

The wife of Manoah *attended*
with fearfull Hope, and hopefull Feare,
The joyfull tydings recommended
To her amazed Husbands eare.

Sect. 2.

THus, when the great Embassadour of Heaven
Had done that sacred service which was given,
And trusted to his faithfull charge, he spred
His ayre-dividing pinions, and fled:
But now, th'affrighted woman apprehends
The strangenesse of the Message; recommends
Both it, and him that did it, to her feares;
The newes was welcome to her gratefull eares,
But what the newes-man was did so increase (peace)
Her doubts, that her strange hopes could finde no
For when her hopes would build a Tower of joy,
O, then her feares would shake it, and destroy
The maine foundation; What her hopes in vaine
Did raise, her feares would ruinate againe:
One while she thought, It was an Angell sent;
And then her feares would teach her to repent
That frightfull thought; but when she deeply waigh'd
The joyfull message, then her thoughts obey'd
Her first conceit; Distracted with confusion,
Sometimes she fear'd it was a false delusion,

Suggested

Suggested in her too beleeving eares;
Sometimes she doubts it was a Dreame, that beares
No waight, but in a slumber, till at last,
Her feet, advised by her thoughts, made haste
Vnto her husband; in whose eare she brake
This mind-perplexing secret thus, and spake:
Sir,
« As my discursive thoughts did lately muse
« On those great blessings wherewith heavé doth use
« To crowne his children here; among the rest,
« Me thoughts no one could make a wife more blest,
« And crown her youth, her age with greater measure
« Of true content, than the unprized treasure
« Of her chaste womb: but as my thoughts were bent
« Vpon this subject, being in our Tent,
« And none but I, appear'd before mine eyes
« A man of God: his habit, and his guise
« Was such as holy Prophets use to weare,
« But in his dreadfull looks there did appeare
« Something that made me tremble; in his eye
« Mildnesse was mixt with awfull Majestie:
« Strange was his language, and I could not chuse
« But feare the man, although I lik'd his newes:
Woman (said he) Chear up, and doe not feare;
I have no Vials, nor no judgements here:
My hand hath no Commission, to enquire
Into thy sinnes; nor am I clad in fire:
I come to bring thee tidings of such things,
As have their warrant from the King of Kings;
Thou shalt conceive, and when thy time is come,
Thou shalt enjoy the blessings of thy wombe:
Before the space of twice five months be runne,
Thou shalt become the Parent of a Sonne;
Till then, take heed, thou neither drink nor eate,

Wines, or ſtrong drink, or Law-forbidden meat,
For when this promis'd Child ſhall ſee the light,
Thou ſhalt be mother to a Nazarite.
« While thus he ſpake, I trembled: Horrid feare
« Vſurpt my quivering heart; onely mine eare
« Was pleas'd to be the Veſſell of ſuch newes,
« Which Heaven make good, and give me ſtrength to
« My better Faith: The holy Prophets name
« I was afraid t'enquire, or whence he came.

Meditat. 2.

AND doſt thou not admier? Can ſuch things
Obtaine leſſe priviledge, than a Tale, that bring
The audience wonder, entermixt with pleaſure?
Is't a ſmall thing, that Angels can find leiſure
To leave their bleſſed ſeats, where face to face
They ſee their God, and quit that heavenly place;
The leaſt conception of whoſe joy, and mirth,
Tranſcends th'united pleaſures of the earth?
Muſt Angels leave their Thrones of glory thus,
To watch our footſteps, and attend on us?
How good a God have we! whoſe eyes can winke,
For feare they ſhould diſcover the baſe ſinke
Of our loath'd ſinnes; How doth he ſtop his eare,
Leſt when they call for Iuſtice, he ſhould heare?
How often, ah, how often doth He ſend
His willing Angels, hourely to attend
Our ſteps; and with his bounty, to ſupply
Our helpleſſe wants, at our falſe-hearted cry?

The

The bounteous Ocean with a liberall hand,
Transports her laden treasure, to the land;
Enriches every Port, and makes each towne
Proud with that wealth, which now she cals her own;
And what returne they for so great a gaine,
But sinks and noisome Gutters, back againe?
Even so (great God) thou sendst thy blessings in,
And we returne thee Dunghils of our sinne:
How are thy Angels hackney'd up and downe
To visit man? How poorly doe we crowne
Their blessed labours? They with Ioy, dismount
Laden with blessings, but returne th'account
Of Filth and Trash: They bring th'unvalued prize
Of Grace and promis'd Glory, while our eies
Disdaine these heavenly Factours, and refuse
Their proffer'd wares; affecting, more, to chuse
A graine of pleasure, than a Iemme of glory;
We find no Treasure, but in Transitorie
And earth-bred toyes, while things immortall stand
Like garments, to be sold at second hand:
Great God, Thou know'st we are but flesh and blood;
Alas! we can interpret nothing, good,
But what is evill, deceitfull are our Ioyes;
We are but children, and we whine for Toyes:
Of things unknowne there can be no desire;
Quicken our hearts with the celestiall fire
Of thy discerning Spirit, and we shall know
Both what is good, and good defier too.
Vouchsafe to let thy blessed Angel come,
And bring the tidings, that the barren wombe
Of our affections is inlarg'd; O when
That welcome newes shall be revealed, then,
Our soules shall soone conceive, and bring thee forth
The firstlings of a new, and holy birth.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah's wonder turnes to zeale;
his zeale, to pray'r: his pray'rs obtaine:
The Angel that did late reveale
the joyfull newes, returnes againe.

Sect. 3.

NOw when th'amazed woman had commended
Her tongue to silence, and her tale was ended;
Perplexed *Manoah*, ravisht at the newes,
Within himselfe he thus began to muse:
« Strange is the message! and as strangely done!
« Shall *Manoah's* loines be fruitfull? Shall a Sonne
« Blesse his last dayes? Or shall an Issue come
« From the chill Closet of a barren wombe?
« Shall *Manoah's* wife give suck? and now, at last
« Finde pleasure, when her prime of youth is past?
« Shall her cold womb be now, in age restor'd?
« And was't a *Man of God*, that brought the word?
« Or was't some false delusion, that possest
« The weakenesse of a lonely womans brest?
« Or was't an Angell, sent from heaven, to show
« What heaven hath will, as well as pow'r, to doe.
Till then thou must refraine to drink, or eate,
Wines and strong drink, and Law-forbidden meat:
« Evill Angels rather would instruct to Riot,
« They use not to prescribe so strict a Diet;
« No, no, I make no further question of it,
« 'Twas some good Angell, or some holy Prophet.

« Thus,

« Thus, having mus'd a while, he bow'd his face
« Vpon the ground; and (proſtrate in the place,
« Where firſt he heard the welcome tydings) pray'd
« (His wonder now transform'd to zeale) and ſaid:
« Great God; thou haſt ingag'd thy ſelfe, by Vow,
« When e'r thy little Iſrael begs, to bow
« Thy gracious eare; O hearken to the leaſt
« Of Iſrael's ſonnes, and grant me my requeſt:
« By thee I live and breathe: Thou didſt become
« My gracious God, both in, and from the wombe;
« Thy precious favours I have ſtill poſſeſt,
« And have depended on thee, from the Breſt:
« My ſimple Infancie hath beene protected
« By thee, my Child-hood taught, my youth corre-
« And ſweetly chaſtned with thy gentle Rod; (cted,
« I was no ſooner, but thou wert my God:
« All times declare thee good; this very houre
« Can teſtifie the greatneſſe of thy power,
« And promptneſſe of thy Mercy, which haſt ſent
« This bleſſed Angel to us, to augment
« The Catalogue of thy favours, and reſtore
« Thy ſervants wombe, whoſe hopes had even given
« T'expect an Iſſue: What thou haſt begun, (o're
« Proſper, and perfect, till the worke be done:
« Let not my Lord be angry, if I crave
« A boone, too great for me to beg, or have:
« Let that bleſt Angel, that thou ſent'ſt, of late,
« Reble ſſe us with his preſence, and relate
« Thy Will at large, and what muſt then be done,
« When time ſhall bring to light this promis'd ſonne.

About that time, when the declining Lampe
Trebles each ſhadow: when the Evening dampe
Begins to moiſten, and refreſh the land,
The Wife of *Manoah* under whoſe command

The

The weaned Lambes did feed) being lowly ſeated
Vpon a Shrub (where often ſhe repeated
That pleaſing newes, the ſubject of her thought)
Appear'd the Angel: he, that lately brought
Thoſe bleſſed tydings to her: up ſhe roſe;
Her ſecond feare had warrant to diſpoſe
Her nimble footſteps to unwonted haſte;
Shee runnes with ſpeed, (ſhe cannot runne too faſt)
At length ſhe findes her husband; In her eyes
Were Ioy and Feare; whil'ſt her loſt breath denies
Her ſpeech to him, her trembling hands make ſignes;
Shè puffs and pants; her breathleſſe tongue disjoynes
Her broken words: *Behold, behold,* (ſaid ſhe)
The man of God, (if man of God he be)
Appear'd againe: Theſe very eyes beheld
The man of God: I left him in our field.

Medita.

Medit. 3.

HEav'n is Gods Magazen; wherein, he hath
Soor'd up his Vials both of love, and wrath;
Iuſtice and Mercy waite upon his Throne;
Favours and Thunderbolts attend upon
His ſacred Will and Pleaſure; Life and Death
Doe both receive their influence from his breath;
Iudgements attend his left; at his right hand
Bleſſings and everlaſting Pleaſures ſtand:
Heav'n is the Magazen; wherein, he puts
Both good and evill; Pray'r is the Key, that ſhutts
And opens this great Treaſure; 'Tis a Key,
Whoſe Warrs are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.
Wouldſt thou prevent a judgement due to ſinne?
Turne but the Key, and thou maiſt lock it in:
Or wouldſt thou have a Bleſſing fall upon thee?
Open the doore, and it will ſhowre on thee.
Can Heav'n be falſe? or can th'Almightie tongue,
That is all very truth, doe truth that wrong,
Not to performe a vow? His lips have ſworne,
Sworne by himſelfe, that if a Sinner turne
To him by pray'r; his pray'r ſhall not be loſt
For want of eare; nor his deſier, croſt:
How is it then we often aske and have not?
We aske, and often miſſe, becauſe we crave not
The things we ſhould: His wiſedome can foreſee
Thoſe bleſſings, better, that we want, than we.
Haſt thou not heard a peeviſh Infant baule,
To gaine poſſeſſion of a Knife? And ſhall

Th'in-

Th'indulgent Nurſe be counted wiſely kinde,
If ſhe be mov'd to pleaſe his childiſh minde?
Is it no greater wiſedome to deny
The ſharp-edg'd knife, and to preſent his eye
With a fine harmeleſſe Puppit? We require
Things, oft, unfit; and our too fond deſire
Faſtens on goods, that are but glorious ils;
Whil'ſt Heav'ns high wiſdome contradicts our wils,
With more advantage, for we oft receive
Things that are farre more fit, for us, to have:
Experience tels; we ſeeke, and cannot finde:
We ſeeke, and often want, becauſe we binde
The Giver to our times: He knowes we want
Patience; and therefore he ſuſpends his grant;
T'encreaſe our faith, that ſo we may depend
Vpon his hand; he loves to heare us ſpend
Our childiſh mouthes: Things eaſily obtain'd
Are lowly priz'd; but what our prayers have gain'd
By teares and groanes, that cannot be expreſt,
Are farre more deare, and ſweeter, than poſſeſt.
Great God! Whoſe power hath ſo oft prevail'd
Againſt the ſtrength of Princes, and haſt quail'd
Their prouder ſtomacks; with thy breath diſcrown'd
Their heads, & throwne their Scepters to the ground;
Striking their ſwelling hearts with cold deſpaire,
How art thou conquer'd and o'rcome by Pray'r!
Infuſe that Spirit, Great God, into my heart,
And I will have a Bleſſing ere we part.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah desires to know the fashion
And breeding of his promis'd sonne:
To whom the Angell makes relation
Of all things needfull to be done.

Sect. 4.

WIth that the Danite rose, and being guided
By his perplexed wife, they, both divided
Their heedlesse paces, till they had attain'd
The field, wherein the *Man of God* remain'd:
And, drawing nearer to his presence, stay'd
His weary steps, and, with obeysance, said:
« Art thou the man, whose blessed lips foretold
« Those joyfull tidings? Shall my tongue be bold,
« Without the breach of manners to request
« This boone, Art thou that Prophet, that possest
« This barren woman, with a hope, that she
« Shall beare a sonne? He answered, « I am He:
Said *Manoah* then, « Let not a word of thine
« Be lost; let them continue to divine
« Our future happinesse; let them be crown'd
« With truth, and thou with honour, to be found
« A holy Prophet: Let performance blesse
« And speed thy speeches with a faire successe:
« But tell me, Sir; when this great work is done,
« And time shall bring to light this promis'd Sonne,
« What sacred Ceremonies shall we use?
« What Rites? What way of breeding shall we chuse

« To ob-

« T'obserue? What holy course of life shall he
« Be trained in? What shall his Office be?
Whereat th'attentive Angell did divide
The portall of his lips, and thus reply'd:
« The Child, that from thy fruitfull loyns shal come
« Shall be a holy Nazarite from the wombe;
« Take heed; that womb, that shall inclose this child,
« In no case be polluted or defil'd
« With Law-forbidden meats: Let her forbeare
« To taste those things that are forbidden there.
« The bunch-back Camell shall be no repast
« For her; her palate shall forbeare to taste
« The burrow-haunting Coney, and decline
« The swiftfoot-Hare, and mire-delighting Swine;
« The griping Gosmauke; and the towring Eagle;
« The particoloured Pye must not inveigle
« Her lips to move; the brood-devouring Kite;
« The croaking Raven; th'Owle that hates the light;
« The steele-dagelling bird; the lazie Snaile;
« The Cuckow, ever telling of one tale;
« The fish-consuming Osprey, and the Want
« That undermines; the greedy Cormorant;
« Th'indulgent Pellican, the predicious Crow;
« The chattering Stork, and the ravenous Vulter too;
« The thorne-backt Hedgehog, and the prating Iay;
« The Lapwing, flying still the other way;
« The lofty-flying Falkon, and the Mouse,
« That finds no pleasure in a poore mans house:
« The suck-egge Weasell, and the winding Swallow,
« From these she shall abstaine, and not unhallow
« Her op'ned lips with their polluted flesh;
« Strong drink she must forbeare, and to refresh
« Her lingring Palate, with lust-breeding Wine;
« The Grape, or what proceedeth from the Vine,

« She

« She must not taste, for feare she be defil'd,
« And so pollute her womb-encloſed child:
« When time ſhall make her mother of a Sonne,
« Beware no keen-edg'd Raiſor come upon
« His Hallowed Crowne: the haire upon his head
« Muſt not be cut: his bounteous locks muſt ſpread
« On his broad ſhoulders: Frō his firſt drawn breath
« The Child ſhall be a Nazarite, to his death.

Meditat. 4.

WHat ſhallow judgement, or what eaſie braine
Can chooſe but laugh at thoſe that ſtrive in vaine
To build a Tower, whoſe ambitious Spire
Should reach to heaven? what foole would not admire
To ſee their greater folly? who would raiſe
A Tower, to perpetuate the praiſe
And laſting glory of their renowned name,
What have they left, but Monuments of ſhame?
How poore and ſlender are the enterpriſes
Of man, that onely whiſpers and adviſes
With heedleſſe fleſh and blood, and never makes
His God, of counſell, where he undertakes!
How is our God and we of late falne out!
We rather chooſe to languiſh in our doubt,
Than be reſolv'd by him: We rather uſe
The help of hell-bred wizzards, that abuſe
The ſtyle of wiſe men, than to have recourſe
To him that is the Fountaine and the ſourſe
Of all good Counſels, and from whom proceeds
A living Spring, to water all our needs:

How willing are his Angels to defcend
From off their Throne of Glory, and attend
Vpon our wants ! How oft returne they back
Mourning to Heaven, as if they griev'd for lack
Of our imployment ! O how prone are they
To be assistant to us every way !
Have we just cause to joy ? they'l come and sing
About our beds : does any judgement bring
Iust cause of griefe ? they'll fall a grieving too ;
Doe we triumph ? their joyfull mouth will blow
Their louder Trumpets ; Or doe feares affect us ?
They'll guard our heads from danger, and protect us:
Are we in prison, or in Persecution ?
They'll fill our hearts with joy, and resolution:
Or doe we languish in our sickly beds ?
They'll come and pitch their Tents about our heads ;
See they a sinner penitent, and mourne
For his bewail'd offences, and returne, (cen,
They clap their hands, and joyne their warbling voy-
They sing, and all the Quire of heaven rejoyces.
What is in us poore Dust and Ashes, Lord,
That thou shouldst looke upon us, and afford
Thy precious favours to us, and impart
Thy gracious Counsels ? what is our desert,
But Death and Horror ? What can we more clame
Than they, that now are scorching in that flame,
That hath nor moderation, rest, nor end ?
How does thy mercy, above thought extend
To them thou lov'st ! teach me (great God) to prize
Thy sacred Counsels ; open my blind eyes,
That I may see to walk the perfect way ;
For as I am, Lord, I am apt to stray
And wander to the gulfe of endlesse woe :
Teach me what must be done, and help to doe.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah desires to understand,
but is deny'd the Angels Name.
He offers by the Angels hand:
the Angel vanishes in a flame.

Sect. 5.

SO said, The sonne of Israel, (easily apt
To credit, what his soule desir'd, and rapt
With better hopes, which serv'd him as a guide
To his beliefe, o'rjoy'd) he thus reply'd;
« Let not the Man of God, whose heavenly voyce
« Hath blest mine eare, and made my soule rejoyce,
« Beyond expression, now refuse to come
« Within my Tent, and honour my poore home
« With his desired presence; there to taste
« His servants slender dyet, and repast
« Vpon his Rurall fare: These hands shall take
« A tender Kid from out the flocks, and make
« (Without long tarryance) some delightfull meate
« Which may invite the Man of God to eate:
« Come, come (my Lord) and what defect of food
« Shall be, thy servants welcome shall make good:
Whereto the Angel (who as yet had made
Himselfe unknowne) re-answer'd thus, and said:
« Excuse me: though thy hospitable love
« Prevaile to make me stay, it cannot move
« My thankfull lips to taste thy liberall cheare;
« Let not thy bounty urge in vaine; Forbeare

« To strive with whom thy welcome cannot leade
« To eate thy Kid, or taste thy profer'd bread;
« Convert thy bounty to a better end,
« And let thy undefiled hands commend
« A burnt oblation to the King of Kings;
« 'Tis he deserves the thankes; his servant brings
« But that bare message, which his lips enjoyne;
« His be the glory of the Act, not mine.
Said then the Israelite; « If my desire
« Be not too over-rash, but may conspire
« With thy good pleasure, let thy servants eare
« Be honour'd with thy name, that whensoe'r
« These blessed tydings (that possesse my heart
« With firme beliefe) shall in due time impart
« Their full perfection, and desir'd successe
« To my expecting eye, my soule may blesse
« The tongue that brought the message, and proclaim
« An equall honour to his honour'd name.
To whom the Angel (whose severer brow
Sent forth a frowne) made answer; « Doe not thou
« Trouble thy busie thoughts with things, that are
« Above thy reach; enquire not too farre;
« My name is cloth'd in mists; 'tis not my taske
« To make it knowne to thee; nor thine, to aske.
With that the Danite tooke a tender Kid,
And said, my Lord, « The Tribe of Dan's forbid
« To burne an offering; onely Levites may,
« And holy Prophets; if thou please to lay
« The sacrifice on yonder sacred Stone,
« I'le fetch thee fire, for fire there is none:
« Forbeare thy needlesse paines, (the Angel said)
« Heaven will supply that want; With that he laid
The offering on; and, from the stone, there came
A sudden fire, whose high-ascending flame

Burnt

Burnt and conſum'd th'acceptable Sacrifice;
Now whil'ſt th'amaz'd beholders wondring eyes
Were taken Captives with ſo ſtrange a ſight,
And whil'ſt the new-wrought miracle did affright
Their trembling hearts, the Man of God (whoſe name
Muſt not b'inquired) vaniſh in the flame,
And left them both unable to expound
Each others feares; both groveling on the ground.

Medit. 5.

A Thankfull heart hath earn'd one favour twice;
But he that is ungratefull wants, no vice:
The beaſt, that onely lives the life of Senſe,
Prone to his ſeverall actions and propenſe
To what he does, without th'advice of will
Guided by Nature, (that does nothing ill)
In practicke *Maximes*, proves it a thing hatefull,
T'accept a favour, and to live ungratefull:
But man, whoſe more diviner ſoule hath gain'd
A higher ſtep to reaſon: Nay, attain'd
A higher ſtep than that, the light of grace,
Come ſhort of them, and in that point, more baſe
Than they, moſt prompt and perfect in that rude
Vnnaturall, and high ſinne, *Ingratitude*:
The ſtall-fed Oxe, that is growne fat, will know
His carefull feeder, and acknowledge too:
The prouder Stallion will at length eſpie
His Maſters bounty, in his keepers eye:
The ayre-dividing Faulkon, will requite
Her Faulkners paines, with a well-pleaſing flight:

The generous Spaniell loves his Masters eye,
Aud licks his fingers, though no meate be by;
But Man, ungratefull Man, that's borne and bred
By Heav'ns immediate pow'r; maintain'd and fed
By his providing hand; observ'd, attended
By his indulgent grace; preserv'd, defended
By his prevailing arme; this Man, I say,
Is more ungratefull, more obdure than they:
By him we live and move, from him we have
What blessings he can give, or we can crave:
Food for our hunger; Dainties for our pleasure;
Trades, for our businesse; Pastimes, for our leasure;
In griefe he is our Ioy; in want, our Wealth;
In bondage, Freedome; and in sickneſſe, Health;
In peace, our Counsell; and in warre, our Leader;
At Sea, our Pilot; and in Suits, our Pleader;
In paine, our Helpe; in triumph, our Renowne;
In life, our Comfort; and in death, our Crowne;
Yet man, ô most ungratefull Man, can ever
Enjoy the gift, but never minde the Giver;
And like the Swine, though pamper'd with enough,
His eyes are never higher than the Trough:
We still receive; our hearts we seldome lift
To Heaven; but drowne the Giver in the Gift;
We taste the Skollops, and returne the Shels:
Our sweet Pomegranats want their silver Bels:
We take the Gift; the hand that did present it
We oft reward; forget the Friend that sent it.
A blessing given to thanke, will not disburse
Some thankes, is little better than a curse.
Great Giver of all blessings, thou that art
The Lord of Gifts, give me a gratefull heart:
O give me that, or keep thy favours from me:
I wish no blessings, with a Vengeance to me.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

Affrighted Manoah and his wife
lowly prostrate on the naked earth:
Both rise: The Man despaires of life;
the woman cheares him: Samsons birth.

Sect. 6.

WHen time, (whose progresse moderates & out-
(weares
Th'extreamest passions of the highest fears)
By his benigne power, had re-inlarg'd
Their captive senses, and at length discharg'd
Their frighted thoughts, the trembling couple rose
From their unquiet, and disturb'd repose.
Have you beheld a *Tempest*, how the waves
(Whose unresisted tyranny out-braves
And threats to grapple with the darkned Skies)
How like to moving Mountaines they arise
From their distempred *Ocean*, and assaile
Heav'ns *Battlements*; nay, when the winds doe faile
To breathe another blast, with their owne motion,
They still are swelling, and disturbe the Ocean:
Even so the Danite and his trembling wife,
Their yet confused thoughts are still at strife
In their perplexed brests, which entertain'd
Continued feares too strong to be refrain'd:
Speechlesse they stood, till *Manoah* that brake
The silence first, disclos'd his lips and spake:
« What strange aspect was this, that to our sight
« Appear'd so terrible, and did affright

« Our ſcattering thoughts? what did our eyes behold?
« I feare our laviſh tongues have been too bold:
« What ſpeeches paſt between us? Can'ſt recall
« The words we entertain'd the time withall?
« It was no man; It was no fleſh and blood;
« Me thought mine eares did tingle, while he ſtood
« And commun'd with me: at each word he ſpake,
« Me thought, my heart recoyl'd; his voice did ſhake
« My very ſoule, but when as he became
« So angry, and ſo dainty of his name,
« O, how my wonder-ſmitten heart began
« To faile! O, then I knew it was no man:
« No, no, it was the face of God; Our eyes
« Have ſeene his face: (who ever ſaw't, but dyes?)
« We are but dead; Death dwels within his eye,
« And we have ſeen't, and we ſhall ſurely die;
Whereto the Woman (who did either hide,
Or elſe had overcome her fears) reply'd:
« Deſpairing Man; take courage, and forbeare
« Theſe falſe predictions; there's no cauſe of feare:
« Would heaven accept our offerings, and receive
« Our holy things; and, after that, bereive
« His ſervants of their lives? Can he be thus
« Pleas'd with our offerings, unappeas'd with us?
« Hath he not promis'd that the time ſhall come,
« Wherein the fruits of my reſtored wombe
« Shall make thee father to a hopefull ſonne?
« Can heaven be falſe? or can theſe things be done
« When we are dead? No, no, his holy breath
« Had ſpent in vaine, if they had meant our death:
« Recall thy needleſſe feares; Heaven cannot lie;
« Although we ſaw his face, we ſhall not die.
So ſaid, they brake off their diſcourſe, and went,
He to the field, and ſhe into her Tent:

Thrice forty dayes not full compleat, being come,
Within th'encloſure of her quickned wombe,
The Babe began to ſpring; and with his motion
Confirm'd the faith, and quickned the devotion
Of his beleeving parents, whoſe devout
And heaven-aſcending Orizons, no doubt,
Were turn'd to thanks, and heart-rejoycing praiſe,
To holy Hymnes, and heavenly Roundelaies:
The child grows ſturdy, every day gives ſtrength
Vnto his wombe-fed limmes; till at the length
Th'apparent mother having paſt the date
Of her accompt, does onely now await
The happy houre, wherein ſhe may obtaine
Her greateſt pleaſure, with her greateſt paine.
When as the faire directreſſe of the night
Had thrice three times repair'd her waining light,
Her wombe no longer able to retaine
So great a gueſt, betraid her to her paine,
And for the toylſome work that ſhe had done,
She found the wages of a new-borne Sonne:
Samſon ſhe call'd his name: the child encreaſt,
And hourly ſuckt a bleſſing with the breaſt;
Daily his ſtrength did double: he began
To grow in favour both with God and Man:
His well-attended Infancy was bleſt
With ſweetneſſe; In his childhood he expreſt
True ſeeds of honour; and his youth was crown'd
With high and brave adventures, which renown'd
His honour'd name; his courage was ſupply'd
With mighty ſtrength: his haughty ſpirit defi'd
An hoaſt of men; his power had the praiſe
'Bove all that were before, or ſince his dayes:
And to conclude, Heav'n never yet conjoyn'd
So ſtrong a body, with ſo ſtout a mind.

Meditat.

Meditat. 6.

HOw precious were those blessed dayes, wherein
Soules never startled at the name of Sin!
When as the voyce of death had never yet
A mouth to open, or to claime a debt!
When bashfull nakednesse forbare to call
For needlesse skins to cover shame withall;
When as the fruit-encreasing earth obey'd
The will of man, without the wounding spade,
Or help of Art! When he, that now remaines
A cursed Captive to infernall chaines,
Sate singing Anthems in the heavenly Quire,
Among his fellow Angels! When the Bryer,
The fruitlesse bramble, the fast growing weed,
And downy Thistle had, as yet, no seed!
When labour was not knowne, and man did care
The earths faire fruits, unearned with his sweat!
When wombs might have conceiv'd, without the stain
Of sin, and brought forth children without paine!
When Heaven could speak to mans unfrighted eare
Without the sense of Sin-begotten feare!
How golden were those dayes? How happy than
Was the condition, and the State of Man!
But Man obey'd not: and his proud desire
Cing'd her bold feathers in forbidden fire:
But Man transgrest; and now his freedome feeles
A sudden change: Shame followes at his heeles:
The Voyce cals *Adam*; but poore *Adam* flees,
And, trembling, hides his face behind the trees:
The voyce, while-ere, that ravish'd with delight
His joyfull eare, does now, alas, affright

His

His wounded Conscience with amaze and wonder:
And what of late was musick, now is thunder.
How have our sinnes abus'd us! and betray'd
Our desperate soules! What strangenesse have they
Betwixt the great Creator, and the worke (made
Of his owne hands! How closely doe they lurk
To our distempred soules, and whisper feares
And doubts into our frighted hearts and eares!
Our eyes cannot behold that glorious face,
Which is all life, unruin'd in the place:
How is our nature chang'd? that every breath
Which gave us beeing, is become our death:
Great God! O, whither shall poore mortals flie
For comfort? If they see thy face, they die,
And if thy life-restoring countenance give
Thy presence from us, then we cannot live
How necessary is the ruine than,
And misery of sin-begoiled Man!
On what foundation shall his hopes relie?
See we thy face, or see it not, we die:
O let thy Word (great God) instruct the youth,
And frailty of our faith; thy Word is truth:
And what our eyes want power to perceive,
O, let our hearts admire, and beleeve.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson *at* Timnah *falls in love*
and fancies a Philistian maide:
He moves his Parents: They reprove
his sinfull choyce: dislike, dissuade.

Sect. 7.

NOw when as strong limb'd *Samson* had disposd
His trifling thoughts to children, and disclos'd
His bud of child-hood, which being over-growne,
And blossome of his youth so fully blowne,
That strength of nature now thought good to seeke
Her entertainment on his downy cheeke,
And with her manly bounty did begin
To uneffeminate his smoother chin,
He went to *Timnah*; whither did resort
A great concourse of people, to disport
Themselves with pastime; or perchance, to shew
Some martiall Feats (as they were wont to doe)
Scaffolds were builded round about, whereon
The crowne of eye-delighted lookers on
Were closely pil'd: as *Samsons* wandring eye
Was ranging up and downe, he did espie
A comely Virgin, beautifull, and young,
Where she was seated midst the gazing throng:
The more he view'd, the more his eye desir'd
To view her face; and as it view'd, admir'd;
His heart, inflam'd; his thoughts were all on fire;

His

His passions all were turn'd into desire;
Such were his looks, that she might well discry
A speaking Lover in his sparkling eye:
Sometimes his reason bids his thoughts beware,
Lest he be catcht in a Philistian snare;
And then, his thwarting passion would reply,
Feare not to be a prisoner to that eye:
Reason suggests; 'tis vaine to make a choyce,
Where parents have an over-ruling voyce:
Passion replies, That feare and filiall duty
Must serve affection, and subscribe to beauty:
Whil'st reason faintly mov'd him to neglect,
Prevailing passion urg'd his soule t'affect:
Passion concludes; Let her enjoy thy heart:
Reason concludes; But let thy tongue impart
Thy affection to thy parents, and discover
To them, thy thoughts: With that the wounded Lo-
(Whose quick divided paces had out-runne (ver,
His lingring heart) like an observant sonne,
Repaires unto his Parents; fully made
Relation of his troubled thoughts, and said:
Sir,
«This day, at *Timnah*, to these wretched eyes,
«Being taken captive with the novelties
«Which entertain'd my pleased thoughts, appear'd
«A fairer object; which hath so endear'd
«My very soule (with sadnesse so distrest)
«That this poore heart can finde no ease, no rest;
«It was a Virgin; in whose heavenly face,
«Vnpattern'd Beautie, and diviner Grace
«Were so conjoyn'd, as if they both conspir'd
«To make one Angel; when these eyes enquir'd
«Into the excellence of her rare perfection,
«They could not chuse but like, and my affection

«Is

« Is so inflamed with desire, that I
« Am now become close prisoner to her eye;
« Now if my sad Petition may but finde
« A faire successe to ease my tortur'd minde;
« And if your tender hearts be pleas'd to prove
« As prone to pity mine, as mine to love;
« Let me, with joy, exchange my single life,
« And be the husband of so faire a wife.
Whereto, th amazed parents, (in whose eye
Distaste and wonder pereht) made this reply:
« What strange desire, what unadvis'd request
« Hath broken loose from thy distracted brest?
« What! are the Daughters of thy brethren growne
« So poore in Worth, and Beauty? Is there none
« To please that over-curious eye of thine,
« But th'issue of a cursed *Philistine*?
« Can thy miswandring eyes choose none, but her
« That is the childe of an Idolater?
« Correct thy thoughts, and let thy soule rejoyce
« In lawfull beauty: Make a wiser choyce:
How well this counsell pleas'd the tyred eares
Of love-sick *Samson*: O, let him that beares
A crost affection, judge: Let him discover
The woefull case of this afflicted Lover:
What easie pencill cannot represent
His very lookes? How his sterne browes were bent:
His drooping head: his very port and guise:
His bloodlesse cheeks, and deadnesse of his eyes;
Till, at the length his moving tongue betray'd
His sullen lips to language, thus; and said: Sir,
« Th'extreame affection of my heart does lead
« My tongue (that's quickned with my love) to plead;
« What if her Parents be not circumcis'd?
« Her Issue shall; and she, perchance, advis'd

« To

«To worship *Israels* God, and to forget
«Her fathers house; Alas, she is as yet
«But yong; her downy yeares are greene, and tender;
«She's but a twig, and time may eas'ly bend her
«T'embrace the truth: Our Counsels may controule
«Her sinfull breeding, and so save a soule.
«Nay; who can tell, but Heaven did recommend
«Her beauty to these eyes, for such an end?
«O lose not that which Heaven is pleas'd to save,
«Let *Samson* then obtaine, as well as crave:
«You gave me being, then prolong my life,
«And make me husband to so faire a wife.
With that the Parents joyn'd their whispring heads;
Samson observes, and, in their parley, reades
Some Characters of hope; The mother smiles;
The father frownes; which, *Samson* reconciles
With hopefull fears; She smiles, and smiling crownes
His hopes; which, He deposes with his frownes:
The whispring ended, joyntly they display'd
A halfe resolved countenance, and said,
« *Samson*, suspend thy troubled mind a while,
«Let not thy over-charged thoughts recoyle:
«Take heed of Shipwrack; Rocks are near the Shore;
«Wee'll see the Virgin, and resolve thee more,

Meditat.

Meditat. 7.

LOve is a noble passion of the heart;
That with it very essence doth impart
All needfull Circumstances, and effects
Vnto the chosen party it affects;
In absence, it enjoyes; and with an eye
Fill'd with celestiall fier, doth espie
Objects remote: It joyes, and smiles in griefe;
It sweetens poverty; it brings reliefe;
It gives the feeble, strength; the coward, spirit;
The sick man, health; the undeserving, merit;
It makes the proud man, humble; and the stout
It overcomes, and treads him under foot;
It makes the mighty man of warre to droope;
And him to serve, that never, yet, could stoope;
It is a fire, whose Bellowes are the breath
Of heaven above, and kindled here beneath:
'Tis not the power of a mans election
To love, he loves not by his owne direction;
It is not beauty, nor benigne aspect
That alwayes moves the Lover, to affect;
These are but meanes: Heavens pleasure is the cause:
Love is not bound to reason, and her Lawes
Are not subjected to th'imperious will
Of man: It lies not in his power to nill:
How is this love abus'd! That's onely made
A snare for wealth, or to set up a trade;
T'enrich a great mans table, or to pay
A desperate debt; or meerly to allay

A baſe and wanton luſt; which done, no doubt,
The love is ended, and the fier out:
No; he that loves for pleaſure, or for pelfe,
Loves truly, none; and, falſly, but himſelfe:
The pleaſure paſt, the wealth conſum'd and gone,
Love hath no ſubject now to work upon:
The props being falne, that did ſupport the roofe,
Nothing but rubbiſh, and neglected ſtuffe,
Like a wild *Chaos* of Confuſion, lies
Preſenting uſeleſſe ruines to our eyes:
The Oyle that does maintaine loves ſacred fire,
Is vertue mixt with mutuall deſire
Of ſweet ſociety, begun and bred
I'th ſoule, nor ended in the mariage bed:
This is the dew of Hermon, that does fill
The ſoule with ſweetneſſe, watring Sions hill;
This is that holy fire, that burnes and laſts,
Till quencht by death; the other are but blaſts,
That faintly blaze like Oyle-forſaken ſnuffes,
Which every breath of diſcontentment puffs,
And quite extinguiſhes; and leaves us nothing
But an offenſive ſubject of our loathing.

THE ARGUMENT.

He goes to Timnah: *As he went*
he slew a Lyon by the way:
He sues; obteines the Maide consent:
and they appoint the Mariage day.

Sect. 8.

WHen the next day had with his morning light
Redeem'd the East from the dark shades of night
And, with his golden rayes, had over-spred
The neighb'ring Mountaines; from his loathed Bed
Sick-thoughted *Samson* rose, whose watchfull eyes,
Morpheus that night had, with his leaden keyes,
Not power to close: his thoughts did so incumber
His restlesse soule, his eyes could never slumber:
Whose softer language, by degrees did wake
His fathers sleep-bedeafned eares, and spake:
"Sir; Let your early blessings light upon
"The tender bosome of your prosp'rous Sonne,
"And let the God of *Israel* repay
"Those blessings, double, on your head, this day:
"The long-since banisht shadowes make me bold
"To let you know, the morning waxes old; [hiew
"The Sun-beames are growne strong; their brighter
"Have broke the Mists, and dry'd the morning dew;
"The sweetnesse of the season does invite
"Your steps to visit *Timnah*, and acquite
"Your last nights promise.
With that the Danite and his wife arose,

Scarce yet resolv'd, at last they did dispose
Their doubtfull paces, to behold the prize
Of *Samsons* heart, and pleasure of his eyes;
They went, and when their travell had attain'd
Those fruitfull hils, whose clusters entertain'd
Their thirsty palats, with their swelling pride,
The musing lover being stept aside
To gaine the pleasure of a lonely thought,
Appear'd a full ag'd Lyon, who had sought
(But could not finde) his long-desired prey;
Soone as his eye had given him hopes to pay
His debt to nature, and to mend that fault
His empty stomacke found, he made assault
Vpon th'unarmed Lovers brest, whose hand
Had neither staffe, nor weapon, to withstand
His greedy rage; but he whose mighty strength
Or sudden death must now appeare, at length
Stretcht forth his brawny arme, (his arme supplide
With power from heaven) and did with ease divide
His body limme from limme, and did betray
His flesh to fowles, that lately sought his prey:
This done, his quick redoubled paces make
His stay amends; his nimble steps o'rtake
His leading parents, who by this, discover
The smoake of *Timnah*: Now the greedy Lover
Thinkes every step a mile; and every pace
A measur'd league, untill he see that face,
And finde the treasure of his heart, that lies
In the faire Casket of his Mistresse eyes;
But all this while close *Samson* made not knowne
Vnto his Parents, what his hands had done:
By this the gate of *Timnah* entertaines
The welcome travellers: The parents paines
Are now rewarded with their sonnes best pleasure:

The Virgin comes; his eyes can finde no leiſure,
To owne another object: O, the greeting
Th'impatient lovers had at their firſt meeting!
The Lover ſpeakes; ſhe anſwers; he replies;
She bluſhes; he demandeth; ſhe denies;
He pleades affection; ſhe doubts; hee ſues
For nuptiall love; ſhe queſtions; he renewes
His earneſt ſuite: Importunes; ſhe relents;
He muſt have no deniall; ſhe conſents:
They paſſe their mutuall loves: their joyned hands
Are equall earneſts of the nuptiall bands:
The Parents are agreed; all parties pleas'd;
The day's ſet downe; the Lovers hearts are eas'd,
Nothing diſpleaſes now, but the long ſtay
Betwixt th'appointment and the mariage day.

Meditat.

Medit. 8.

TIs too ſevere a cenſure: If the Sonne
Take him a wife; the mariage fairely done,
Without conſent of Parents (who perchance
Had rais'd his higher price, knew where t'advance
His better'd fortunes to one hundred more)
He lives, a Fornicator; ſhe, a Whore:
Too hard a cenſure! And it ſeemes to me,
The Parent's moſt delinquent of the three:
What, if the better minded Sonne doe aime
At worth? What if rare vertues doe inflame
His rapt affection? What if the condition
Of an admir'd, and dainty diſpoſition
Hath wonne his ſoule? Whereas the covetous Father,
Findes her Gold light, and recommends him, rather,
T'an old worne widdow, whoſe more weighty purſe
Is fill'd with Gold, and with the Orphans curſe;
The ſweet exuberance of whoſe full-mouth'd portion
Is but the curſed iſſue of extortion;
Whoſe worth, perchance, lies onely in her weight
Or in the boſome of her great eſtate;
What if the Sonne (that does not care to buy
Abundance at ſo deare a rate) deny
The ſoule-deteſting profer of his Father,
And in his better judgement chooſes, rather,
To match with meaner Fortunes, and deſert?
I thinke that *Mary* choſe the better part.
What noble Families (that have out-growne
The beſt records) have quite bin overthrowne

By wilfull parents, that will either force
Their ſonnes to match, or haunt them with a curſe!
That can adapt their humours, to rejoyce,
And fancy all things, but their childrens choyce!
Which makes them; often, timorous to reveale
The cloſe deſiers of their hearts, and ſteale
Such matches, as, perchance, their faire advice
Might, in the bud, have hindred in a trice;
Which done, and paſt, O, then their haſty ſpirit
Can thinke of nothing, under *Diſ-inherit*;
He muſt be quite diſcarded, and exil'd;
The furious father muſt renounce his childe;
Nor Pray'r, nor Bleſſing muſt he have; bereiven
Of all; nor muſt he live, nor die forgiven;
When as the fathers raſhneſſe, oftentimes,
Was the firſt cauſer of the Childrens crimes.
Parents; be not too cruell: Children doe
Things, oft, too deep for us t'inquire into:
What Father would not ſtorme, if his wilde Sonne
Should doe the deed, that *Samſon* here had done?
Nor doe I make it an exemplar act,
Onely, let parents not be too exact
To curſe their children, or to diſpoſſeſſe
Them of their bleſſings, Heaven may chance to bleſſe:
Be not too ſtrict: Faire language may recure
A fault of youth, whilſt rougher words obdure.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson goes downe to celebrate
his mariage and his nuptiall feast:
The Lyon, which he slew of late
hath honey in his putrid breast.

Sect 9.

WHen as the long expected time was come,
Wherein these lingring Lovers should con-
The promis'd mariage, and observe the rites (summe
Pertaining to those festivall delights;
Samson went downe to *Timnah*; there t'enjoy
The sweet possession of his deerest joy;
But as he past those fruitfull Vineyards, where
His hands of late, acquit him of that feare
(Wherewith the fierce assaulting Lyon quail'd
His yet unpractic'd courage) and prevail'd
Vpon his life; as by that place he past,
He turn'd aside, and borrowed of his hast
A little time, wherein his eyes might view
The Carkas of the Lyon which he slew;
But when his wandring footsteps had drawne neare
The unlamented herse, his wondring eare
Perceiv'd a murm'ring noyse, discerning not
From whence that strange confusion was, or what;
He stayes his steps, and hearkens; still the voyce
Presents his eare, with a continued noyse;
At length, his gently moving feet apply
Their paces to the Carkas, where his eye

Diſcernes a ſwarme of Bees, whoſe laden thighes
Repos'd their burthens, and the painfull prize
Of their ſweet labour, in the hollow Cheſt
Of the dead Lyon, whoſe unbowell'd breſt
Became their plenteous ſtorehouſe, where, they laid
The bleſt increaſe of their laborious trade;
The fleſhly Hive was fill'd with curious Combes,
Within whoſe dainty waxe-divided roomes
Were ſhops of honey, whoſe delicious taſte
Did ſweetly recompence th'adjourned haſt
Of lingring *Samſon*, who does now repay
The time he borrow'd from his better way,
And with renewed ſpeed, and pleaſure, flies,
Where all his ſoule-delighting treaſure lies;
He goes to *Timnah*, where his heart doth find
A greater ſweetneſſe, than he left behind;
His haſty hands invites her gladder eyes
To ſee, and lips to taſte that obvious prize
His interrupted ſtay had lately tooke,
And as ſhe taſted, his fixt eyes would looke
Vpon her varniſht lips, and there diſcover
A ſweeter ſweetneſſe to content a Lover:
And now the buſie Virgins are preparing
Their coſtly Iewels, for the next dayes wearing;
Each Lappe is fill'd with Flowers, to compoſe
The nuptiall Girland, for the Brides faire browes:
The coſt-neglecting Cookes have now encreaſt
Their paſtry dainties to adorne the Feaſt;
Each willing hand is lab'ring to provide
The needfull ornaments to deck the Bride.

But now, the crafty Philiſtins, for feare
Leſt *Samſons* ſtrength, (which ſtartled every eare
With dread and wonder) under that pretence,
Should gaine the meanes, to offer violence:

And,

And, through the ſhew of nuptiall devotion,
Should take advantages to breed commotion,
Or leſt his popular power by coaction
Or faire intreats, may gather to his faction
Some looſe and diſcontented men of theirs,
And ſo betray them to ſuſpected feares;
They therefore to prevent enſuing harmes,
Gave ſtrict command, that thirty men of armes,
Vnder the maske of Bridemen, ſhould attend
Vntill the nuptiall Ceremonies end.

Meditat. 9.

HOw high, unutterable, how profound,
(Whoſe depth the line of knowledg cannot ſound)
Are the decrees of the Eternall God!
How ſecret are his wayes, and how untrod
By mans conceipt, ſo deeply charg'd with doubt!
How are his counſels paſt our finding out!
O, how unſcrutable are his deſignes!
How deep, and how unſearchable are the Mines
Of his abundant Wiſdome! how obſcure
Are his eternall judgements! and how ſure!
Liſts he to ſtrike? the very ſtones ſhall flie
From their unmov'd Foundations, and deſtroy:
Liſts he to puniſh? Things that have no ſenſe
Shall vindicate his Quarrell, on th'Offence:
Liſts he to ſend a plague? the winters heat,
And ſummers damp, ſhall make his will compleat:
Liſts he to ſend the Sword? Occaſion brings
New jealouſies betwixt the hearts of Kings:

Wils

Wils he a famine? Heaven ſhall turne to braſſe,
And earth to Iron, till it come to paſſe:
Both ſtocks, and ſtones, and plants, and beaſts fulfill
The ſecret Counſell of his ſacred will.
Man, onely wretched Man, is diſagreeing
To doe that thing, for which he had his beeing:
Samſon muſt downe to *Timnah*; in the way
Muſt meet a Lyon, whom his hands muſt ſlay;
The Lyons putrid Carkas muſt incloſe
A ſwarme of Bees; and, from the Bees, aroſe
A Riddle; and that Riddle muſt be read,
And by the reading, Choler muſt be bred,
And that muſt bring to paſſe Gods juſt deſignes
Vpon the death of the falſe Philiſtines:
Behold the progreſſe, and the Royall Geſts
Of Heavens high Vengeance; how it never reſts,
Till, by appointed courſes, it fulfill
The ſecret pleaſure of his ſacred will.

Great Saviour of the world; thou Lambe of Sion,
That hides our ſinnes; that art the wounded Lyon:
O, in thy dying body, we have found
A world of honey; whence we may propound
Such ſacred Riddles, as ſhall, underneath
Our feet, ſubdue the power of Hell and Death:
Such Myſteries, as none but he that plough'd
With thy ſweet Heifer's able to uncloud;
Such ſacred Myſteries, whoſe eternall praiſe
Shall make both Angels, and Archangels raiſe
Their louder voyces, and in triumph ſing,
All Glory and honour to our higheſt King,
And to the Lambe, that ſits upon the Throne;
Worthy of power and praiſe is he, alone,
Whoſe glory hath advanc'd our Key of mirth;
Glory to God on high, and peace on Earth.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bridegroome at his nuptiall Feast
to the Philistians *doth propound*
A Riddle: which they all addrest
themselves in counsell, to expound.

Sect. 10.

NOw when the glory of the next dayes light
Had chas'd the shadowes of the tedious night,
When coupling Hymen with his nuptiall bands,
And golden Fetters, had conjoyn'd their hands;
When jolly welcome had to every Guest,
Expos'd the bounty of the marriage Feast;
Their now appeased stomacks did enlarge
Their captive tongues, with power to discharge
And quite their Table-duty and disburse
Their store of enterchangeable discourse,
Th'ingenious Bridegroom turn'd his rolling eyes
Vpon his guarde of Bridemen, and applies
His speech to them: And whil'st that every man
Lent his attentive eare, he thus began;
« My tongue's in labour, and my thoughts abound;
« I have a doubtfull Riddle, to propound;
« Which if your joyned wisdomes can discover,
« Before our seven dayes feasting be past over,
« Then, thirty sheets, and thirty new supplies
« Of Rayment shall be your deserved prize:
« But if the seven dayes feast shall be dissolv'd,
« Before my darkned Riddle be resolv'd,

« Ye

« Ye ſhall be all ingaged to reſigne
« The like to me, the vict'ry being mine:
So ſaid; the Bridemen, whoſe enchanged eyes
Found ſecret hopes of conqueſt, thus replies:
« Propound thy *Riddle*: Let thy tongue diſpatch
« Her cloudy errand: We accept the match:
With that the hopefull Challenger convay'd
His *Riddle* to their hearkning eares, and ſaid;

The Riddle.

Our food, in plenty, doth proceed
from him that us'd to eate;
And he, whoſe cuſtome was to feed
does now afford us meate:
A thing that I did lately meet,
as I did paſſe along,
Afforded me a dainty ſweet,
yet was both ſharpe and ſtrong.

The doubtfull Riddle being thus propounded, (ded:
They muſe; the more they mus'd, the more confoun-
One rounds his whiſpring neighbour in the eare,
Whoſe lab'ring lips deny him leave to heare:
Another truſting rather to his owne
Conceit, ſits muſing, by himſelfe, alone:
Here two are cloſely whiſpring, till a third
Comes in, nor to the purpoſe ſpeakes a word:
There ſits two more, and they cannot agree
How rich the clothes, how fine the Sheets muſt be:
Yonder ſtands one that, muſing, ſmiles; no doubt
But he is neare it, if not found it out;
To whom another rudely ruſhes in,
And puts him quite beſide his thought agin:

Here,

Here three are whiſpring, and a fourths intruſion
Spoiles all, and puts them all into confuſion:
There ſits another in a chaire, ſo deep
In thought, that he is nodding faſt aſleep:
The more their buſie fancies doe endeavour,
The more they erre; now farther off than ever:
Thus when their wits, ſpurr'd on with ſharpe deſire
Had loſt their breath, and now began to tire,
They ceas'd to tempt conceit beyond her ſtrength,
And weary of their thoughts, their thoughts at length
Preſent a new exploit: Craft muſt ſupply
Defects of wit; their hopes muſt now relie
Vpon the frailty of the tender Bride;
She muſt be mov'd; perſwaſions may attaine;
If not, then rougher language muſt conſtraine:
Shee muſt diſcloſe the Riddle, and diſcover
The boſome ſecrets of her faithfull Lover.

Meditat.

Meditat. 10.

THere is a time, to laugh: A time, to turne
Our ſmiles to teares: there is a time to mourne:
There is a time for joy, and a time for griefe,
A time to want, and a time to finde reliefe,
A time to binde, and there's a time to breake,
A time for ſilence, and a time to ſpeake,
A time to labour, and a time to reſt,
A time to faſt in, and a time to feaſt:
Things, that are lawfull, have their times, and uſe,
Created good; and, onely by abuſe,
Made bad: Our ſinfull uſage does unfaſhion
What Heaven hath made, and makes a new creation:
Joy is a Bleſſing, but too great exceſſe
Makes Ioy a madneſſe, but does quite unbleſſe
So ſweet a gift; And, what, by moderate uſe,
Crownes our deſires, banes them in th'abuſe:
Wealth is a bleſſing; and too eager thirſt
Of having more, makes that we have, accurſt:
Reſt is a bleſſing; but when Reſt withſtands
The healthfull labour of our helpfull hands
It proves a curſe, and ſtaines our guilt with crime,
Betraies our irrecoverable time:
To feaſt, and to refreſh our hearts with pleaſure,
And fill our ſoules with th'overflowing meaſure
Of heavens bleſt bounty, cannot but commend
The precious favours of ſo ſweet a friend;
But when th'abundance of a liberall diet,
Meant for a bleſſing, is abus'd by Riot,

Th'ab-

Th'abuſed bleſſing leaves the gift, nay, worſe,
It is transformed, and turn'd into a curſe:
Things that afford moſt pleaſure, in the uſe,
Are ever found moſt harmfull in th'abuſe:
Vſe them like Maſters, and their tyrannous hand
Subjects thee, like a ſlave, to their command;
Vſe them as ſervants, and they will obey thee;
Take heed, they'll either bleſſe thee, or betray thee.
Could our Fore-fathers but revive, and ſee
Their Childrens Feaſts, as now adayes they be:
Their ſtudied diſhes, their reſtoring ſtuffe,
To make their wanton bodies ſinne enough;
Their ſtomack-whetting Sallats, to invite
Their waſtfull palat to an appetite;
Their thirſt-procuring dainties, to refine
Their wanton taſts, and make them ſtrong for wine;
Their coſtly viands, charg'd with rich perfume;
Their Viper-Wines, to make old age preſume
To feele new luſt, and youthfull flames agin,
And ſerve another prentiſhip to ſinne:
Their time-betraying Muſick; their baſe noiſe
Of odious Fidlers; with their ſmooth-fac'd boyes,
Whoſe tongues are perfect, if they can proclame
The Quinteſſence of baſeneſſe, without ſhame;
Their deep-mouth'd curſes, new-invented oathes,
Their execrable Blaſphemy, that loathes
A mind to think on; their obſcener words,
Their drunken quarrels, their unſheathed ſwords:
O how they'd bleſſe themſelves, & bluſh, for ſhame,
In our behalfes, and haſte from whence they came,
To kiſſe their graves, that hid them from the crimes
Of theſe accurſed and prodigious times.
Great God! O, can thy patient eye behold
This height of ſinne, and can thy vengeance hold?

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Philistins cannot unsolve
the Riddle: They corrupt the Bride;
She wooes her Bridegroome to resolve
her doubt; but goes away deny'd.

Sect. 11.

NOw when three dayes had run their howers out,
And left no hope for witforsaken doubt
To be resolv'd, the desp'rate undertakers
Conjoyn'd their whisp'riug heads; (being all partakers
And joynt-advisers in their new-laid plot)
The time's concluded: Have ye not forgot
How the old Tempter, when he first began
To work th'unhappy overthrow of man,
Accosts the simple woman; and reflects
Vpon the frailty of her weaker Sexe;
Even so these curs'd Philistians (being taught
And tutor'd by the self-same spirit) wrought
The self-same way; Their speedy steps are bent
To the faire Bride; their haste could give no vent
To their coarcted thoughts; their language made
A little respite; and at length they said:
« Fairest of Creatures: Let thy gentle heart
« Receive the Crowne, due to so faire desert;
« We have a Suit, that must attend the leisure
« Of thy best thoughts, and joy-restoring pleasure;
« Our names, and credits linger at the stake
« Of deepe dishonour; If thou undertake,

« With

« With pleasing language, to prevent the losse,
« They must sustaine, and draw them from the drosse
« Of their owne ruines, they shall meerly owe
« Themselves unto thy goodnesse, and shall know
« No other Patron, and acknowledge none
« As their redeemer, but thy love alone:
« We cannot reade the *Riddle*, whereunto
« We have ingag'd our goods, and credits too:
« Entice thy jolly Bridegroome to unfold
« The hidden Mysterie, (what can he withhold
« From the rare beautie of so rare a brow?)
« And when thou know'st it, let thy servants know:
« What? dost thou frowne? and must our easie triall,
« At first, reade Hieroglyphicks of deniall?
« And art thou silent too? Nay, wee'll give o'r
« To tempt thy Bridall fondnesse any more:
« Betray your lovely husbands secrets? No,
« You'll first betray us, and our land: But know,
« Proud *Samsons* wife, our furies shall make good
« Our losse of wealth and honour, in thy blood:
« Where faire intreaties spend themselves in vaine,
« There fier shall consume, or else constraine.
« Know then, false hearted Bride, if our request
« Can find no place within thy sullen brest,
« Our hands shall vindicate our lost desire,
« And burne thy Fathers house, and thee with fire.
Thus having lodg'd their errand in her eares,
They left the roome; and her, unto her feares:
Who thus bethought; Hard is the case, that I
Must or betray my Husbands trust, or die;
I have a Wolfe by th'eares: I dare be bold,
Neither with safety, to let goe, nor hold:
What shall I doe? Their minds if I fulfill not,
'Tis death; and to betray his trust, I will not:

Nay, ſhould my lips demand, perchance, his breath
Will not reſolve me; then no way but death:
The Wager is not great; Rather the ſtrife
Were ended in his loſſe, than in my life;
His life conſiſts in mine, if ought amiſſe
Befall my life, it may indanger his:
Wagers muſt yeeld to life; I hold it beſt,
Of neceſſary evils to chuſe the leaſt:
Why doubt I then? when Reaſon bids me doe,
I'le know the *Riddle*, and betray it too:
With that ſhe quits her chamber with her cares,
And in her cloſet locks up all her feares:
And, with a ſpeed untainted with delay,
She found that breſt, wherein her owne heart lay:
Where, reſting for a while, at length did take
A faire occaſion to looke up, and ſpake:
"Life of my ſoule, and loves perpetuall treaſure,
"If my deſires be ſuiting to thy pleaſure,
"My lips would move a Suit; my doubtfull breſt
"Would faine prefer an undeny'd requeſt:
"Speak then (my joy:) Let thy faire lips expound
"That dainty *Riddle*, whoſe dark pleaſure crown'd
"Our firſt dayes feaſt; Enlighten my dull braine,
"That ever ſince hath mus'd, and mus'd in vaine:
Who, often ſmiling on his lovely Bride,
That longs to goe away reſolv'd, reply'd:
"Joy of my heart, let not thy troubled breſt
"Take the denyall of thy ſmall requeſt,
"As a defect of love; excuſe my tongue
"That muſt not grant thy Suit without a wrong
"To reſolution, daring not diſcover
"The hidden Myſt'rie, till the time be over:
"Ceaſe to importune then, what cannot be;
"My Parents know it not, as well as thee:

"In

« In ought but this, thy Suit ſhall overcome me;
« Excuſe me then, and goe not angry from me.

Meditat. 11.

HOw apprehenſive is the heart of Man,
Of all, and onely thoſe poore things that can
Lend him a minutes pleaſure, and appay
His ſweat but with the happineſſe of a day!
How can he toyle for trifles, and take paine
For fading goods, that onely entertaine
His pleaſed thoughts with poore and painted ſhowes;
Whoſe joy hath no more truth, than what it owes
To change! How are the objects of his muſing
Worthleſſe, and vaine, that periſh in the uſing?
How reaſonable are his poore deſires,
The height of whoſe ambition, but aſpires
To flitting ſhadowes, which can onely crowne
His labour, with that nothing, of their owne!
We feed on huſks, that might as well attaine
The fatted Calfe, by comming home againe:
And, like to *Eſau*, while we are ſuppreſſing
Our preſent wants, neglect and loſe the bleſſing:
How wiſe we are for things, whoſe pleaſure cooles
Like breath; for everlaſting joyes, what Fooles!
How witty, how ingeniouſly wiſe
To ſave our credits, or to win a prize!
We plot; Our browes are ſtudious: Firſt we try
One way; If that ſucceed not, we apply
Our doubtfull minds to attempt another courſe:
We take advice; conſult; our tongues diſcourſe

Of better wayes, and what our failing braines
Cannot effect with faire and fruitleſſe paines;
Their crooked fraud muſt helpe, and ſlye deceit
Muſt lend a hand, which by the potent ſleight
Of right-forſaking Brib'ry, muſt betray
The prize into our hands, and win the day,
Which, if it faile (it does but ſeldome faile)
Then open force and fury muſt prevaile:
When ſtrength of wit, and ſecret power of fraud
Grow dull, conſtraint muſt conquer, and applaud
With ill got vict'ry; which at length obtain'd,
Alas, how poore a trifle have we gain'd!
How are our ſoules diſtempered, to engroſſe
Such fading pleaſures! To o'rprize the droſſe,
And under-rate the gold! for painted Ioyes,
To ſell the true, and heaven it ſelfe for toyes!
Lord, clarifie mine eyes, that I may know
Things that are good, from what are good in ſhow:
And give me wiſdome, that my heart may learn
The difference of thy favours, and diſcerne
What's truly good, from what is good in part;
With *Martha's* trouble, give me *Maries* heart.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bride ſhe begs, and begs in vaine:
but like to a prevailing wooer,
Shee ſues, and ſues, and ſues againe;
at laſt he reads the Riddle *to Her.*

Sect 12.

VVHen the next morning had renew'd the day,
And th'early twilight now had chac'd away
The pride of night, and made her lay aſide
Her ſpangled Robes, the diſcontented Bride,
(Whoſe troubled thoughts were tired with the night,
And broken ſlumbers long had wiſht for light)
With a deep ſigh her ſorrow did awake
Her drowſie Bridegroome, whom ſhe thus beſpake:
« O, if thy love could ſhare an equall part
« In the ſad griefes of my afflicted heart,
« Thy cloſed eyes had never in this ſort,
« Bin pleas'd with reſt, and made thy night ſo ſhort:
« Perchance, if my dull eyes had ſlumbred too,
« My dreames had done, what thou deny'd to doe:
« Perchance, my Fancy would have bin ſo kinde
« T'unſolve the doubts of my perplexed minde,
« 'Twas a ſmall ſuite that thy unlucky Bride
« Muſt light upon: Too ſmall to be denide:
« Can love ſo ſoone---? But ere her lips could ſpend
The following words, he ſaid, « Suſpend, ſuſpend,
« Thy raſh attempt, and let thy tongue diſpenſe
« With forc'd denyall: Let thy lips commence

« Some greater Suit, and *Samſon* ſhall make good
« Thy faire deſiers with his deareſt blood:
« Speak then, my love; thou ſhalt not wiſh, and want;
« Thou canſt not beg, what *Samſon* cannot grant:
« Onely in this excuſe me, and refraine
« To beg, what thou, perforce, muſt beg in vaine.

Inexorable Samſon: *Can the teares*
From th' oſs faire eyes, not move thy deafned eares?
O can thoſe drops, that trickle from thoſe eyes
Upon thy naked boſome, not ſurprize
Thy neigh'bring heart, and force it to obey?
O can thy heart not melt as well as they?
Thou little think'ſt thy poore afflicted wife
Importuns thee, and woes thee for her life:
Her Suit's as great a Riddle to thine eares,
As thine, to hers; O, thoſe diſtilling teares
Are ſilent pleaders, and her moiſtned breath
would faine redeeme her from the gates of death:
May not her teares prevale? Alas, thy ſtrife
Is but for wages; Hers, poore Soule, for life.

Now when this day had yeelded up his right
To the ſucceeding Empreſſe of the night,
Whoſe ſoone-depoſed raigne did re-convay
Her Crowne and Scepter to the new-borne day,
The reſtleſſe Bride (feares cannot brooke denial)
Renewes her ſuit, and attempts a further tryall;
Entreats, conjures, ſhe leaves no way unery'd:
She will not, no, ſhe muſt not be deny'd:
But he (the portall of whoſe marble heart
Was lockt and barr'd againſt the powerfull art
Of oft repeated teares) ſtood deafe and dumbe;
He muſt not, no, he will not be o'rcome.

Poore

Poore Eride! How is thy glory overcast!
How is the pleasure of thy Nuptials past,
when scarce begun! Alas, how poore a breath
Of Joy, must puffe thee to untimely death!
The day's at hand, wherein thou must untie
The Riddles tangled Snarle, or else must die.

Now, when that day was come, wherein the feast
Was to expire; the Bride (whose pensive brest
Grew sad to death) did once more undertake
Her too resolved Bridegroome thus, and spake:
« Vpon these knees, that prostrate on the floore,
« Are lowly bended, and shall ne'r give o'r
« To move thy goodnesse, that shall never rise,
« Vntill my Suit find favour in thine eyes,
« Vpon these naked knees, I here present
« My sad request: O let thy heart relent;
« A Suitor sues, that never su'd before;
« And she begs now, that never will beg more;
« Hast thou vow'd silence? O remember, how
« Thou art ingaged by a former Vow;
« Thy heart is mine; the secrets of thy heart
« Are mine; why art thou dainty to impart
« Mine owne to me? Then give me leave to sue
« For what my right may challenge as her due;
« Vnfold thy *Riddle* then, that I may know,
« Thy love is more, than onely love in show.
The Bridegroome thus inchanted by his Bride,
Vnseal'd his long-kept silence, and reply'd:
« Thou sole and great Commandresse of my heart,
« Thou hast prevail'd; my bosome shall impart
« The summe of thy desiers, and discharge
« The faithfull secrets of my soule, at large;
Know then, (my joy) Vpon that very day
I first made knowne my affection, on the way,

I met, and grapled with a sturdy Lyon,
Having nor staffe nor weapon to relie on,
I was inforc'd to prove my naked strength;
Vnequall was the match, but at the length,
This brawny arme receiving strength from him
That gave it life, I tore him limme from limme,
And left him dead: now when the time was come,
Wherein our promis'd nuptials were to summe
And perfect all my joyes, as I was comming
That very way, a strange confused humming,
Not distant far, possest my wondring eare,
Where, guided by the noise, there did appeare
A swarme of Bees, whose busie labours fill'd
The carkasse of that Lyon which I kill'd,
With Combes of Honey, wherewithall I fed
My lips and thine: And now my Riddle's read.

Meditat.

Medit. 12.

THe ſoule of man, before the taint of Nature,
Bore the faire Image of his great Creator;
His underſtanding had no cloud: His will
No croſſe: That, knew no Errour; This, no ill:
But man tranſgreſt; and by his wofull fall,
Loſt that faire Image, and that little All
Was left, was all corrupt; His underſtanding
Exchang'd her object; Reaſon left commanding;
His Memory was depraved, and his will
Can find no other ſubject now, but Ill:
It grew diſtemper'd, left the righteous reine
Of better Reaſon, and did entertaine
The rule of Paſſion, under whoſe command,
It ſuffered Shipwrack, upon every Sand:
Where it ſhould march, it evermore retires;
And, what is moſt forbid, it moſt deſires:
Love makes it ſee too much, and often, blinde;
Doubt makes it light, and waver like the wind:
Hate makes it fierce, and ſtudious; *Anger*, mad;
Joy makes it careleſſe; *Sorrow*, dull and ſad:
Hope makes it nimble, for a needleſſe tryall;
Feare makes it too impatient of denyall.
Great Lord of humane ſoules; O thou, that art
The onely true refiner of the heart;
Whoſe hands created all things perfect good,
What canſt thou now expect of fleſh and blood?
How are our leprous Souls put out of faſhion!
How are our Wils ſubjected to our paſſion!

How

How is thy glorious Image ſoyl'd, defac'd,
And ſtain'd with ſin! How are our thoughts diſplac'd!
How wav'ring are our hopes, turn'd here and there
With every blaſt! How carnall is our feare!
Where needs no feare, we ſtart at every ſhade;
But feare not where we ought to be afraid.
Great God! if thou wilt pleaſe but to refine
Our hearts, and re-conforme our wils to thine,
Thou'lt take a pleaſure in us, and poore we
Should find as infinite delight in Thee;
Our doubts would ceaſe, our fears would all remove,
And all our paſſions would turne Ioy, and Love;
Till then expect for nothing that is good:
Remember, Lord, we are but Fleſh and Blood.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

The Philiſtines, by her advice,
expound the Riddle: Samſon kill'd
Thirty Philiſtians, in a trice;
forſakes his Bride: His Bed's defil'd.

Sect. 13.

NO ſooner was the Brides attentive eares
Reſolv'd and pleas'd, but her impetuous feares
Cals in the Bridemen; and to them betraid
The ſecret of the *Riddle* thus, and ſaid:
« You ſons of thunder, 'twas not the lowder noiſe
« Of your provoking threats, nor the ſoft voice
« Of my prevailing teares, that thus addreſt
« My yeelding heart to grant your forc'd requeſt:
« Your language needed not have beene ſo rough
« To ſpeak too much, when leſſe had been enough:
« Your ſpeech at firſt was honey in mine eare;
« At length it prov'd a Lyon, and did teare
« My wounded ſoule: It ſought to force me to
« What your intreaties were more apt to doe:
« Know then (to keep your lingring eares no longer
« Frō what ye long to hear) There's nothing ſtronger
Than a fierce Lyon: Nothing can more greet
Your pleaſed palats with a greater ſweet
Than honey: But more fully to expound,
In a dead Lyon there was Honey found.
Now when the Sun was walking in the Weſt,
(Whoſe fall determines both the day, and Feaſt)

The

The hopefull Bridegroome (he whose smiling brow
Assur'd his hopes a speedy Conquest now)
Even thirsting for victorious Triumph, brake
The crafty silence of his lips, and spake,
« The time is come whose latest hower ends
« Our nuptiall Feast, and fairly recommends
« The wreathe of Conquest to the Victors brow:
« Say, is the Riddle read? Expound it now;
« And, for your paines, these hands shall soon resigne
« Your conquer'd prize: If not, the prize is mine.
With that they joyn'd their whisp'ring heads, and made
A Speaker, who in louder language, said:

Of all the sweets t' at e'r were knowne,
there's none so pleasing be,
As those rare dainties which doe crowne
the labour of the Bee:
Of all the creatures in the field,
that ever man set eye on,
There's none, whose power doth not yeeld
unto the stronger Lyon.

Whereto th' offended Challenger, whose eye
Proclaim'd a quick Revenge, made this Reply:
« No Honey's sweeter than a womans tongue;
« And, when she list, Lyons are not so strong:
« How thrice accurs'd are they, that doe fulfill
« The lewd desires of a womans will!
« How more accurs'd is he, that doth impart
« His bosome secrets to a womans heart;
« They plead like Angels, and, like Crocadiles
« Kill with their tears; they murther with their smiles:
« How weak a thing is woman? Nay, how weake
« Is senslesse man, that will be urg'd to breake
« His counsels in her care, that hath no power
« To make secure a secret, for an hower!

« No

«No, Victors, no: Had not a womans minde
«Bin faithleſſe, and unconſtant, as the winde,
«My *Riddle* had till now a *Riddle* bin;
«You might have mus'd and miſt, and mus'd agin.
When the next day had heav'd his golden head
From the ſoft pillow of his Sea-greene bed;
And, with his riſing glory, had poſſeſt
The ſpacious borders of th'enlighned Eaſt,
Samſon aroſe, and in a rage went downe
(By Heaven directed) to a neighb'ring towne:
His choler was inflam'd, and from his eye
The ſudden flaſhes of his wrath did flie,
Paleneſſe was in his cheeks, and from his breath,
There flew the fierce Embaſſadours of death;
He heav'd his hand, and where it fell it ſlew:
He ſpent, and ſtill his forces would renew:
His quick redoubled blowes fell thick as thunder:
And, whom he tooke alive, he tore in ſunder:
His arme ne'r miſt; and often at a blow
He made a Widow, and an Orphan too:
Here it divides the Father from the childe,
The husband from his wife: there, it diſpoyl'd
The friend on's friend, the Siſter of her brother:
And oft with one man he would thraſh another:
Where never was, he made a little flood,
And where there was no Kin, he joyn'd in blood,
Wherein, his ruthleſſe hands he did imbrue:
Thrice ten, before he ſcarce could breath, he ſlew;
Their upper Garments, which he tooke away,
Where all the ſpoyles the Victor had that day:
Wherewith he quit the wagers that he loſt,
Paying Philiſtians with Philiſtians coſt:
And thus, at length, with blood he did aſſwage,
But yet not quench the fier of his rage,

For

For now the thought of his diſloyall wife,
In his ſad ſoule renew'd a ſecond ſtrife,
From whom, for feare his fury ſhould recoyle,
He thought moſt fit t'abſent himſelfe a while;
Vnto his Fathers Tent he now return'd;
Where his divided paſſion rag'd, and mourn'd;
In part he mourned, and he rag'd in part,
To ſee ſo faire a face, ſo falſe a heart:
But mark the miſchiefe that his abſence brings;
His bed's defiled, and the nuptiall ſtrings
Are ſtretcht and crackt: A ſecond love doth ſmother
The firſt; and ſhe is wedded to another.

Meditat.

Meditat. 13.

WAs this that Wombe the Angell did enlarge
From barrenneſs? and gave ſo ſtrict a charge?
Was this that Wombe that muſt not be defil'd
With uncleane meats, leſt it pollute the child?
Is this the Nazarite? May a Nazarite then,
Embrue and paddle in the bloods of men?
Or may their vowes be ſo diſpens'd withall,
That they, who ſcarce may ſee a Funerall,
Whoſe holy footſteps muſt beware to tread
Vpon, or touch the carkaſſe of the dead?
May theſe revenge their wrongs by blood? may theſe
Have power to kill, and murther where they pleaſe?
'Tis true: a holy Nazarite is forbid
To doe ſuch things as this our Nazarite did:
He may not touch the bodies of the dead,
Without pollution: much leſſe may ſhed
The blood of Man, or touch it being ſpilt,
Without the danger of a double guilt:
But who art thou that art an undertaker,
To queſtion with, or plead againſt thy Maker?
May not that God, that gave thee thy Creation,
Turne thee to nothing, by his diſpenſation?
He that hath made the Sabbath, and commands
It ſhall be kept with unpolluted hands;
Yet if he pleaſe to countermand agin,
Man may ſecurely labour, and not ſin:
A Nazarite is not allow'd to ſhed
The blood of man, or once to touch the dead;
But if the God of Nazarites, bids kill,
He may, and be a holy Nazarite ſtill:

But

But stay, is God like Man? Or can he border
Vpon confusion, that's the God of order?
The Persian Lawes no time may contradict,
And are the Lawes of God lesse firme and strict?
An earthly Father wils his child to stand
And wait; within a while he gives command,
(Finding the weakenesse of his sonne oppresst
With wearinesse) that he sit downe and rest;
Is God unconstant then, because he pleases
To alter, what he will'd us, for our eases?
Know likewise, O ungratefull flesh and blood,
God limits his owne glory for our good:
He is the God of mercy, and he prizes
Thine Asses life above his Sacrifices:
His Sabbath is his glory, and thy rest:
Hee'll lose some honour, ere thou lose a beast.
Great God of mercy; O, how apt are we
To rob thee of thy due, that art so free
To give unaskt! teach me, O God, to know
What portion I deserve, and tremble too.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson comes downe to re-enjoy
his wife: her father does withstand:
For which he threatens to destroy
and ruine him, and all the Land.

Sect. 14.

BVt *Samson*, (yet not knowing what was past,
For wronged husbands ever are the last

That heare the newes) thus with himselfe bethought;
« It cannot be excus'd: It was a fault,
« It was a foule one too; and, at first sight,
« Too great for love, or pardon to acquite:
« O, had it beene a stranger, that betraid
« Reposed secrets, I had onely laid
« The blame upon my unadvised tongue;
« Or had a common friend but done this wrong
« To bosome trust, my patience might out-worne it;
« I could endur'd, I could have easily borne it;
« But thus to be betraied by a wife,
« The partner of my heart; to whom my life,
« My very soule was not esteemed deare,
« Is more than flesh, is more than blood can beare:
« But yet alas, She was but greene and young,
« And had not gain'd the conquest of her tongue:
« Vnseason'd vessels oft will find a leake
« At first; but after hold: She is but weake;
« Nay, cannot yet write woman; which, at best,
« Is a fraile thing: Alas, young things will quest
« At every turne; Indeed, to say the truth,
« Her yeares could make it but a fault of youth:
« *Samson*, returne; and let that fault be set
« Vpon the score of youth: forgive, forget:
« She is my wife; Her love hath power to hide
« A fouler errour; why should I divide
« My presence from her? There's no greater wrong
« To love, than to be silent over-long:
« Alas, poore soule! No doubt her tender eye
« Hath wept enough; perchance she knowes not why
« I'm turn'd so great a stranger to her bed,
« And boord: No doubt her empty eyes have shed
« A world of teares; perchance, her guiltlesse thought
« Conceives my absence as a greater fault,

« Then that of late, her harmleſſe errour did;
« I'le goe and draw a reconciling *Kid*
« From the faire flock; my feet ſhall never reſt,
« Till I repoſe me in my Brides faire breſt:
He went, but e'r his ſpeedy lips obtain'd
The merits of his haſte, darkneſſe had ſtain'd
The criſtall brow of day; and gloomy night
Had ſpoil d and rifled heaven of all his light:
H'approacht the gates; but being entred in,
His careleſſe welcome ſeem'd ſo cold and thin,
As if that ſilence meant, it ſhould appeare,
He was no other than a ſtranger there;
In every ſervants look he did eſpie
An eaſie copie of their Maſters eye;
He call'd his wife, but ſhe was gone to reſt;
Vnto her wonted chamber he addreſt
His doubtfull ſteps; till by her father, ſtaid,
Who taking him aſide a little, ſaid:
Sonne,
« It was the late eſpouſals that doe move
« My tongue to uſe that title; not thy love:
« 'Tis true, there was a marriage lately paſt
« Betweene my child and you; The knot was faſt
« And firmely tyed, not ſubject to the force
« Of any power, but death, or elſe divorce:
« For ought I ſaw, a mutuall deſire
« Kindled your likings, and an equall fire
« Of ſtrong affection, joyned both your hands
« With the perpetuall knot of nuptiall bands:
« Mutuall delight, and equall joyes attended
« Your pleaſed hearts, untill the feaſt was ended:
« But then, I know no ground, (you know it beſt)
« As if your loves were meaſur'd by the Feaſt,
« The building fell, before the houſe did ſhake,

« Loves

« Loves fire was quencht, ere it began to ſlake ;
« All on a ſudden were your joyes diſſeis'd ;
« Forſooke your Bride, and went away diſpleas'd;
« You left my child to the approbrious tongues
« Of open cenſure, whoſe malicious wrongs
« (Maligning her faire merits) did defame
« Her wounded honour, and unblemiſht name ;
« I thought thy love, which was ſo ſtrong of late,
« Had on a ſudden, turn'd to perfect hate :
« At length, when as your longer abſence did
« Confirme my thoughts, and time had quite forbid
« Our hopes t'expect a re-acceſſe of love,
« Thinking ſome new affection did remove (ſmother
« Your heart, and that ſome ſecond choice might
« The firſt, I matcht your Bride unto another ;
« If we have done amiſſe, the fault muſt be
« Imputed yours, and not to her, nor me:
« But if your eaſie loſſe may be redeem'd
« With her faire Siſter, (who, you know's eſteem'd
« More beautifull than ſhe, and younger too)
« She ſhall be firmly joyn'd by nuptiall vow,
« And, by a preſent contract ſhall become
« Thy faithfull Spouſe, in her loſt Siſters roome.
With that poore *Samſon*, like a man entranc'd,
And newly wakened, thus his voice advanc'd :
« Preſumptuous Philiſtine ! that doſt proceed
« From the baſe loynes of that accurſed ſeed,
« Branded for ſlaughter, and mark'd out for death,
« And utter ruine ; this my threatning breath
« Shall blaſt thy Nation ; this revenging hand
« Shall cruſh thy carkaſſe, and thy curſed land ;
« I'le give thy fleſh to Ravens ; and ravenous Swine
« Shall take that rank, and tainted blood of thine
« For waſh and ſwill, to quench their eager thirſt,

« Which they ſhall ſucke, and guzzle till they burſt;
« I'le burne your ſtanding Corne with flames of fire,
« That none ſhall quench; I'le drag ye in the mire
« Of your own bloods, which ſhall o'rflow the land,
« And make your paſture barren as the ſand;
« This ruthleſſe arme ſhall ſmite, and never ſtay,
« Vntill your land be turn'd a *Golgotha*;
« And if my actions prove my words untrue,
« Let *Samſon* die, and be accurs'd as you.

Medit. 14.

GOD is the God of peace: and if my brother
Strike me on one cheek, muſt I turne the other?
God is the God of mercy; and his childe
Muſt be as he is, mercifull and milde,
God is the God of Love; but ſinner know,
His love abus'd he's God of vengeance too.
Is God the God of vengeance? And may none
Revenge his private wrongs, but he alone?
What meanes this franticke Nazarite to take
Gods Office from his hand, and thus to make
His wrongs amends? Who warranted his breath
To threaten ruine, and to thunder death?
Curious Inquiſitour; when God ſhall ſtrike
By thy ſtout arme, thy arme may doe the like:
His Patent gives him power to create
A deputie; to whom he doth collate
Aſſiſtant power, in ſufficient meaſure,
To exerciſe the Office of his pleaſure;
A lawfull Prince is Gods Lieutenant here:
As great a Majeſtie as fleſh can beare,
He is indude withall; in his bright eye

(Cloath'd

(Cloath'd in the flames of Majeſty) doth lie
Both life and death; into his royall heart
Heaven doth inſpire, and ſecretly impart
The treaſure of his Lawes; Into his hand
He thruſts his ſword of Iuſtice and Command:
He is Gods Champion; where his voyce bids, kill,
He muſt not feare t'imbrew his hands, and ſpill
Abundant blood; Who gives him power to doe,
Will finde him guiltleſſe, and aſſiſt him too:
O, but let fleſh and blood take heed, that none
Pretend Gods quarrell, to revenge his owne;
Malice and baſe revenge muſt ſtep aſide,
When heavens uprighter Battels muſt be tride.
Where carnall glory, or ambitious thirſt
Of ſimple conqueſt, or revenge, does burſt
Vpon a neighbouring Kingdome; there to thruſt
Into anothers Crowne, the warre's not juſt;
'Tis but a private quarrell; and bereft
Of lawfull grounds; 'tis but a Princely theft:
But where the ground's Religion; to defend
Abuſed faith, let Princes there contend,
With dauntleſſe courage: may their acts be glorious:
Let them goe, proſperous, and returne victorious:
What if the grounds be mixt? Feare not to goe;
Were not the grounds of *Samſon* Combate ſo?
Goe then with double courage and renowne,
When God ſhall mixe thy quarrells with his owne:
'Tis a brave conflict; and a glorious Fray,
Where God and Princes ſhall divide the Prey.

THE ARGUMENT.

He burnes their ſtanding corne; makes void
their land: the Philiſtins enquire
The cauſe of all their evill; deſtroy'd
the Timnite *and his houſe with fire.*

Sect. 15.

AS ragefull *Samſons* threatning language ceas'd,
His reſolution of revenge increaſt;
Vengeance was in his thoughts, and his deſire
Wanted no fuell to maintaine her fire;
Paſſion grew hot and furious, whoſe delay
Of execution, was but taking day
For greater payment: His revengefull heart
Boyl'd in his breſt, whil'ſt Fury did impart
Her readie Counſels, whoſe imperious breath,
Could whiſper nothing under blood and death:
Revenge was ſtudious, quickned his conceit,
And ſcrew'd her Engines to the very height:
At length, when time had rip'ned his deſires,
And puffing rage had blowne his ſecret fires
To open flame, now ready for confuſion,
He thus began t'attempt his firſt concluſion;
The patient Angler firſt provides his bait,
Before his eyes can teach him to await
Th'enjoyment of his long expected prey;
Revengefull *Samſon*, ere he can appay
His wrongs with timely vengeance, muſt intend
To gaine the Inſtruments, to worke his end;
He plants his Engines, hides his ſnares about,
Pitches his Toyles, finds new devices out,

To

To tangle wilie Foxes; in few dayes
(That land had ſtore) his ſtudious hand betrayes
A leaſh of hundreds, which he thus imployes
As Agents in his raſhfull enterprize;
With tough, and force enduring thongs of Lether,
He joynes and couples taile and taile together,
And every thong bound in a Brand of fire,
So matcht by Art, that motion would inſpire
Continuall flames, and as the motion ceaſt,
The thriftie blaze would then retire and reſt
In the cloſe Brand, untill a ſecond ſtrife
Gave it new motion, and that motion, life:
Soone as theſe coupled Meſſengers receiv'd
Their fiery Errand, though they were bereav'd
Of power to make great haſte, they make good ſpeed,
Their thoughts were diffring, thogh their tails agreed;
T'one drags and drawes to th'Eaſt, the other Weſt;
One fit they run, another while they reſt:
T'one skulks and ſnarles, th'other tugs and hales;
At length both flee with firebrands in their tailes;
And in the top and height of all their ſpeed,
T'one ſtops before the other be agreed,
The other puls, and drags his fellow back,
Whil'ſt both their tailes were tortur'd on the rack;
At laſt both weary of their warme Embaſſage,
Their better eaſe diſcride a fairer paſſage;
And time hath taught their wiſer thoughts to joyne
More cloſe, and travell in a ſtraighter line:
Into the open Champion they divide
Their ſtraggling paces (where the ploughmans pride
Found a faire object in his rip'ned Corne;
Whereof ſome part was reapt, ſome ſtood unſhorne)
Sometimes the fiery travellers would ſeeke
Protection beneath a ſwelling Reeke;

But soone that harbour grew too hot for stay,
Affording onely light to runne away;
Sometimes, the full ear'd standing-wheat must cover
And hide their flames; & there the flames would hover
About their eares, and send them to enquire
A cooler place; but there the flaming fire
Would scorch their hides, and send them sing'd away;
Thus doubtfull where to goe, or where to stay,
They range about; flee forward, then retire;
Now here, now there, where e'r they come they fire:
Nothing was left, that was not lost and burn'd;
And now that fruitfull land of Iewry's turn'd
A heape of Ashes: that faire land, while ere
Which fill'd all hearts with joy, and every eare
With newes of plenty, and of blest increase,
(The joyfull issue of a happy peace)
See, how it lies in her owne ruines, void
Of all her happinesse, disguis'd, destroy'd.
With that the Philistines, whose sad reliefe,
And comfort's deeply buried in their griefe,
Began to question (they did all partake
In th'irrecoverable losse) and spake,
"What curs'd brand of hell? what more than devill?
"What envious Miscreant hath done this evill?
Whereto one sadly standing by, replide:
"It was that curs'd *Samson*, (whose faire Bride
"Was lately ravisht from his absent brest
"By her false father) who before the feast
"Of nuptiall was a month expir'd and done,
"By second marriage, own'd another Sonne:
"For which this *Samson*, heav'd from off the hinge
"Of his lost reason, studied this revenge,
"That *Timnits* falshood wrought this desolation;
"*Samson* the Actor was, but he, th'occasion.

"With

With that they all consulted to proceed
In height of justice to revenge this deed:
Samson whose hand was the immediate cause
Of this foule act, is stronger than their lawes;
Him they refer to time, for his proud hand
May bring a second ruine to their land:
The cursed *Timnite*, he that did divide
The lawfull Bridegroome from his lawfull Bride,
And mov'd the patience of so strong a foe,
To bring these evills, and worke their overthrow,
To him they haste; and with resolv'd desire
Of blood, they burne his house, and him with fire.

Meditat. 15.

DOst thou not tremble? does thy troubled eare
Not tingle? nor thy spirits faint to heare
The voyce of those, whose dying shriekes proclaime
Their tortures, that are broyling in the flame?
She, whose illustrious beauty did not know
Where to be macht but one poore houre agoe:
She, whose faire eyes were apt to make man erre
From his knowne faith, and turne Idolater,
She, whose faire cheeks, inricht with true complexion,
Seem'd Beauties store-house of her best perfection;
See how she lies, see how this beauty lies,
A foule offence unto thy loathing eyes:
A fleshly Cinder, lying on the floore
Starke naked, had it not beene covered o're
With bashfull ruines, which were fallen downe
From the consumed Roofe, and rudely throwne
On this halfe roasted earth. O, canst thou reade
Her double story, and thy heart not bleed?

What

What art thou more than ſhe? Tell me wherein
Art thou more priviledg'd? Or can thy ſinne
Plead more t'excuſe it? Art thou faire, and young?
Why ſo was ſhe: Were thy temptations ſtrong?
Why ſo were hers: What canſt thou plead, but ſhe
Had power to plead the ſame, as well as thee?
Nor was't her death alone, could ſatisfie
Revenge; her father, and his houſe muſt die:
Vnpuniſht crimes doe often bring them in,
That were no leſſe than ſtrangers to the ſinne:
Eli muſt die, becauſe his faire reproofe
Of too foule ſin, was not auſtere enough:
Was vengeance now appeas'd? Hath not the crime
Paid a ſufficient Int'reſt for the time?
Remove thine eye to the Philiſtian fields,
See what increaſe their fruitfull harveſt yeelds:
There's nothing there, but a confuſed heap
Of ruinous Aſhes: There's no corne to reape:
Behold the poyſon of unpuniſht ſinne,
For which the very earth's accurſt agin:
Famine muſt act her part; her griping hand,
For one mans ſinne muſt puniſh all the land;
Is vengeance now appeas'd? Hath ſinne given o'r
To cry for plagues? Muſt vengeance yet have more?
O, now th'impartiall ſword muſt come, and ſpill
The blood of ſuch as famine could not kill:
The language of unpuniſht ſinne cries loud,
It roares for Iuſtice, and it muſt have blood:
Famine muſt follow, where the fire begun;
The ſword muſt end, what both have left undone.
Iuſt God! our ſinnes doe dare thee to thy face;
Our ſcore is great, our *Ephah* fils apace;
The leaden cover threatens every minute,
To cloſe the *Ephah*, and our ſinnes within it.

Turne

Turne back thine eye : Let not thine eye behold
Such vile pollutions, let thy vengeance hold :
Looke on thy dying Sonne, there ſhalt thou ſpie
An object that's more fitter for thine eye ;
His ſufferings (Lord) are farre above our ſinnes :
O, looke thou there ; Ere Iuſtice Arme begins
T'unſheath her ſword : O let one precious drop
Fall from that pierced ſide, and that will ſtop
The eares of vengeance, from that clamorous voice
Of our loud ſinnes, which make ſo great a noyſe :
O ſend that drop, before Revenge begins,
And that will cry far louder than our ſins.

THE ARGUMENT.

He makes a ſlaughter, Doth remove
to Etans *Rock, where, to re-pay him*
The wrongs that he had done, they move
the men of Iudah *to betray him.*

Sect. 16.

THus when th'accurs'd Philiſtians had appaid
The *Timnits* ſinne, with ruine : and betraid
Th'unjuſt Offenders to their fierce deſire,
And burn'd their curſed family with fire :
Samſon, the greatneſſe of whoſe debt deny'd
So ſhort a payment : and whoſe wrongs yet cry'd
For further vengeance, to be further laid
Vpon the ſinne-conniving Nation, ſaid :
« Vnjuſt Philiſtians, you that could behold
« So capitall a crime, and yet with-hold
« This well-deſerved puniſhment ſo long ;
« Which made you partners in their ſin, my wrong ;

« Had

« Had ye at first, when as the fault was young,
« Before that time had lent her clamorous tongue
« So great a strength to call for so much blood;
« O, had your early Iustice but thought good
« To strike in time; Nay, had you then devis'd
« Some easier punishment, it had suffic'd;
« But now it comes too late, the sinne has cried,
« Till Heaven hath heard, and mercy is denied:
« Nay, had the sinne but spar'd to roare so loud,
« A drop had serv'd, when now a Tide of blood
« Will hardly stop her mouth:
« Had ye done this betimes! But now, this hand
« Must plague your persons, and afflict your land.

Have yee beheld a youth-instructing Tutor,
(Whose wisdome's seldome seene, but in the future)
When well-deserved punishment shall call
For the delinquent Boy: how, first of all,
He preaches fairely; then proceeds austerer
To the foule crime, whil'st the suspitious hearer
Trembles at every word, untill at length,
His language being ceas'd, th'unwelcome strength
Of his rude arme, that often proves too rash,
Strikes home, and fetches bloud at every lash:
Even so stout *Samson*, whose more gentle tongue,
In easie tearmes doth first declare the wrong,
Injustice did, then tells the evill effects
That mans connivence, and unjust neglects
Does often bring upon th'afflicted land:
But, at the last, upheaves his ruthlesse hand;
He hewes, he hacks, and fury being guide,
His unresisted power doth divide
From top to toe; his furious weapon cleft
Where e'r it strucke: It slew, and never left,
Vntill his flesh-destroying arme, at length,

Could

Could finde no ſubject where t'imploy his ſtrength:
Here ſtands a head-ſtrong Steed, whoſe fainting guider
Drops downe; another drags his wounded rider:
Now here, now there his frantick arm would thunder
And at one ſtroake cleaves horſe and man in ſunder,
In whoſe mixt blood his hands would oft imbrue,
And whereſoe'r they did but touch, they ſlew:
Here's no imployment for the Surgeons trade,
All wounds were mortall that his weapon made;
There's none was left, but dying, or elſe dead,
And onely they that ſcap'd his fury fled;
The ſlaughter ended, the proud victor paſt
Through the afflicted Land, untill at laſt,
He comes to *Iudah*, where he pitcht his Tent,
At the Rock *Etan*; there ſome time he ſpent;
He ſpent not much, till the Philiſtian band,
That found ſmall comfort in their waſted land,
Came up to *Iudah*, and there pitcht not farre
From *Samſons* Tent, their hands were arm'd to war:
With that the men of *Iudah*, ſtruck with feare,
To ſee ſo great an Army; ſtraight drew neare
To the ſaid Campe; who, after they had made
Some ſignes of a continued peace, they ſaid;
« What new deſignes have brought your royall Band
« Vpon the Borders of our peacefull Land?
« What ſtrange adventures? what diſaſtrous weather
« Drove you this way? what buſines brought you hi-
« Let not my Lords be angry, or conceive (ther?
« An evill againſt your Servants: what we have,
« Is yours; the peacefull plenty of the Land
« And we are yours, and at your owne command:
« Why, to what purpoſe are you pleas'd to ſhew us?
« Your ſtrength! Why bring you thus an Army to us
« Are not your yearly tributes juſtly paid?

« Have

« Have we not kept our vowes? have we delaid
« Our faithfull ſervice, or deny'd to doe it,
« When you have pleas'd to call your ſervants to it?
« Have we at any time, upon your tryall,
« Shrunk from your plighted faith, or prov'd diſloyal?
« If that proud *Samſon* have abus'd your land,
« 'Tis not our faults; Alas, we had no hand
« In his deſignes, we lent him no reliefe;
« No aide; no, we were partners in your griefe.
Whereto the Philiſtines, whoſe hopes rely'd
Vpon their faire aſſiſtance, thus reply'd:
« Feare not ye men of *Judah*; Our intentions
« Are not to wrong your peace: Your apprehenſions
« Are too too timerous; our deſires are bent
« Againſt the common Foe, whoſe hands have ſpent
« Our laviſh blood, and robb'd our waſted land
« Of all her joyes: 'Tis he our armed Band
« Expects, and followes: He is cloyſtred here,
« Within your Quarters: Let your faiths appeare
« Now in your loyall actions, and convay
« The skulking Rebell to us, that we may
« Revenge our blood, which he hath waſted thus,
« And doe to him as he hath done to us.

Meditat. 16.

IT was a ſharp revenge; But was it juſt?
Shall one man ſuffer for another? Muſt
The childrens teeth be ſet on edge, becauſe
Their fathers ate the Grapes? Are heavens lawes
So ſtrict? whoſe lips did, with a promiſe, tell,
That no ſuch law ſhould paſſe in Iſrael:
Becauſe the injurious *Timnits* treacherous hand

Com-

Commits the fault, must *Samson* scourge the land?
Sinne is a furious plague, and it infects
The next inhabitant, if he neglects
The meanes t'avoid it: 'Tis not becauſe he ſins
That thou art puniſht: No, it then begins
T'infect thy ſoule, when thou a ſtander by,
Reprov'ſt it not! or when thy careleſſe eye
Slights it as nothing: If a ſinne of mine
Grieve not thy wounded ſoule, it becomes thine.
Think ye that God commits the Sword of power
Into the hands of Magiſtrates, to ſcower
And keep it bright? Or onely to advance
His yet unknowne Authority? Perchance
The glorious Hilt and Scabberd make a ſhow
To ſerve his turne; have it a blade, or no,
He neither knowes, nor cares: Is this man fit
T'obtaine ſo great an honour, as to ſit
As Gods Lieutenant, and to puniſh ſinne?
Know leaden Magiſtrates, and know agin,
Your Sword was given to draw, and to be dy'd
In guilty blood, not to be laid aſide
At the requeſt of friends, or for baſe feare,
Leſt when your honour's ended with the yeare,
Ye may be baffled: 'tis not enough that you
Find bread be waight, or that the waights be true:
'Tis not enough, that every foule diſorder
Muſt be referr'd to your more wiſe Recorder:
The charge is given to you; you muſt returne
A faire account, or elſe, the Land muſt mourne:
You keep your ſwords too long a ſeaſon in,
And God ſtrikes us, becauſe you ſtrike not ſinne:
Y'are too remiſſe, and want a Reſolution:
Good Lawes lie dead for lack of execution:
An oath is growne ſo bold, that it will laugh

The easie act to scorne; Nay, we can quaffe
And reele with priviledge: and we can trample
Vpon your shame-shrunke cloakes, by your example:
You are too dull: too great offences passe
Vntoucht; God loves no service from the Asse;
Rouze up, O use the spurre, and spare the bridle,
God strikes, because your swords and you are idle:
Grant Lord that every one may mend a fault;
And then our Magistrates may stand for nought.

THE ARGUMENT.

The faithlesse men of Iudah *went*
to make him subject to their hands:
They bound him by his owne consent,
and brought him pris'ner to their hands.

Sect. 17.

SO said; the men of *Iudah* (whose base feare
Taught them to open an obedient eare
To their revengefull and unjust request)
Accept the trecherous motion, and addrest
Their slavish thoughts to put in execution
The subject of their servile resolution:
With that, three thousand of their ablest men
Are soone employ'd; to the fierce Lyons den
They come, (yet daring not approach too neare)
And send his louder language to his eare;
« Victorious *Samson*, whose renowned facts
« Have made the world a Register of thy acts;
« Great Army of men, the wonder of whose power
« Gives thee the Title of a walking Tower,

« Why

« Why hast thou thus betraid us to the hand
« Of the curs'd Philistines? Thou know'st our Land
« Does owe it selfe to thee; there's none can clame
« So great an interest in our hearts: thy name,
« Thy highly honour'd name for ever beares
« A welcome Accent in our joyfull eares;
« But now the times are dangerous, and a band
« Of proud Philistians quarter in our Land,
« And for thy sake the tyrannie of their tongues
« Hath newly threatned to revenge their wrongs
« Vpon our peacefull lives: Their lips have vow'd
« And sworne to salve their injuries with blood;
« Their jealous fury hollows in our eares,
« They'll plague our land, as thou hast plagued theirs
« If we refuse to doe their fierce commaund,
« And bring not *Samson* prisoner to their hand;
« Alas, thou know'st our servile necks must bow
« To their imperious Yoake; Alas, our vow
« Of loyaltie is past: if they bid, Doe;
« We must; or lose our lands, and our lives too,
« Were but our lives in hazzard, or if none
« Should feele the smart of death, but wee alone,
« Wee'd turne thy Martyrs, rather than obey'm,
« Wee'd die with *Samson* sooner than betray'm;
« But we have Wives and Children, that must be
« The subjects of their rage as well as we:
« Wherefore submit thy person, and fulfill
« What we desire so much against our will:
« Alas, our griefes in equall poysure lie;
« Yeeld, and thou dyest; yeeld not, and we must die.
Whereto said *Samson*, whose faire thoughts did guide
His lips to fairer language, thus repli'd;
« Ye men of *Judah*, what distrustfull thought
« Of single *Samsons* violence hath brought

« So great a ſtrength, as if you meant to o'rthrow
« Some mightie Monarch, or ſurprize a Foe!
« Your eaſie errand might as well been done
« By two or three, or by the lips of one;
« The meaneſt childe of holy Iſraels ſeed
« Might conquer'd *Samſon* with a bruiſed reed:
« Alas, the boldneſſe of your welcome words
« Need no protection of theſe ſtaves and ſwords:
« Brethren, the intention of my comming hither
« Was not to wrong you, or deprive you, either
« Of lives or goods, or of your pooreſt due;
« My ſelfe is cheaper to my ſelfe than you;
« My comming is on a more faire deſigne,
« I come to cruſh your tyrannous foes, and mine,
« I come to free your countrey, and recall
« Your ſervile ſhoulders from the ſlaviſh thrall
« Of the proud Philiſtines; and with this hand
« To make you freemen in your promis'd Land;
« But you are come to binde me, and betray
« Your faithfull Champion to thoſe hands, that lay
« Perpetuall burthens on, which daily vexe
« Your galled ſhoulders, and your ſervile neckes:
« The wrongs theſe curſed Philiſtines have done
« My ſimple innocence, have quite out-runne
« My eaſie patience: if my arme may right
« My too much injur'd ſufferance, and requite
« What they have done to me, it would appeaſe
« My raging thoughts, and give my tortures eaſe;
« But ye are come to binde me: I ſubmit;
« I yeeld; and if my bondage will acquit
« Your new-borne feares, 'tis well: But they that doe
« Attempt to ruine me, will ranſack you:
« Firſt, you ſhall firmly engage your plighted troth,
« By the acceptance of a ſacred oath,

« That

« That when I shall be pris'ner to your bands,
« I may not suffer violence by your hands.
With that, they drawing nearer to him, laid
Their hands beneath his brawny thigh, and said;
« Then let the God of *Iacob* cease to blesse
« The Tribe of *Iudah* with a faire successe,
« In ought they put their cursed hand unto,
« And raze their seed, If we attempt to doe
« Bound *Samson* violence; And if this curse
« Be not sufficient, heaven contrive a worse:
With that the willing pris'ner joyn'd his hands,
To be subjected to their stronger bands:
With treble twisted cords, that never tryed
The twitch of strength, their busie fingers tied
His sinewy wrists, which being often wound
About his beating pulse, they brought him bound
To the forefront of the Philistian Band,
And left him captive in their cursed hand.

Medit. 17.

O What a pearle is hidden in this field,
Whose orient luster, and perfections yeeld
So great a treasure, that the Easterne Kings,
With all the wealth, their colder Climate brings,
Ne'r saw the like! It is a pearle, whose glory
Is the diviner subject of a story,
Pend by an Angels quill; not understood
By the too dull conceit of flesh and blood!
Vnkinde *Iudæans*, what have you presented
Before your eyes? O, what have you attented!

He that was borne on purpose to release
His life for yours, to bring your Nation peace;
To turne your mournings into joyfull Songs;
To fight your battels, to revenge your wrongs;
Even him, alas, your curſed hands have made
This day your priſ'ner; Him have you betraid
To death: O, he whoſe ſinewy arme had power
To cruſh you all to nothing, and to ſhower
Downe ſtrokes like thunder-bolts, whoſe blaſting breath
Might in a moment, puft you all to death,
And made ye fall before his frowning brow,
See how he goes away, betraid by you!
Thou great Redeemer of the world! whoſe blood
Hath power to ſave more worlds, than *Noahs* flood
Deſtroyed bodies; thou, O thou that art
The *Samſon* of our ſoules, How can the heart
Of man give thankes enough, that does not know
How much his death-redeemed ſoule does owe
To thy deare merits? We can apprehend
No more than fleſh and blood does recommend
To our confined thoughts: Alas, we can
Conceive thy love, but as the love of man:
We cannot tell the horrour of that paine
Thou bought us from; nor can our hearts attaine
Thoſe joyes that thou haſt purchas'd in our name,
Nor yet the price thou paidſt; our thoughts are lame
And craz'd; Alas, things mortall have no might,
No meanes to comprehend an Infinite:
We can behold thee cradled in a Manger
In a poore Stable: We can ſee the danger
The *Tetrarch's* fury made thee ſubject to;
We can conceive thy povertie; We know
Thy bleſſed hands (that might bin freed) were bound
We know, alas, thy bleeding browes were crown'd
With

With pricking thorne; thy body torne with whips;
Thy palmes impierc'd with ragged nailes; Thy lips
Saluted with a Traitors kisse; thy Browes
Sweating forth blood: Thy oft-repeated blowes;
Thy fastning to the Crosse; thy shamefull death;
These outward tortures all come underneath
Our dull conceits: but what thy blessed soule
(That bore the burden of our guilt, and Scroule
Of all our sinnes, and horrid paines of Hell)
O, what that soule indur'd, what soule can tell!

THE ARGUMENT.

He breakes their bands; and with a bone
a thousand Philistians he slew:
He thirsted; fainted; made his moane
to Heaven: He drinkes, his spirits renew.

Sect. 18.

THus when the glad Philistians had obtain'd
The summe of all their hopes, they entertain'd
The welcome pris'ner with a greater noise
Of triumph, than the greatnesse of their joyes
Required: Some with sudden death would greet
The new come gueſt; whilst others, more discreet,
With lingring paines, and tortures more exact,
Would force him to discover, in the Fact,
Who his Abettors were: others gainsaid
That course, for feare a rescue may be made:
Some crie, *'Tis fittest that th'Offender bleed*
There where his cursed hands had done the deed:

Others cryed, *No, where fortune hath conſign'd him,*
Wee'll kill him: Beſt; to kill him, where we finde him:
Thus Variouſly they ſpent their doubtfull breath,
At laſt they all agreed on ſudden death;
There's no contention now, but onely who
Shall ſtrike the firſt, or give the ſpeeding blow.
Have ye beheld a ſingle thred of flaxe,
Touch'd by the fier, how the fier cracks
With eaſe, and parts the tender twine in ſunder:
Even ſo, as the firſt arme began to thunder
Vpon the Pris'ners life, he burſt the bands
From his ſtrong wriſts, and freed his loos'ned hands;
He ſtoop'd, from off the blood-expecting graſſe,
He ſnatcht the crooked jaw-bone of an Aſſe;
Wherewith his fury dealt ſuch downe-right blowes,
So oft redoubled, that it overthrowes
Man after man; and being ring'd about
With the diſtracted, and amazed rout
Of rude Philiſtians, turn'd his body round,
And in a circle dings them to the ground:
Each blow had proofe; for where the jaw-bone miſt,
The furious Champion wounded with his fiſt:
Betwixt them both his Furie did uncaſe
A thouſand ſoules, which in that fatall place,
Had left their ruin'd carkeiſes, to feaſt
The fleſh-devouring fowle, and rav'nous beaſt:
With that the Conquerour, that now had fed
And ſurfetted his eye upon the dead
His hand had ſlaine, ſate downe; and having flung
His purple weapon by, triumph'd, and ſung;

Samſon

SAmson rejoyce: Be fill'd with mirth,
Let all Iudea know,
And tell the Princes of the earth
how strong an arme hast thou:
How has thy dead inrich't the land,
and purpled o'r the grasse,
That hadst no weapon in thy hand,
but the jaw bone of an Asse!
How does thy strength and high renowne
the glory of men surpasse!
Thine arme hath struck a thousand downe
with the jaw-bone of an Asse:
Let Samsons glorious name endure,
till time shall render One,
Whose greater glory shall obscure
the glory thou hast wonne.

His song being ended, rising from the place
Wheron he lay, he turn'd his ruthlesse face
Vpon those heaps his direfull hands had made,
And op'ning of his thirsty lips, he said:
« Great God of conquest, thou by whose command
« The heart received courage, and this hand
« Strength to revenge thy quarrels, and fulfill
« The secret motion of thy sacred will;
« What, shall thy Champion perish now with thirst?
« Thou know'st I have done nothing, but what first
« Was warranted by thy command: 'Twas thou
« That gave my spirit boldnesse, and my brow
« A resolution; 'tis mine arme did doe
« No more than what thou didst injoyne me to:
« And shall I die for thirst? O thou that sav'd
« Me from the Lyons rage, that would have rav'd

« Vpon my life: by whom I have ſubdu'd
« Thy curſed enemies, and have imbru'd
« My heaven-commanded hands, in a ſpring-tide
« Of guiltie blood? Lord, ſhall I be deny'd
« A draught of cooling water to allay
« The tyrannie of my thirſt? I, that this day
« Have labour'd in thy Vineyard; rooted out
« So many weeds, whoſe loftie creſts did ſprout
« Above thy trodden Vines; What, ſhall I die
« For want of water, thou the Fountaine by?
« I know that thou wert here, for had'ſt thou not
« Supply'd my arme with ſtrength, I ne'r had got
« So ſtrange a victorie: Hath thy ſervant taken
« Thy worke in hand, and is he now forſaken?
« Haſt thou not promis'd that my ſtrengthned hand
« Shall ſcourge thy Foe-men, and ſecure thy Land
« From ſlaviſh bondage? will that arme of thine
« Make me their ſlave, whom thou haſt promiſt mine?
« Bow downe thy eare, and heare my needfull crie;
« O quench my thirſt, great God, or elſe I die:
With that the Iaw, wherewith his arme had laid
So many ſleeping in the duſt, obey'd
They voyce of God, and caſt a tooth, from whence
A ſudden ſpring aroſe, whoſe confluence
Of chryſtall waters, plenteouſly diſburſt
Their precious ſtreames, and ſo alay'd his thirſt.

Meditat. 18.

THe Iaw-bone of an Aſſe? how poore a thing
God makes his powerfull Inſtrument to bring

Some

Some honour to his name, and to advance
His greater glorie? came this bone, by chance,
To *Samsons* hand? Or could the Army goe
No further? but must needs expect a Foe
Iust where his weapon of destruction lay?
Was there no fitter place for them to stay
But even just there? How small a thing't had bin
(If they had beene so provident) to winne
The day with ease? Had they but taken thence
That cursed bone, what colour of defence
Had *Samson* found? Or how could he withstood
The necessarie danger of his blood?

Where Heav'n doth please to ruine, humane wit
Must faile, and deeper policie must submit:
There, wisdome must be fool'd, and strength of brain
Must work against it selfe, or worke in vaine:
The track that seemes most likely, often leads
To death; and where security most pleads,
There dangers in their faireſt shapes appeare,
And give us not so great a helpe, as feare:
The things we least suspect, are often they,
That most effect our ruine, and betray:
Who would have thought, the silly Asses bone,
Not worth the spurning, should have overthrowne
So stout a Band? Heav'n oftentimes thinkes best
To overcome the greatest with the least:
He gaines most glory in things that are most slight,
And winnes in honour what they want in might:
Who would have thought that *Samsons* deadly thirst
Should have bin quencht with waters, that did burst
And flow from that drie bone? who would not think
The thirsty Conquerour, for want of drinke,
Should first have died? what mad-man could presume
So drie a tooth should yeeld so great a Rheume?

God

God does not work like man; nor is he tyed
To outward meanes: His pleasure is his guide,
Not Reason: He that is the God of nature,
Can worke against it: He that is Creator
Of all things, can dispose them, to attend
His will, forgetting their created end:
He whose Almightie power did supply
This bone with water, made the red Sea drie.
Great God of Nature, 'tis as great an ease
For thee to alter nature, if thou please,
As to create it; Let that hand of thine
Shew forth thy power, and please to alter mine:
My sinnes are open, but my sorrow's hid;
I cannot drench my couch, as *David* did;
My braines are marble, and my heart is stone:
O strike mine eyes, as thou didst strike that bone.

THE ARGUMENT.

He lodgeth with a Harlot; wait
is laid, and guards are pitcht about:
He beares away the City gate
upon his shoulders, and goes out.

Sect. 19.

THus when victorious *Samson* had unliv'd
This hoast of armed men; and had reviv'd
His fainting spirits; and refresht his tongue
With those sweet christall streames, that lately sprung
From his neglected weapon, he arose
(Secured from the tyrannie of his Foes

By

By his Heaven-borrowed ſtrength) and boldly came
To a Philiſtian Citie, knowne by th'name
Of *Azza*; where, as he was paſſing by,
The careleſſe Champion caſt his wandring eye
Vpon a face, whoſe beautie did invite
His wanton heart to wonder and delight:
Her curious haire was criſp'd: Her naked breſt
Was white as Ivory, and fairely dreſt
With coſtly Iewels; in her glorious face
Nature was hidden, and diſſembled grace
Damaskt her roſie cheekes: her eyes did ſparke,
At every glance, like Diamonds in the darke:
Bold was her brow; whoſe frowne was but a foyle
To glorifie her better-pleaſing ſmile;
Her pace was careleſſe, ſeeming to diſcover
The paſſions of a diſcontented Lover:
Sometime her op'ned Caſement gives her eye
A twinkling paſſage to the paſſer by;
And when her fickle fancy had given o'r
That place, ſhe comes and wantons at the doore:
There *Samſon* view'd her, and his ſteps could finde
No further ground; but (guided by his minde)
Caſt Anchor there. Have thy obſerving eyes
E'r mark'd the Spiders garbe, how cloſe ſhe lies
Within her curious webbe; and by and by
How quick ſhe haſts to her intangled Flie;
And whiſp'ring poyſon in her murm'ring eares,
At laſt ſhe tugs her ſilent gueſt, and beares
His hampred bodie to the inner roome
Of her obſcure and ſolitary Home:
Even ſo this ſnaring beautie entertaines
Our eye-led *Samſon*, hampred with the chaines
Of her imperious eyes; and he, that no man
Could conquer; now lies conquered by a woman:

Faire

Faire was his welcome, and as fairly expreſt
By his delicious language, which profeſt
No leſſe affection than ſo ſweet a friend
Could, with her beſt expreſſions, recommend?
Into her glorious chamber ſhe directs
Her welcome gueſt, and with her faire reſpects
She entertaines him; with a bounteous kiſſe,
She gives him earneſt of a greater bliſſe;
And with a brazen countenance, ſhe brake
The way to her unchaſte deſires, and ſpake;
« Mirror of mankinde, thou ſelected flowre
« Of loves faire knot, welcome to *Flora's* Bowre;
« Cheare up my love; and looke upon theſe eyes,
« Wherein my beautie, and thy picture lies;
« Come take me pris'ner in thy folded armes;
« And boldly ſtrike up ſprightly loves alarmes
« Vpon theſe rubie lips, and let us trie
« The ſweets of love; Here's none but thee, and I:
« My beds are ſofteſt Downe, and pureſt Lawne
« My ſheets; my Vallents and my Curtaines drawne
« In gold and ſilkes of curious die: Behold,
« My coverings are of Tap'ſtry, inricht with gold;
« Come, come, and let us take our fill of pleaſure;
« My husbands abſence lends me daintie leiſure
« To give thee welcome: come let's ſpend the night
« In ſweet enjoyment of unknowne delight.
Her words prevail'd: And being both undreſt,
Together went to their defiled reſt.
By this the newes of *Samſons* being there
Poſſeſt the Citie, and fill'd every eare:
His death is plotted; And advantage lends
New hopes of ſpeed: An armed guard attends
At everie gate, that when the breaking day
Shall ſend him forth, expecting forces may

Betray

Betray him to his ſudden death; and ſo
Revenge their kingdomes ruines at a blow:
But luſtfull *Samſon* (whoſe diſtruſtfull eares
Kept open houſe) was now poſſeſt with feares:
He heares a whiſp'ring, and the trampling feet
Of people paſſing in the ſilent ſtreet;
He whom undaunted courage lately made
A glorious Conquerour, is now afraid;
His conſcious heart is ſmitten with his ſinne;
He cannot chuſe but feare, and feare agin:
He feares; and now the terrible alarmes
Of ſinne doe call him from th'unlawfull armes
And lips of his luxurious Concubine;
Bids him ariſe from dalliance, and reſigne
The uſurpation of his luke-warme place
To ſome new ſinner, whoſe leſſe dangerous caſe
May lend more leaſure to ſo foule a deed:
Samſon, with greater and unwonted ſpeed
Leapes from his wanton bed; his feares doe preſſe
More haſte to cloathe, than luſt did to undreſſe;
He make no tarriance, but with winged haſte,
Beſtrides the ſtreet; and to the gates he paſt,
And through the armed troupes he made his way;
Beares gates, and barres, and pillars all away;
So ſcap'd the rage of the Philiſtian band,
That ſtill muſt owe his ruine to their Land.

Medit. 19.

HOw weake, at ſtrongeſt, is poore fleſh and blood!
Samſon, the greatneſſe of whoſe power withſtood
A little world of armed men, with death,
Muſt now be foyled with a womans breath:

The

The Mother ſometimes lets her infant fall,
To make it hold the ſurer by the wall:
God lets his ſervant often goe amiſſe,
That he may turne, and ſee how weake he is:
David that found an over-flowing meaſure
Of heavens high favours, and as great a treaſure
Of ſaving grace, and portion of the Spirit,
As fleſh and blood was able to inherit,
Muſt have a fall to exerciſe his feares,
And make him drowne his reſtleſſe couch with teares:
Wiſe *Salomon*, within whoſe heart was planted
A fruitfull ſtock of heavenly wiſedome, wanted
Not that, whereby his weakneſſe underſtood
The perfect vanitie of fleſh and blood:
Whoſe hand ſeem'd prodigall of his *Iſaac's* life,
He durſt not truſt Gods Providence with his wife:
The righteous *Lot* had ſlidings: Holy *Paul*
He had his prick; and *Peter* had his fall:
The ſacred Bride, in whoſe faire face remaines
The greateſt earthly beautie, hath her ſtaines:
If man were perfect and intirely good,
He were not man; he were not fleſh and blood:
Or ſhould he never fall, he would at length,
Not ſee his weakneſſe, and preſume in ſtrength:
Ere children know the ſharpneſſe of the Edge,
They thinke their fingers have a priviledge
Againſt a wound; but having felt the knife,
A bleeding finger ſometimes ſaves a life.

Lord, we are children, and our ſharp-edg'd knives,
Together with our blood, let out our lives;
Alas, if we but draw them from the ſheath,
They cut our fingers, and they bleed to death.
Thou great Chirurgion of a bleeding ſoule,
Whoſe ſoveraigne balme, is able to make whole

The

The deepeſt wound, Thy ſacred ſalve is ſure;
We cannot bleed ſo faſt, as thou canſt cure:
Heale thou our wounds, that having ſalv'd the ſore
Our hearts may feare, and learne to ſinne no more;
And let our hands be ſtrangers to thoſe knives,
That wound not fingers onely, but our lives.

THE ARGUMENT.

He fals in league with Delila:
the Nobles bribe her to diſcover
Her Samſons *ſtrength, and learne the way*
to binde her arme prevailing Lover.

Sect. 20.

NOt farre from *Azza*, in a fruitfull Valley
Cloſe by a brook, whoſe ſilver ſtreams did dalley
With the ſmooth boſome of the wanton ſands,
Whoſe winding current parts the neighb'ring lands,
And often waſhes the beloved ſides
Of her delightfull bankes, with gentle tides;
There dwelt a *Beautie*, in whoſe Sun-bright eye,
Love ſate inthron'd; and full of Majeſtie,
Sent forth ſuch glorious eye-ſurprizing rayes,
That ſhe was thought the wonder of her dayes:
Her name was called *Delila*, the faire;
Thither did amorous *Samſon* oft repaire,
And with the piercing flame of her bright eye,
He toy'd ſo long; that like a wanton flie
He burnt his luſtfull wings, and ſo becam[illegible]
The ſlaviſh pris'ner to that conquering flame.

She

She ask't and had: There's nothing was too high
For her to beg, or *Samson* to deny:
Who now but *Delila*? What name can raise
And crowne his drooping thoughts, but *Delila's*?
All time's mispent, each houre is cast away,
That's not imploy'd upon his *Delila*:
Gifts must be given to *Delila*: No cost,
If sweetest *Delila* but smile, is lost:
No joy can please, no happinesse can crowne
His best desires, if *Delila* but frowne;
No good can bless his amorous heart, but this,
Hee's *Delila's*; and *Delila* is his.
Now when the louder breath of fame had blowne
Her newes-proclaiming Trumpet, and made knowne
This Lovers passion to the joyfull eares
Of the cow'd Philistines; their nimble feares
Advis'd their better hopes, not to neglect
So faire advantage, which may bring t'effect
Their best desires, and right their wasted land
Of all her wrongs, by a securer hand:
With that some few of the Philistian Lords
Repaire to *Delila*; with baited words
They tempt the frailty of the simple maid,
And having sworne her to their Counsell, said:
« Faire *Delila*; thou canst not chuse but know
« The miseries of our Land: whose ruines show
« The danger, whereinto not we, but all,
« If thou deny thy helpfull hand, must fall:
« Those fruifull fields, that offer'd, but of late,
« Their plenteous favours to our prosperous State;
« See, how they lie a ruinous heape, and voide
« Of all their plenty; wasted, and destroy'd:
« Our common Foe hath sported with our lives:
« Hath slaine our chidren, and destroy'd our wives:
« Alas;

« Alas, our poore diſtreſſed land doth groane
« Vnder that miſchiefe that his hands have done;
« Widows implore thee, and poore Orphans tongues
« Call to faire *Delila* to right their wrongs:
« It lies in thee to helpe; thy helpfull hand
« May have the Glory to revenge thy land;
« For which our thankfull Nation ſhall allow
« Not onely honour, but reward; and thou,
« From everie hand that's preſent here, ſhall gaine
« Above a thouſand *Sickles* for thy paine,
To whom faire *Delila*, whom reward had tyed
To ſatisfie her owne deſires, reply'd;
My Lords;
« My humble ſervice I acknowledge due,
« Firſt to my native Countrey, next to you:
« If Heaven and Fortune have inricht my hand
« With ſo much power to relieve our Land,
« When ere your Honors pleaſe to call me to it,
« Beleeve it, *Delila* ſhall die, or doe it:
« Say then (my Lords) wherin my power may doe
« This willing ſervice to my Land, or you.
« Thou know'ſt (ſay they) no forces can withſtand
« The mightie ſtrength of curſed *Samſons* hand;
« He ruines armies, and does overthrow
« Our greateſt Bands, nay, kingdomes at a blow;
« The limits of his, more than manly, powers
« Are not confin'd, nor is his arme like ours:
« His ſtrength is more than man; his conquering Arme
« Hath, ſure, th'aſſiſtance of ſome potent charme;
« Which, nothing but the glory of thine eyes
« (Wherein a farre more ſtrong enchantment lies;)
« Can overthrow: He's priſ'ner to thine eye,
« Nor canſt thou aske, what *Samſon* can deny:
« The ſweetneſſe of thy language hath the Art,

« To dive into the secrets of his heart;
« Move *Samson* then: unbarre his bolted brest,
« And let his deafned eares attaine no rest,
« Vntill his eye-inchanted tongue replies,
« And tels thee where his hidden power lies:
« Vrge him to whisper in thy private eare,
« And to repose his magick myst'rie there;
« How, by what meanes, his strength my be betrai'd
« To bonds, and how his power may be allai'd;
« That we may right these wrongs, which his proud hand
« Hath rudely offer'd to our ruinous land:
« In this thou shalt obtaine the reputation
« To be the sole Redeemer of thy Nation,
« Whose wealth shall crown thy loyaltie with a meed
« Due to the merits of so faire a deed:
Whereto faire *Delila*, (who heart was tyed
To *Samsons* love for her owne ends;) replyed:
« My honourable Lords: If my successe
« In these your just employments prove no lesse
« Than my desires, I should thinke my paines
« Rewarded in the Action: If the raines
« Of *Samsons* headstrong power were in my hands,
« These lips should vow performance, your cõmands
« Should worke obedience, in the loyall brest
« Of your true servant, who would never rest,
« Till she had done the deed: But know my Lords,
« If the poore frailtie of a womans words
« May shake so great a power, and prevaile,
« My best advis'd endeavours shall not faile
« To be employ'd, Ile make a sudden tryall
« And quickly speed, or finde a foule denyall.

Meditat.

Medit. 26.

INsatiate *Samson!* Could not *Azza* smother
Thy flaming lust, but must thou finde another?
Is th'old growne stale? and seek'st thou for a new?
Alas, where Two's too many, Three's too few:
Mans soule is infinite, and never tires
In the extension of her owne desires:
The sprightly nature of his active minde
Aimes still at further; Will not be confin'd
To th' poore dimensions of Flesh and blood;
Something it still desires: Covets good,
Would faine be happy, in the sweet enjoyment
Of what it prosecutes, with the imployment
Of best endeavours; but it cannot finde
So great a good, but something's still behind:
It first propounds, applauds, desires, endeavours;
At last enjoyes; but (like to men in Feavours,
Who fancy alway those things that are worst)
The more it drinkes, the more it is a thirst:
The fruitfull earth (whose nature is the worse
For sinne; with man partaker in the curse)
Aymes at perfection; and would faine bring forth
(As first it did) things of the greatest worth;
Her colder wombe endeavours (as of old)
To ripen all her Metals unto golds;
O, but that sin-procured curse hath chill'd
The heate of pregnant Nature, and hath fill'd
Her barren seed with coldnesse, which does lurke
In her faint wombe, that her more perfect worke

Is hindred; and, for want of heate brings forth
Imperfect metals of a baſer worth:
Even ſo the ſoule of Man in her firſt ſtate,
Receiv'd a power, and a will to that
Which was moſt pure, and good; but, ſince the loſſe
Of that faire freedome, onely trades in droſſe.
Aymes ſhe at wealth? alas, her proud deſire
Strives for the beſt; but failing to mount higher
Than earth, her errour grapples, and takes hold
On that, which earth can onely give her, Gold.
Aymes ſhe at Glorie? Her ambition flies
As high a pitch as her dull wings can riſe;
But, failing in her ſtrength, ſhe leaves to ſtrive,
And takes ſuch Honour, as baſe earth can give.
Aymes ſhe at pleaſure? Her deſires extend
To laſting joyes, whoſe pleaſures have no end;
But wanting wings, ſhe grovels on the Duſt,
And there ſhe lights upon a carnall Luſt:
Yet ne'rtheleſſe, th'aſpiring Soule deſires
A perfect good; but, wanting thoſe ſweet fires,
Whoſe heate ſhould perfect her unrip'ned will,
Cleaves to th'apparent Good, which Good is ill;
Whoſe ſweet enjoyment being farre unable
To give a ſatisfaction anſwerable
To her unbounded wiſhes, leaves a thirſt
Of re-enjoyment, greater than the firſt.
Lord, when our fruitleſſe fallowes are growne cold,
And out of heart, we can inrich the mould
With a new heate; we can reſtore againe
Her weakned ſoyle, and make it apt for graine;
And wilt thou ſuffer our faint ſoules, to lie
Thus unmanur'd, that is thy Husbandrie?
They beare no other bulke, but idle weeds,
Alas, they have no heart, no heate; Thy ſeeds

Are

Are caſt away, untill thou pleaſe t'inſpire
New ſtrength, and quench them with thy ſacred fire.
Stirre thou my Fallows, and enrich my mould,
And they ſhall bring thee encreaſe a hundred fold.

THE ARGUMENT.

Falſe Delila *accoſts her Lover:*
Her lips endeavour to entice
His gentle nature to diſcover
his ſtrength: Samſon *deceives her thrice.*

Sect. 21.

SOone as occaſion lent our Champions eare
To *Delila*, which could not chuſe but heare,
If *Delila* but whiſper'd; ſhe, whoſe wiles
Were neatly baited with her ſimple ſmiles,
Accoſted *Samſon*; her alluring hand
Sometime would ſtroke his Temples ſometime ſpan'd
His brawny arme; ſometimes would gently gripe
His ſinewy wreſt; another while would wipe
His ſweating browes; Her wanton fingers plaid,
Sometimes, with his faire locks; ſometimes would
His long diſhevell'd hair; her eyes one while (braid
Would ſteale a glance upon his eyes, and ſmile;
And then her crafty lips would ſpeake; then, ſmother
Her broken ſpeech; and then begin another:
At laſt, as if a ſudden thought had brake
From the faire priſon of her lips, ſhe ſpake;
« How poore a Griſle is this arme of mine!
« Me thinkes 'tis nothing in reſpect of thine;
« I'd rather feele the power of thy Love,
« Then of thy hand; in that my heart would prove

« The ſtouter Champion, and would make thee yeeld,
« And leave thee captive in the conquer'd field.
« The ſtrength of my affection paſſes thine,
« As much as thy victorious arme does mine;
« The greateſt conqueſt then is due to me:
« Thou conquer'ſt others, but I conquer thee:
« But ſay my love, is it ſome hidden charme,
« Or does thy ſtock of youth inrich thy arme
« With ſo great power that can overthrow,
« And conquer mighty Kingdomes at a blow?
« What cauſe have I to joy! I need not feare
« The greateſt danger, now my *Samſon's* here:
« I feare no Rebels now; me thinkes thy power
« Makes me a Princeſſe, and my houſe a Tower:
« But ſay, my Love, If *Delila* ſhould finde thee
« Loſt in a ſleepe, could not her fingers binde thee?
« Me thinks they ſhould: But I would ſcorne to make
« So poore a Conqueſt: When th'art broad awake,
« Teach me the trick: Or if thou wilt deny me;
« Know, that my owne invention ſhall ſupply me,
« Without thy helpe: Ile uſe a womans charmes,
« And binde thee faſt within theſe circled Armes:
To whom the Champion ſmiling, thus replyed.
« Take the greene Oſyers that were never dryed,
« And binde thy *Samſons* wriſts together, then,
« He ſhall be faſt, and weake as other men:
With that the Philiſtines that lay in waite
Within an eares command, commanded ſtraite
That Oſyers ſhould be brought: wherewith ſhe tied
Victorious *Samſons* joyned hands, and cryed;
« *Samſon* make haſte; and let thy ſtrength appeare:
« *Samſon* take heed; the Philiſtines are here:
He ſtarts, and as the flaming fier cracks
The ſlender ſubſtance of th'untwiſted flaxe,

He

He twicht in ſunder his divided bands,
And in a moment freed his faſtned hands;
With that offended *Delila* bewraid
A frowne, halfe ſweetned with a ſmile, and ſaid;
« Think'ſt thou thy *Delila* does goe about
« T intrap thy life? Or can my *Samſon* doubt
« To lodge a ſecret in the loyall breſt
« Of faithfull *Delila*, that findes no reſt,
« No happineſſe, but in thy heart, alone,
« Whoſe joy I prize farre dearer than my owne?
« Why then ſhouldſt thou deceive me, and impart
« So foule a falſhood to ſo true a heart?
« Come, grant my ſuite, and let that faithleſſe tongue
« Make love amends which hath done love this wrong:
To whom diſſembling *Samſon* thus replyed;
« Take twiſted ropes, whoſe ſtrength was never tried,
« And tie theſe cloſed hands together, then
« I ſhall be faſt, and weake as other men:
With that ſhe bound him cloſe; and having made
The knot more ſuer, than her love's, ſhe ſaid;
« *Samſon* ariſe, and take thy ſtrength upon thee,
« *Samſon* make haſte; the Philiſtines are on thee:
He ſtraight aroſe, and as a ſtriving hand
Would breake a Siſters thred, he crackt the band
That bound his armes, he crackt the bands in ſunder;
But frowning *Delila*, whoſe heart did wonder
No leſſe than vexe, being fill'd with diſcontent,
She ſaid; « Falſe Lover, If thy heart had meant
« What thy faire tongue had formerly profeſt,
« Thou ne'r hadſt kept thy ſecrets from my breſt:
« Wherein hath *Delila* beene found unjuſt,
« Not to deſerve the honour of thy truſt?
« Wherein have I beene faithleſſe or diſloyall?
« Or what requeſt of thine e'r found denyall?

« Had I but bin ſo wiſe, as to denie,
« *Samſon* might beg'd, and miſt, as well as I:
« But 'tis my fortune, ſtill to be moſt free
« To thoſe, as are the moſt reſerv'd to me:
« Be not ingratefull, *Samſon*; If my breſt
« Were but as falſe, as thine is hard, I'd reſt
« To tempt thy ſilence, or to move my ſuite:
« Speake then, but ſpeake the truth, or elſe be mute.
To whom fond *Samſon*: If thy hands would tie
« Theſe locks to yonder Beame, they will diſcrie
« My native weakneſſe; and thy *Samſon* then
« Would be as poore in ſtrength as other men.
So ſaid; her buſie fingers ſoone obey'd,
His locks being platted to the Beame, ſhe ſaid:
« *Samſon* beſtirre thee; and let thy power appeare:
« *Samſon* take heed, the *Philiſtines* are here:
With that he quits the place (whereon he lay
Falne faſt aſleepe,) and bore the Beame away.

Meditat. 21.

SEE how the crafty Serpent twiſts and windes
Into the breſt of man! What paths he findes,
And crooked by-wayes! with how ſweet a baite
He hides the hooke of his inveterate hate!
What ſuger'd words, and eare-delighting Art
He uſes, to ſupplant the yeelding heart
Of poore deceived man, who ſtands and truſts
Vpon the broken ſtaffe of his falſe luſts!
He temps, allures, ſuggeſts, and in concluſion,
Makes Man the Pander to his owne confuſion:

The

The fruit was faire and pleaſing to the eyes,
Apt to breed knowledge, and to make them wiſe;
Muſt they not taſte ſo faire a fruit, not touch?
Yes, doe: 'Twill make you gods, and know as much
As he that made it: Thinke you, you can fall
Into Deathes hands? Ye ſhall not die at all.
Thus fell poore man: his knowledge proved ſuch,
Better t'had bin he had not knowne ſo much:
Thus this old Serpent takes advantage ſtill
On our deſires, and diſtemper'd will.
Art thou grown Covetous? Wouldſt thou fain be rich?
He comes and ſtrikes thy heart with the drie itch
Of having: Wealth will rouze thy heartleſſe friends;
Make thee a potent Maſter of thy Ends;
'Twill bring thee honour; make thy ſuits at Law
Proſper at will, and keep thy Foes in awe.
Art thou Ambitious? He will kindle fire
In thy proud thoughts, and make thy thoughts aſpire;
Hee'll come and teach thy honour how to ſcorne
Thy old acquaintance, whom thou haſt outworne:
Hee'll teach thee how to Lord it, and advance
Thy ſervants fortunes with thy Countenance.
Wouldſt thou enjoy the pleaſures of the fleſh?
Hee'll bring thee wanton Ladies to refreſh
Thy drooping ſoul: He'll teach thine eyes to wander;
Inſtruct thee how to wooe; hee'll be thy Pander:
Hee'll fill thy amorous ſoule with the ſweet paſſion
Of powerfull love; Hee'll give thee diſpenſation,
To ſinne at pleaſure; he will make thee ſlave
To thy own thoughts; hee'll make thee beg and crave
To be a drudge; he'll make thy treacherous breath
Deſtroy thee, and betray thee to thy death.
Lord, if our Father *Adam* could not ſtay
In his upright perfection, one poore day;

How

How can it be expected, we have power
To hold our Siege, one ſcruple of an hower:
Our Armes are bound with too unequall bands;
We cannot ſtrive; We cannot looſe our hands:
Great *Nazarite*, awake; and looke upon us:
Make haſte to help; The Philiſtines are on us.

THE ARGUMENT.

She ſues againe: Samſon replies
the very truth: Her lips betray him:
They binde him; they put out his eyes,
and to the priſon they convey him.

Sect. 22.

VVIth that; the wanton, whoſe diſtruſtfull eye
Was fixt upon reward, made this replie;
« Had the denyall of my poore requeſt
« Proceeded from th'inexorable breſt
« Of one, whoſe open hatred ſought t'indanger
« My haunted life; Or had it beene a ſtranger,
« That wanted ſo much nature, to denie
« The doing of a common curteſie;
« Nay, had it beene a friend that had deceiv'd me,
« An ordinary friend, it ne'r had griev'd me:
« But thou, even thou my boſome friend, that art
« The onely joy of my deceived heart;
« Nay thou, whoſe honey-dropping lips ſo often
« Did plead thy undiſſembled love, and ſoften
« My deare affection, which could never yeeld
« To eaſier termes, By thee to be beguild?

« How

« How often haſte thou mockt my ſlender ſuite
« With forged falſhood? Hadſt thou but beene mute,
« I ne'r had hop'd: but being fairly led
« Towards my prompt deſiers, which were fed
« With my falſe hopes, and thy falſe-hearted tongue
« And then beguild? I hold it as a wrong:
« How canſt thou ſay thou lov'ſt me? How can I
« Thinke but thou hat'ſt me, when thy lips denie
« So poore a Suite? Alas, my fond deſire
« Had ſlak'd, had not denyall blowne the fire:
« Grant then at laſt, and let thy open breſt
« Shew that thou lov'ſt me, and grant my fair requeſt:
« Speake, or ſpeake not, thy *Delila* ſhall give o'r
« To urge; her lips ſhall never urge thee more:
To whom the yeelding Lover thus betrai'd
His heart, being tortur'd unto death, and ſaid;
« My Deare, my *Delila*; I cannot ſtand
« Againſt ſo ſweat a pleader; in thy hand
« I here intruſt, and to thy breſt impart
« Thy *Samſons* life, and ſecrets of his heart;
« Know then my *Delila*, that I was borne
« A *Nazarite*, theſe locks were never ſhorne;
« No Razor yet came e'r upon my crowne; (gone:
« There lies my ſtrength, with them my ſtrength is
« Were they but ſhaven, my *Delila*; O, then
« Thy *Samſon* ſhould be weake as other men;
No ſooner had he ſpoken, but he ſpred
His body on the floore, his drowzy head
He pillow'd on her lap; untill, at laſt,
He fell into a ſleep; and being faſt,
She clipt his locks from off his careleſſe head,
And beckning the Philiſtians in, ſhe ſaid;
« *Samſon* awake; take ſtrength and courage on thee;
« *Samſon* ariſe; the Philiſtines are on thee:

Even

Even as a Dove, whoſe wings are clipt for flying
Flutters her idle ſtumps; and ſtill's relying
Vpon her wonted refuge, ſtrives in vaine,
To quit her life from danger, and attaine
The freedome of her aire-dividing plumes;
She ſtruggles often, and ſhe oft preſumes
To take the Sanctuary of the open fields;
But, finding that her hopes are vaine, ſhe yeelds:
Even ſo poore *Samſon* (frighted at the ſound,
That rouz'd him from his reſt) forſooke the ground;
Perceiving the Philiſtians there at hand
To take him pris'ner, he began to ſtand
Vpon his wonted Guard: His threatning breath
Brings forth the Prologue to their following death:
He rouz'd himſelfe; and, like a Lyon, ſhooke
His drowzy limmes; and with a cloudy looke,
(Foretelling boyſtrous and tempeſtuous weather)
Defi'd each one, defi'd them altogether:
Now when he came to grapple, he upheav'd
His mightie hand, but now (alas, bereav'd
Of wonted power) that confounding arme
(That could no leſſe than murther) did no harme;
Blow was exchang'd for blow, and wound for wound;
He that of late diſdained to give ground,
Flies backe apace; who lately ſtain'd the field
With conquer'd blood, does now begin to yeeld;
He that of late brake twiſted Ropes in twaine,,
Is bound with Packthred; he that did diſdaine
To feare the power of an armed Band,
Can now walke pris'ner in a ſingle hand:
Thus have the treacherous Philiſtines betrai'd
Poore captive *Samſon*: *Samſon* now obey'd:
Thoſe glowing eyes, that whirled death about,
Where e'r they viewd, their curſed hands put out,

They

They led him priſ'ner, and convay'd him downe
To ſtrong-wall'd *Azza*, (that *Philiſtian* towne,
Whoſe gates his ſhoulders lately bore away)
There, in the common priſon, did they lay
Diſtreſſed *Samſon*, who obtain'd no meate,
But what he purchas'd with his painfull ſweate;
For every day they urg'd him to fulfill
His twelve houres taske, at the laborious Mill,
And when his waſted ſtrength began to tire,
They quicken his bare ſides with whips of Wire:
Fill'd was the towne with Ioy, and Triumph: All,
From the high Prince to th'Cobler on the ſtall,
Kept holy-day; whileſt every voyce became
Hoarſe as the Trumpe of newes-divulging fame;
All tongues were fill'd with ſhouts: And every eare
Was growne impatient of the whiſperer;
So generall was their Triumph, their applauſe,
That children ſhouted e'r they knew a cauſe:
The better ſort betook them to their knees,
Dagon muſt worſhipp'd be: « *Dagon*, that frees
« Both Sea and Land; *Dagon*, that did ſubdue
« Our common Foe: *Dagon* muſt have his due:
« *Dagon* muſt have his praiſe; muſt have his prize:
« *Dagon* muſt have his holy Sacrifice:
« *Dagon* has brought to our victorious hand
« Proud *Samſon*: *Dagon* has redeem'd our Land:
« We call to *Dagon*; and our *Dagon* heares;
« Our groanes are come to holy *Dagon* eares;
« To *Dagon* all renowne and glory be;
« Where is there ſuch another *god* as He?

Meditat.

Meditat. 22.

HOw is our ſtory chang'd? O, more than ſtrange
Effects of ſo ſmall time! O, ſudden change;
Is this that holy Nazarite, for whom
Heav'n ſhew'd a Miracle on the barren wombe?
Is this that holy Thing, againſt whoſe Birth
Angels muſt quit their Thrones, and viſit Earth?
Is this that bleſſed Infant, that began
To grow in favour ſo with God and Man?
What, is this he, who(ſtrengthen'd by heav'ns hand)
Was borne a Champion to redeeme the Land?
Is this the man, whoſe courage did conteſt
With a fierce Lyon, grapling breſt to breſt;
And in a twinkling tore him quite in ſunder?
Is this that Conquerour whoſe arme did thunder
Vpon the men of Askalon, the power
Of whoſe bent fiſt ſlew thirty in an hower?
Is this the daring Conquerour, whoſe hand
Thraſht the proud Philiſtines in their waſted Land?
And was this He, that with the helpe of none,
Deſtroy'd a thouſand with a ſilly Bone?
Or he, whoſe wriſts, being bound together, did
Breake Cords like flax; and double Ropes like thrid?
Is this the man whoſe hands unhing'd thoſe Gates,
And bare them thence, with Pillars, Bars and Grates?
And is he turn'd a Mill-horſe now? and blinde?
Muſt this great Conquerour be forc'd to grinde
For bread and water? Muſt this Heroe ſpend
His later times in drudgery? Muſt he end
His weary dayes in darkneſſe? Muſt his hyer
Be knotted cords, and torturing whips of wyre?

Where

Where heav'n withdraws, the creatures power ſhakes;
What miſerie's wanting there where God forſakes?
Had *Samſon* not abus'd his borrow'd power,
Samſon had ſtill remain'd a Conquerour:
The Philiſtines did act his part; No doubt,
His eyes offended, and they pluckt them out:
Heaven will be juſt: He puniſhes a ſinne,
Oft in the member that he findes it in.
When faithleſſe *Zacharias* did become
Too curious, his lips were ſtrucken dumbe:
Samſon whoſe luſtfull view did over-prize
Vnlawfull beautie, 's puniſht in his eyes;
Thoſe flaming eyes ſeduc'd his wanton minde
To act a ſinne; thoſe eyes are ſtricken blinde;
The beautie he invaded, did invade him,
And that fair tongue, that bleſt him ſo, betraid him:
That ſtrength, intemperate luſt imploy'd ſo ill,
Is now a driving the laborious Mill;
Thoſe naked ſides, ſo pleas'd with luſts deſire,
Are now as naked, laſht with whips of wire:
Lord, ſhould'ſt thou puniſh everie part in me
That does offend, what member would be free?
Each member acts his part; they never lin
Vntill they joyne, and make a body of ſinne:
Make ſinne my burthen; Let it never pleaſe me;
And thou haſt promis'd, when I come, to eaſe me.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

They make a Feaſt: And then to crowne
their mirth, blinde Samſon *is brought thither:*
He puls the mighty Pillers downe:
the building falls: All ſlaine together.

Sect. 23.

THus when the vulgar Triumph (which does laſt
But ſeldome, longer than the newes) was paſt;
And *Dagons* holy Altars had ſurceaſt
To breathe their idle fumes: they call'd a feaſt,
A common feaſt; whoſe bountie did bewray
A common joy to gratulate the day;
Whereto the Princes, under whoſe command
Each Province was, in their divided Land;
Whereto the Lords, Lieutenants, and all thoſe,
To whom the ſupreme Rulers did repoſe
An under-truſt; whereto the better ſort
Of Gentry, and of Commons did reſort,
With mirth, and jolly triumph, to allay
Their ſorrowes, and to ſolemnize the day;
Into the common Hall they come: The Hall
Was large and faire; Her arched roofe was all
Builded with maſſie ſtone, and over-laid
With pond'rous Lead; Two ſturdie Pillers ſtai'd
Her mighty Rafters up; whereon rely'd
The weightie burthen of her loftie pride.
When luſtie diet, and the frollick cup
Had rouz'd and rais'd their quickned ſpirits up,

And

And brave triumphing *Bacchus* had diſplaid
His conquering colours, in their cheekes, they ſaid;
« Call *Samſon* forth; he muſt not worke to day;
« 'Tis aboone feaſt; wee'll give him leave to play;
« Does he grinde bravely? does our Mil-horſe ſweat?
« Let him lack nothing; what he wants in meate,
« Supply in laſhes; He is ſtrong and ſtout,
« And with his breath can drive the Mill about:
« He works too hard, we fear: Go down & free him;
« Say, that his Miſtreſſe *Delila* would ſee him:
« The ſight of him will take our howers ſhort;
« Goe fetch him then to make our Honours ſport:
« Bid him provide ſome Riddles; let him bring
« Some ſong of Triumph; he that's blinde may ſing
« With better boldneſſe: Bid him never doubt
« To pleaſe: what matter though his eyes be out?
« 'Tis no diſhonour that he cannot ſee;
« Tell him the God of Love's as blinde as he.
With that they brought poore *Samſon* to the Hall;
And as he paſt, he gropes to finde the wall;
His pace was ſlow; His feet were lifted high;
Each tongue will taunt him; every ſcornefull eye
Was fill'd with laughter; Some would crie aloud,
« He walkes in ſtate; his Lordſhip is growne proud:
Some bid his Honour, *Haile*, whil'ſt others caſt
Reproachfull termes upon him, as he paſt:
Some would ſalute him fairely, and embrace
His wounded ſides, then ſpit upon his face:
Others would crie; For ſhame forbeare t'abuſe
« The high and great Redeemer of the Iewes:
Some gibe and flout him with their taunts and quips,
Whil'ſt others flurt him on the ſtarting lips:
With that poore *Samſon*, whoſe abundant griefe,
Not finding hopes of comfort or reliefe,

Resolv'd for patience: Turning round, he made
Some stay to feele his Keeper out, and said;
« Good Sir, my painfull labour in the Mill
« Hath made me bold (although against my will)
« To crave some little rest; If you will please
« To let the pillar but afford some ease
« To my worne Limmes, your mercy shall relieve
« A soule that has no more but thankes, to give.
The Keeper yeelded: (Now the Hall was fill'd
With Princes, and their People that beheld
Abused *Samson*; whilst the Roofe remain'd
A leafie of thousands more, whose eyes were chain'd
To this sad object, with a dull delight,
To see this flesh-and-blood-relenting sighe;
With that the Prisoner turn'd himselfe and pray'd
So soft, that none but Heaven could heare, and said;
« My God, my God: Although my sinnes doe cry
« For greater vengeance, yet thy gracious eye
« Is full of mercy; O, remember now
« The gentle promise, and that sacred vow
« Thou mad'st to faithfull *Abram*, and his seed;
« O heare my wounded soule, that has lesse need
« Of life, than mercy: Let thy tender eare
« Make good thy plenteous promise now, and heare;
« See, how thy cursed enemies prevaile
« Above my strength; Behold, how poore and fraile
« My native power is, and, wanting thee,
« What is there, oh, what is there (Lord) in me?
« Nor is it I that suffer: My desert
« May challenge greater vengeance, if thou wert
« Extreme to punish: Lord, the wrong is thine;
« The punishment is just, and onely mine.
« I am thy *Champion*, Lord; It is not me
« They strike at; Through my sides they thrust at thee:

« Against

« Against thy *Glory* 'tis their Malice lies;
« They aym'd at that, when they put out these eyes:
« Alas, their blood-bedabl'd hands would flie
« On thee, were thou but cloath'd in flesh as I:
« Revenge thy wrongs, great God; O let thy hand
« Redeeme thy suffring honour, and this Land:
« Lend me thy power, renew my wasted strength,
« That I may fight thy battels; and at length,
« Rescue thy glorie; that my hands may doe
« That faithfull service they were borne unto:
« Lend me thy power, that I may restore
« Thy losse, and I will never urge thee more.
Thus having ended, both his armes he laid
Vpon the pillars of the Hall, and said;
« Thus with the Philistines I resigne my breath;
« And let my God finde Glorie in my death:
And having spoke, his yeelding body straind
Vpon those Marble Pillars, that sustain'd
The pondrous Roofe; they crackt; and, with their fall,
Downe fell the Battlements, and Roofe, and all;
And with their ruines slaughter'd at a blow
The whole Assembly; they that were below
Receiv'd their sudden deaths from those that fell
From off the top; whilest none was left to tell
The horrid shreeks that fill'd the spacious Hall,
Whose ruines were impartiall, and slew all:
They fell, and with an unexpected blow,
Gave every one his death and buriall too.

Thus dy'd our *Samson*, whose brave death has won
More honour than his honour'd life had done:
Thus dy'd our Conquerour; whose lateſt breath
Was crown'd with Conqueſt; triumph'd over death:
Thus dy'd our *Samson*, whose last drop of blood
Redeem'd heav'ns glorie, and his Kingdomes good:

Thus dy'd Heavens Champion, and the earths knight
The heavenly subject of this sacred Story:
And thus th'impartiall hand of death, that gathers
All to the Grave, repos'd him with his Fathers;
Whose name shall flourish, and be still in prime,
In spight of ruine, or the teeth of Time;
Whose fame shall last, till Heaven shall please to free
This Earth from Sinne, and Time shall cease to be.

Meditat. 23.

WAges of sinne is death: The day must come,
Wherein the equall hand of death must summe
The severall Items of mans fading glorie,
Into the easie totall of one Story:
The browes that sweat for Kingdomes, and renowne,
To glorifie their Temples with a Crowne;
At length grow cold, and leave their honour'd name
To flourish in th'uncertaine blast of Fame:
This is the height that glorious Mortals can
Attaine; this is the highest pitch of Man:
The quilted Quarters of the earths great Ball,
Whose unconfined limits were too small
For his extreame Ambition to deserve,
Sixe foot of length, and three of bredth must serve:
This is the highest pitch that Man can flie;
And after all his Triumph, he must die.
Lives he in Wealth? Does well-deserved store
Limit his wish, that he can wish no more?
And does the fairest bounty of increase
Crowne him with plentie, and his dayes with peace?
It is a right hand blessing; But supply
Of wealth cannot secure him; He must die:

Lives

Lives he in Pleaſure? Does perpetuall mirth
Lend him a little Heaven upon this earth?
Meets he no ſullen care, no ſudden loſſe
To coole his joyes? Breathes he without a croſſe?
Wants he no pleaſure that his wanton eye
Can crave, or hope from fortune? He muſt die.
Lives he in Honour? Hath his faire deſart
Obtain'd the freedome of his Princes heart?
Or may his more familiar hands diſburſe
His liberall favours from the royall purſe?
Alas, his Honour cannot ſoare too high,
For pale-fac'd Death to follow: He muſt die.
Lives he a Conquerour? And doth Heaven bleſſe
His heart with ſpirit, that ſpirit with ſucceſſe;
Succeſſe, with Glorie; Glorie, with a name,
To live with the Eternitie of Fame?
The progreſſe of his laſting fame may vie
With time; But yet the Conquerour muſt die.
Great, and good God: Thou Lord of life and death;
In whom, the Creature hath his beeing, breath;
Teach me to underprize this life, and I
Shall finde my loſſe the eaſier when I die;
So raiſe my feeble thoughts, and dull deſire
That when theſe vaine and weary dayes expire,
I may diſcard my fleſh with joy, and quit
My better part of this falſe earth; and it
Of ſome more ſinne; and for this tranſitorie
And tedious life, enjoy a life of Glorie.

The end.

SIONS SONETS:

Sung

By SOLOMON the KING:

And

PERIPHRASD

By

FR A: QUARLES.

LONDON,

Printed by MILES FLESHER.

1638.

To the READERS.

READERS, now you have them. May the end of my paines be the beginning of your pleasures. Excuse me for soaring so high, else give mee leave to excuse my selfe; Indeed I flew with Eagles feathers, otherwise I had not flowne or falne. It is the *Song of Songs*, I here present you with: The Author King SALOMON, the wisest of Kings; The matter, mysticall, the divinest of subjects; The speakers, CHRIST, the *Bridegroome*; the CHURCH, the *Bride*; The end; to invite you all to the wedding.

Farewell.

AN

AN EPITHALME TO THE BRIDE-GROOME.

HOsanna *to the Highest. Ioy betide*
The heavenly Bridegroom, *& his holy* Bride;
Let Heaven above be fill'd with songs,
Let Earth triumph below;
For ever silent be those tongues,
That can be silent now.
You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all to breake
Your flinty silence, if men cease to speake.
You that professe that sacred Art,
Or now, or never shew it,
Plead not, your Muse is out of heart,
Here's that creates a Poet.
Be ravisht Earth to see this contract driven,
'Twixt sinfull Man, and reconciled Heaven.
Dismount your Quier of Angels; come,
With Men, your joyes divide;
Heaven never shew'd so sweet a Groome,
Nor Earth so faire a Bride.

SIONS

SIONS SONETS.

BRIDE.

SONET I.

1:

O That the bounty of thoſe lips Divine
Would ſeale their favours on theſe lips of mine,
That by thoſe welcome * kiſſes, I might ſee
The mutuall love betwixt my Love and me,
For truer bliſſe, no worldly joy allowes,
Than ſacred Kiſſes from ſo ſweet a Spouſe,
With which no earthly pleaſure may compare,
Rich Wines are not ſo delicate as they'r.

* *Senſible graces.*

2.

NOr Myrrh, nor Caſſia, nor the choyce perfumes
Of unctious Narde, or Aromatick fumes
Of hot *Arabia* doe enrich the Aire
With more delicious ſweetneſſe, than the faire
Reports, that crowne the merits of thy Name,
With heavenly Lawrels of eternall fame;
Which makes the * Virgins fix their eyes upon thee,
And all that view thee, are enamour'd on thee.

* *Pure in heart.*

O,

3.

O Let the beautie of thy Sun-like face
Inflame my ſoule, and let thy glory chace,
Diſloyall thoughts: let not the World allure
My chaſte deſiers from a Spouſe ſo pure;
But when as time ſhall place me on thy * Throne,
My feares ſhall ceaſe, and interrupt by none,
I ſhall tranſcend the ſtile of Tranſitorie,
And full of Glorie, ſtill be fill'd with glorie.

* *The Kingdome of Heaven.*

4.

BVt you, my curious (and too nice) allies,
That view my fortunes, with too narrow eyes,
You ſay my face is * black, and foule; 'tis true;
I'm beautious to my Love, though black to you;
My cenſure ſtands not upon your eſteeme,
He ſees me as I * am; you, as I ſeeme;
You ſee the clouds, but he diſcernes the Skie;
Know, 'tis my * mask that lookes ſo blacke, not I.

* *Through apparent infirmities.* * *Glorious in him.*
* *Weakneſſe of the Fleſh.*

5.

WHat if Afflictions doe diſ-imbeliſh
My naturall glorie, and denie the reliſh
Of my adjourned beautie, yet diſdaine not
Her, by whoſe neceſſarie loſſe, you gaine not;
I was inforc'd to * ſwelter in the Sunne,

* *Afflictions.*

And

And * keep a ſtrangers Vine, left mine alone;
I left mine owne, and kept a ſtrangers Vine;
The fault was * mine, but was * not onely mine.

* *Forced to Idolatrous ſuperſtitions.* * *By reaſon of my weakneſſe.* * *Being ſeduced by falſe Prophets.*

6.

O Thou, whoſe love I prize above my life,
More worthy farre t'enjoy a fairer wife,
Tell me, to what coole ſhade doſt thou reſort?
Where graze thy Sheep, where do thy Lambs diſport
Free from the ſcorching of this * ſoultry weather?
O tell thy Love, and let thy Love come thither:
Say (gentle Shepheard) fits it thee to cheriſh
Thy private Flocks, and let thy true Love * periſh?

* *Perſecutions.* * *By Idolatry.*

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET II.

Illuſtrious *Bride*, more radiant and more * bright,
Than th'eye of Noone, thrice fairer than the light;
Thou deareſt off-ſpring of my dying blood,
And treaſure of my ſoule, why haſt thou ſtood
Parching ſo long in thoſe ambitious beames?
Come, come and coole thee in theſe ſilver * ſtreames:
Unſhade thy face, caſt backe thoſe golden Locks,
And I will make thee * Miſtris of my Flocks.

* *Through my merits, and thy Sanctification.* * *The Doctrine of the true Prophets.* * *Teacher of my Congregations.*

2.

O Thou the Center of my choyce desires,
In whom I rest, in whom my soule respires;
Thou art the flowre of beautie, and I prize thee
Above the world, howe'r the world despise thee:
The blinde imagines all things black by kinde,
Thou art as beautifull as they are blinde:
And as the faireſt troopes of *Pharo's* steeds
Exceed the rest, so Thou the rest exceeds.

3.

THy * cheek (the garden where fresh beautie plaies
Her choyceſt flowers) no adorning wants;
There wants no reliſh of * divincr grace,
To summe compleatneſſe, in so sweet a face;
Thy Neck without a blemiſh, without blot,
Than Pearles more orient, cleare from staine or spot;
Thy Gemmes and Iewels full of curious art,
Imply the sacred treasures of thy heart.

* *Thy most visible parts.* * *Sanctification.*

4.

THe Sunne-bright glorie of thy resounding fame
Addes glorie to the glorie of thy Name;
The more's thy honour Love, the more thou striv'ſt
To honour me; thou gaineſt what thou giv'ſt:
My Father (whom our Contract hath made thine)
Will give thee large endowments of * Divine,
And everlasting treasure; Thus by me
Thou shalt be rich, that am thus rich in thee.

* *The riches of his holy Spirit.*

BRIDE.

BRIDE.

SONET III.

OH, how my ſoule is raviſht with the joyes (*ioyes!*
That ſpring like *Fountaines* from my true-loves
How cordiall are his lips! how ſweet his tongue!
Each word he breathes is a melodious ſong;
He abſent (ah!) how is my glory dimme!
I have no beautie not deriv'd from Him;
What ere I have, from him alone I have,
And he takes pleaſure in thoſe gifts he gave.

2.

AS fragrant myrrh, within the boſome hid,
Scents more delicious than (before) it did,
And yet receives no ſweetneſſe from that breſt,
That proves the ſweeter for ſo ſweet a gueſt:
Even ſo the favour of my deareſt Spouſe,
Thus priz'd and placed in my heart, endowes
My ardent ſoule with ſweetneſſe, and inſpires
With heavenly raviſhment, my rapt deſires.

3.

WHo ever ſmelt the breath of morning flowres
New ſweet'ned with the daſh of twilight (ſhowrs
Of pounded Amber, or the flowring Thyme,
Or purple Violets in their prondeſt prime,
Or ſwelling Cluſters from the Cypreſſe tree?
So ſweet's my Love: I farre more ſweet is Hee:
So fair, ſo ſweet, that Heavens bright eye is dimme,
And flowers have no ſcent, compar'd with him.

BRIDE-

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET IV.

O Thou the joyes of my sufficed heart,
The more thou think'st me fair, the more thou art;
Looke in the Chrystall mirrors of mine eyes,
And view thy beautie, there thy beautie lies;
See there th'unmated glory of thy Face,
Well mixt with Spirit, and divinest grace;
The eyes of Doves are not so faire as * thine:
O how those eyes inflame these eyes of mine!

* *The holy Prophets.*

BRIDE.

SONET V.

MOst radiant and refulgent Lampe of light,
Whose midday beautie yet ne'r found a night,
'Tis thou, 'tis onely thou art faire; from Thee
Reflect those * rayes that have enlightned me,
And as bright *Cinthias* borrow'd beames doe shine
From *Titan's* glorie, so doe I from thine;
So dayly flourishes our fresh delight,
In daily * giving and receiving light.

* *Thy holy Spirit.* * *In giving grace and receiving glory.*

NOr does thy glorie shine to me alone;
What place, wherein thy glorie hath not shone?
But O, how fragrant, with rich odour, smels
That * sacred House, where thou my true Love dwels!

* *The Congregation of Saints.*

Nor

Nor is it ſtrange: How can thoſe places be
But fill'd with ſweetneſſe, if poſſeſt with thee!
My heart's a Heaven, for thou art in that heart;
Thy preſence makes a heaven, where e'r thou art.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET VI.

THou ſoveraigne Lady of my ſelect deſires,
I, I am He, whom thy chaſt ſoule admires:
The Roſe for ſmell, the Lilly to the eye,
Is not ſo ſweet, is not ſo faire as I:
My vailed beautie's not the glorious prize
Of * common ſight: * within, my beautie lies,
Yet ne'rtheleſſe my glory were but ſmall,
If I ſhould want, to honour thee withall.

* *Not in outward glory.* * *In inward graces.*

2.

NOr doe I boaſt my excellence alone,
But thine (dear Spouſe) as whom, the world hath (none
So true to faith, ſo pure in love, as whom
Lives not a Bride, ſo fits ſo chaſte a Groome;
And as the faireſt Lilly doth exceed
The fruitleſſe Bramble, or the fouleſt weed,
So far (my Love) doſt thou exceed the reſt;
In perfect beauty of a loyall breſt.

BRIDE.

SONET VII.

LOok how the fruitfull tree (whoſe laden boughs
With ſwelling pride, crowne Autumnes ſmiling (Browes)

Surpaſſes idle ſhrubs, even ſo in worth
My love tranſcends the Worthies of the earth:
He was my ſhore in ſhipwrack, and my ſhelter
In ſtormes; my ſhade when I began to ſwelter:
If hungry, he was Food; and if oppreſt
With wrongs, my Advocate; with toyle, my reſt.

2.

I Thirſted; and full charged to the brinke,
He gave me * bowles of Nectar, for my drink:
And in his ſides he broacht me (for a ſigne
Of deareſt love) a Sacramentall wine;
He freely gave; I freely drank my fill;
The more I drank, the more remained ſtill:
Did never Souldier to his Colours prove
More chaſte than I, to ſo intire a Love.

* *The holy Scriptures.*

3.

O How his beauty ſets my ſoule on fire!
My ſpirits languiſh with extreme deſire:
Deſires exceeding limits, are too laviſh,
And wanting meanes to be effected, raviſh;
Then let thy * breath like flaggons of ſtrong wine,
Relieve and comfort this poore heart of mine;
For I am ſick, till time (that doth delay
Our Marriage) bring our joyfull Marriage day.

* *Thy ſweet promiſes.*

4.

TIll then, O let my dearest Lord, by whom
These pleasing paines of my sweet sorrowes come,
Performe his vowes, and with his due resort,
Blesse me, to make the sullen time seeme short:
In his sweet presence may I still be blest,
Debart'd from whom my soule can find no rest;
O let all times be prosp'rous, and all places
Be witnesse to our undefil'd Embraces.

5.

ALL you, whose seeming favours have profest
The true affection of a loyall brest,
I charge you all by the true love you beare
To friendship, or what else ye count most deare,
* Disturbe ye not my Love, O doe not reive
Him of his joyes, that is so apt to grieve;
Dare not to break his quiet slumbers, left
You rouze a raging Lyon from his rest.

* *Vexe not his Spirit with your sinnes.*

6.

HArke, harke, I heare that thrice-celestiall voice,
Wherein my spirits, rapt with joyes, rejoyce;
A voice, that tels me, my Beloved's nigh;
I know the musick by the Majestie:
Behold he comes; 'Tis not my * blemisht face
Can slack the swiftnesse of his winged pace;
Behold he comes; His Trumpet doth proclame,
He comes with speed; A truer love ne'r came.

* *The imperfections of my present estate.*

7.

BEhold the fleetneſſe of his nimble feet:
The Roe-Buck and the Hart were ne'r ſo fleet:
The word I ſpake flew not ſo ſpeedy from me,
As he, the treaſure of my ſoule comes to me:
He ſtands behind my wall, as if in doubt
Of welcome: Ah, this * Wall debarres him out:
O how injurious is the Wall of ſinne,
That barres my Lover out, and bolts me in!

* *The weakneſſe of my fleſh.*

The BRIDE in the perſon of the BRIDEGROOME.

SONET VIII.

HArke, harke, me thinkes I heare my true love ſay,
Breake down that envious barre and come away;
Ariſe (my deareſt Spouſe) and diſpoſſeſſe
Thy ſoule of doubtfull feares, nor over-preſſe
Thy tender ſpirits, with the dull deſpaire
Of thy demerits: (Love) thou art as faire:
As Earth will ſuffer: Time will make thee clearer,
Come forth (my Love) than whō thy life's not dearer.

2.

COme forth (my joy) what bold affront of feare
Can fright thy ſoule, and I thy Champion here?
'Tis I that call, 'tis I, thy Bridegoome cals thee,
Betide it me, what ever evill befals thee:
The winter of thy ſharpe affliction's gone:
Why fear'ſt thou cold, and art ſo neare the Sunne?

I am thy Sunne, if thou be cold, draw nearer: (rer:
Come forth (my Love) then whom my life's not dea-

3.

COme forth (my Deare) the ſpring of joyes invite (thee,
The * flowers contend for beauty to delight thee.
Their ſweet ambition's onely which might be
Moſt ſweet, moſt faire, becauſe moſt like to thee:
The * Birds (ſweet Heralds of ſo ſweet a Spring)
Warble high notes, and *Hymeneans* ſing:
All ſing with joy, t'enjoy ſo ſweet a Hearer:
Come forth (my love) then whom my life's not dearer.

* *The Elect.* * *Angels.*

4.

THe proſperous * Vine, which this deare hand did plant,
Tenders due ſervice to ſo ſweet a Saint: (
Her hidden Cluſters ſwell with ſacred pride,
To * kiſſe the lips of ſo, ſo faire a Bride:
Maſqu'd in their leaves, they lurke, fearing to bee
Deſcry'd by any, till firſt ſeene by thee
The clouds are paſt, the heaven cannot be clearer;
Come forth (dear Love) thē whō my life's not dearer.

* *The Congregation of the faithfull.* * *To offer up the fruits of obedience.*

5.

MY Dove, whom daily * dangers teach new ſhifts
That like a Dove, doſt haunt the ſecret clifts
Of ſolitarie Rockes: Howe'r thou be
Reſerv'd from others, be not ſtrange to me.

* *Perſecutions.*

Call me to reſcue, and this brawny Arme
Shall queſl thy Foe, and fence thy ſoule from harme;
Speake (Love;) Thy voyce is ſweet; what if thy face
Be drencht with teares; each teare's a ſeverall grace.

6.

ALL you that wiſh proſperity and peace,
To crowne our contract with a long encreaſe
Of future joyes, ô ſhield my ſimple Love
From thoſe that ſeeke her ruine, and remove
The baſe Oppoſers of her beſt deſignes;
Deſtroy the Foxes, that deſtroy her Vines,
Her Vines are fruitfull, but her tender Grapes
Are ſpoyl'd by Foxes, clad in humane ſhapes.

The BRIDE in her owne perſon.

SONET IX.

WHat greater joy can bleſſe my ſoule than this,
That my beloved's mine, and I am his!
Our ſoules are knit; the world cannot untwine
The joyfull union of his heart, and mine;
In him I live; in him my ſoule's poſſeſt
With heavenly Solace, and eternall reſt:
Heaven onely knowes the bliſſe my ſoule enjoyes,
Fond earth's too dull to apprehend ſuch joyes.

2.

THou ſweet perfection of my full delights,
Till that bright* Day, devoted to the rites
Of our ſolemniz'd Nuptials, ſhall come,
Come live with me, and make this heart thy Home.

* *The Day of Judgement.*

Diſdaine

Diſdaine me not; Although my face appeare
Deform'd and cloudie, yet my heart is * cleare:
Make haſte: Let not the ſwift-foot Roe-Buck flee
The following hound ſo faſt, as thou to me.
* *By ſanctification.*

3.

I Thought my Love had taken up his reſt,
Within the * ſecret Cabin of my breſt;
I thought the cloſed curtaines did immure
His gentle ſlumbers, but was too ſecure:
For (driven with love) to the falſe bed I * ſtept,
To view his ſlumbring beauty, as he ſlept,
But he was gone, yet plainly there was ſeene
The curious dint, where he had lately beene.
* *In my ſoule* * *By ſtrict examination.*

4.

IMpatient of his abſence, thus bereaven
Of him, than whom, I had no other heaven,
I rav'd a while; not able to digeſt
So great a Loſſe, to loſe ſo faire a Gueſt:
I left no path untrac'd; no * place unſought;
No ſecret Cell unſearcht; no way unthought;
I ask'd the ſhade, but ſhadowes could not hide him;
I ask'd the World, but all the world deny'd him.
* *Amongſt the wiſeſt worldlings.*

5.

MY jealous Love, diſtemp'red with diſtraction,
Made fierce with feare, unapt for ſatisfaction,
Applyes freſh fuell to my flaming fires,
With Eagles wings ſupplies my quick deſires:

Vp to the wals I trampled, where I ſpy'd
The * City watch, to whom with teares I cry'd,
Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft deſcry
What's dark to us; did not my Love paſſe by?

* *The Miniſters of the Word.*

6.

AT length, when dull deſpair had gain'd the groũd
Of tyred hopes, my faith fell in a ſwound;
But he, whoſe ſympathiſing heart did find
The tyrant paſſion of my troubled mind,
Forthwith appear'd: What Angels tongue can let
The world conceive our pleaſures, when we met?
And till the joyes of our eſpouſed hearts
Be made * compleat, the world ne'r more ſhall part's.

* *At the Reſurrection.*

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET X.

NOw reſts my Love: till now, her tender breſt
Wanting her joy, could find no peace, no reſt:
I charge you all be the true love you beare
To friendſhip, or what elſe you count moſt deare,
Diſturbe her not, but let her ſleepe her fill,
I charge you all, upon your lifes be ſtill:
O may that labouring ſoule, that lives oppreſt
For me; in me receive eternall reſt.

2.

WHat curious face is this? what mortall birth
Can ſhew a beauty, thus * unſtain'd with earth!

* *Through ſanctification by merits.*

What

What glorious Angell wanders thus alone,
From earths foule dungeon, to my Fathers throne!
It is my Love; my Love that hath deny'd
The world for me; It is my faireſt Bride:
How fragrant is her breath! How heavenly faire
Her Angel face! each glorifying the Ayre.

BRIDE.

SONET XI.

O How I'm * raviſht with Eternall bliſſe!
Who e'r thought heaven a joy compar'd to this?
How doe the pleaſures of this glorious Face
Adde glory to the glory of this place!
See how Kings Courts ſurmount poore Shepheards Cels,
So this the pride of *Solomon* excels;
Rich wreathes of Glory crowne his royall Head,
And troops of Angels wait upon his bed.

* *By heavenly Contemplation.*

6.

THe Court of Princely *Solomon* was guarded
With able men at armes; their faith rewarded
With fading honours, ſubject to the fate
Of Fortune, and the jealous frownes of State;
But here th'harmonious Quire of heaven attend,
Whoſe prize is glory, glory without end,
Vnmixt with doubtings, or degenerous feare;
A greater Prince than *Solomon* is here!

3.

THe Bridall bed of Princely *Solomon*,
(Whoſe beauty amaz'd the greedy lookers on,
Which

Which all the world admired to behold;
Was but of Cedar, and her sted of Gold;
Her Pillars silver, and her Canopie
Of silks, but richly stain'd with purple die:
Her Curtaines wrought in works, works rarely led
By th'Needles art, such was the Bridall bed.

4.

SVch was the Bridall bed, which Time, or Age
Durst never warrant from th'approbrious rage
Of envious fate; earth's measure's but a minute:
Earth fades; all fades upon it; all within it;
O, but the glory of this diviner place,
No age can injure, nor yet Time deface;
Too weak an object, for weak eyes to bide,
Or tongues t'expresse: Who ever saw't but dy'd?

5.

WHo e'r beheld the royall Crowne set on
The nuptiall browes of Princely *Solomon*?
His glorious pompe, whose honour did display
The noysed triumphs of his Marriage day?
A greater Prince than *Solomon* is here,
The Beauty of whose Nuptials shall appeare
More glorious, far transcending his, as far
As heavens bright lamp out-shines th'obscurest star.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XII.

HOw orient is thy * beauty! How divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth, to thine!
Thy vailed * eyes out-shine heavens greater light,
Vnconquer'd by the shadie Cloud of night:

* *Through the gifts of my Spirit.* * *The modestie and purtie of thy Judgement.*

Thy

Thy curious * Treſſes dangle, all unbound,
With unaffected order to the ground:
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How darke's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *Ornaments of neceſſary Ceremonies.*

2.

THy Ivory * Teethin whitneſſe doe out-goe
The Downe of Swans, or winters driving Snow;
Whoſe even proportions lively repreſent
Th'harmonious Muſicke of unite conſent;
Whoſe perfect whiteneſſe Time could never blot;
Nor age (the Cankar of deſtruction) rot.
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How darke's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *Sincere Miniſters.*

3.

THe ruby portals of thy ballanc'd * words,
Send forth a welcome reliſh, which affords
A heaven of bliſſe, and makes the earth rejoyce,
To heare the Accent of thy heavenly voyce;
The * maiden-bluſhes of thy cheekes proclaime
A ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame.
How orient is thy beauty! how Divine!
How darke's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *Doctrine of thy holy Prophets.* * *Modeſt graces of the Spirit.*

4.

THy * neck (unbeautifi'd with borrowed grace)
Is whiter than the Lillies of thy face,
If whiter may, for beauty, and for pow'r,
'Tis like the glory of *Davids* Princely Towre.

* *Magiſtrates.*

What

What vaſſall ſpirit could deſpaire or faint,
Finding protection from ſo ſure a Saint?
How orient is thy b auty! how divine!
How darke's the glory of the earth to thine!

5.

THe deare-bought fruit of that forbidden Tree,
Was not ſo daintie as thy Apples bee,
Theſe curious Apples of thy ſnowy* breſts,
Wherein a Paradiſe of pleaſure reſts;
They breathe ſuch life into the raviſht* Eye,
That the inflam'd beholder cannot* die.
How orient is thy beauty! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

*The old and new Teſtaments. *The ſanctified and zealous Reader. *The ſecond death.

6.

MY deareſt Spouſe, I le *hie me to my home,
And till that long expected* day ſhall come,
The light whereof ſhall chaſe the night that ſhrouds
Thy vailed beautie in theſe envious* clouds;
Till then, I goe, and in my Throne, provide
A glorious welcome for my faireſt Bride;
Chapplets of conqu'ring Palme, and Lawrell boughes
Shall crowne thy Temples and adorne thy browes.

*I will withdraw my bodily preſence. *The day of Iudgement. *Infirmities of the fleſh.

7.

VVOuld beautie faine be flatter'd with a grace
She never had? May ſhe behold thy face:
Envie would burſt, had ſhe no other taske,
Than to behold this face without a maske;

No

No ſpot, no veniall blemiſh could ſhe finde,
To feed the famine of her rancorous minde;
Thou art the flowre of beauties Crowne, and they're
Much worſe than foule, that think thee leſſe than faire.

8.

FEare not (my Love) for when thoſe ſacred bands
Of wedlock ſhall conjoyne our promis'd hands,
Ile come and quite thee from this tedious * place,
Where thou art forc'd to ſojourne for a ſpace;
No forraine Angle of the utmoſt Lands,
No ſeas Abyſſe ſhall hide thee from my hands;
No night ſhall ſhade the from my curious eye,
Ile rouze the graves, although grim death ſtand by.

* *This vale of mifery.*

9.

ILluſtrious beames ſhot from thy flaming * eye,
Made fierce with zeale, and ſoveraigne Majeſtie,
Have ſcorcht my ſoule, and like a fierie dart
Transfixt the Center of my wounded heart;
The Virgin ſweetneſſe of thy heavenly grace
Hath made mine eyes glad pris'ners to thy face;
The beautie of thine eye-bals hath bereft
Me of my heart: O ſweet, ô ſacred theft!

* *Thine eye of Faith.*

10.

OThou, the deare Inflamer of mine eyes,
Life of my ſoule, and hearts eternall prize,

How

How delectable is thy love! how pure!
How apt to ravish, able to allure
A frozen soule, and with thy secret fire,
T'effect dull spirits with extreame desire!
How doe thy joyes (though in their greatest dearth)
Transcend the proudest pleasures of the earth!

II.

THy lips (my dearest Spouse) are the full treasures
Of sacred * Poesie, whose heavenly measures
Ravish with joy the willing heart, that heares,
But strike a deafnesse in rebellious eares:
Thy words like Milke and Honey, doe requite
The season'd soule with profit and delight:
Heavens higher Palace, and these lower places
Of dungeon-earth are sweetned with thy graces.

* *Divine harmony.*

II.

MY Love is like a Garden, full of flowres
Whose Sunny banks, & choyce of shady bowres
Give change of pleasures, pleasures wall'd about
With armed Angels, to keep ruine out;
And from her * brests (* enclosed from the ill
Of looser eyes) pure * Christall drops distill,
The fruitfull sweetnesse of whose gentle showres
Inrich her flowres with beautie, & banks with flowrs.

* *The two Testaments.* * *Riddles to prophane Readers.* * *Celestiall Comforts.*

My

13.

MY Love is like a Paradiſe beſet
With rareſt gifts, whoſe fruits (but tender yet)
The world ne'r taſted; dainties far more rare
Than *Edens* tempting Apple, and more faire:
Myrrhe, Aloes, Incenſe, and the Cypreſſe tree
Can boaſt no ſweetneſſe, but is breath'd from thee:
Dainties for taſte, and flowers for the ſmell
Spring all from thee, whoſe ſweets all ſweets excell.

BRIDE.

SONET XIII.

OThou (my deare) whoſe ſweets all ſweets excell,
From whom my fruits receive their taſte, their ſmell;
How can my thriving * plants refuſe to grow
Thus quickned with ſo ſweet a * Sun as thou?
How can my flowers, which thy Ewers nouriſh
With ſhowers of living waters, chuſe but flouriſh?
O thou the Spring, from whence theſe waters burſt,
Did ever any taſte thy ſtreames, and thirſt?

* *The faithfull.* * *The Sunne of righteouſneſſe.*

2.

AM I a Garden; may my flowers be
So highly honour'd to be ſweet by thee?
Inſpire them with thy ſacred breath, and then
Receive from them thy borrow'd breath agen;
Frequent thy Garden, whoſe rare fruit invites
Thy welcome preſence, to his choice Delights;

Taſte

Taſte where thou liſt, and take thy full repaſte,
Here's that will pleaſe thy ſmell, thine eye, thy taſte.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XIV.

THou ſacred Center of my ſoule, in whom
I reſt, behold thy wiſht-for Love is come;
Refreſht with thy delights, I have repaſted
Vpon thy * pleaſures; my full ſoule hath taſted
Thy * rip'ned dainties, and hath freely been
Pleas'd with thoſe fruits, that are (as yet) but * green;
All you that love the honour of my Bride,
Come taſte her Vineyards, and be deifi'd.

* *Obedience.* * *Strong works of Faith.* * *The new fruits of the Spirit.*

BRIDE.

SONET XV.

IT was a * night, a night as darke, as foule,
As that black Errour, that entranc'd my Soule,
When as my beſt Beloved came and knockt
At my * dull gates, too too ſecurely lockt;
Vnbolt (ſaid he) theſe churliſh doores (my Dove)
Let not falſe * ſlumbers bribe thee from thy Love;
Heare him, that for thy gentle ſake came hither,
Long injur'd by this * nights ungentle weather.

* *Too much ſecurity.* * *My heart.* * *The pleaſures of the fleſh.* * *Thy hard-hearted unkindneſſe.*

I

2.

I Heard the voice, but the perfidious pleaſure
Of my ſweet ſlumbers could not find the leaſure
To ope my drowzie doores; my ſpirit could ſpeake
Words faire enough; but ah, my fleſh was weake,
And fond excuſes taught me to betray
My ſacred vowes to a ſecure delay.
Perfidious ſlumbers, how have you the might
To blind true pleaſures with a falſe delight!

3.

WHen as my Love, with oft-repeated knocks
Could not availe, ſhaking his dewy locks,
Highly diſpleas'd, he could no longer 'bide
My ſleight neglect, but went away deny'd;
No ſooner gone, but my dull ſoule diſcern'd
Her drowzie errour; My griev'd Spirit * yearn'd
To find him out; theſe ſeiled eyes that ſlept
So ſoundly faſt, awak'd, much faſter wept.

* *Repented.*

4.

THus rais'd and rouz'd from my deceitfull reſt,
I op'd my doores, where my departed Gueſt
Had beene; I thruſt the churliſh Portals from me,
That ſo deny'd my deareſt Bridegroome to me;
But when I ſmelt of my returned hand,
My ſoule was rapt, my powers all did ſtand
Amazed at the * ſweetneſſe they did find,
Which my neglected Love had left behind.

* *The ſweetneſſe of his graces.*

5.

I Op'd my doore, my myrrhe-diſtilling doore,
But ah, my Gueſt was gone, had given me o'r:
What curious Pen, what Artiſt can define
A mateleſſe ſorrow? Such, ah, ſuch was mine;
Doubts, and deſpaire had of my life depriv'd me,
Had not ſtrong hope of his returne reviv'd me.
I ſought, but he refuſed to appeare;
I call'd, but he would not be heard, nor heare.

6.

THus with the tyrannie of griefe diſtraught,
I rang'd around, no place I left unſought;
No eare unask'd; the * Watchmen of the City
* Wounded my ſoule, without remorſe or pity
To Virgin teares; They taught my feet to ſtray,
Whoſe ſteps were apt enough to loſe their way:
With taunts and ſcorns they checkt me, and derided,
And call'd me whore, becauſe I walkt unguided.
* *Falſe teachers.* * *With their falſe doctrines.*

7.

YOu hallowed Virgins, you, whoſe tender hearts
E'r felt th'impreſſion of * Loves ſecret darts,
I charge you all, by the dear faith you owe
To Virgin pureneſſe, and your veſtall vow,
Commend me to my Love, if e'r you meet him,
O tell him that his love-ſick Spouſe doth greet him:
O let him know, I languiſh with deſire
T'enjoy that heart that ſets this heart on fire.
* *Divine love.*

VIRGINS

VIRGINS.

SONET XVI.

O Thou the faireſt flowre of mortall birth,
If ſuch a beauty may be borne of earth,
Angell or Virgin, which? or both in one?
Angell by beautie, Virgin by thy moane,
Say, who is he that may deſerve theſe teares,
Theſe precious drops? who is't can ſtop his eares
At theſe faire lips? Speake Lady, ſpeake at large,
Who is't? for whom giv'ſt thou ſo ſtrict a charge?

BRIDE.

SONET XVII.

MY Love is the perfection of delight,
Roſes, and Doves are not ſo red, ſo white;
Vnpattern'd beautie ſummon'd every grace
To the compoſure of ſo ſweet a face;
His body is a Heaven, for in his breſt
The perfect Eſſence of a God doth reſt:
Thy brighter eye of heaven did never ſhine
Vpon another glory, ſo divine.

2.

HIs * head is farre more glorious to behold,
Than fruitfull Ophyres of refined Gold,
'Tis the rich Magazen of ſecret treaſure,
Whence Graces ſpring in unconfined meaſure;
His curl'd and dagling * Treſſes doe proclame
A Nazarite, on whom ne'r Razor came.

His Deity. * *His Humanity.*

Whoſe Raven-blacke colour gives a curious reliſh
To that which beauty did ſo much imbeliſh.

3.

LIke to the eyes of Doves are his faire * eyes,
Wherein ſterne Iuſtice, mixt with Mercy lies;
His eyes are ſimple, yet Majeſticall,
In motion nimble, and yet chaſte withall,
Flaming like fier, and yet burne they not,
Vnble miſht, undiſtained with a ſpot,
Blazing with precious beames, and to behold,
Like to rich Dyamonds in a frame of Gold.

* *His judgements and care of his Church.*

4.

HIs cheekes are like to fruitfull beds o'rgrowne
With Aromatick flowers newly blowne,
Whoſe odours, beautie, pleaſe the ſmell, the ſight,
And doubling pleaſures double the delight:
His * lips are like a chryſtall ſpring, from whence
Flow ſweetned ſtreames of ſacred Eloquence,
Whoſe * drops into the eare diſtill'd, doe give
Life to * the dead, true joyes to * them that live.

* *The diſcovery of him in his word.* * *His promiſes.* * *Th*
that die to ſinne. * *That live to righteouſneſſe.*

5.

HIs * hands are deckt with rings of * gold; the ri
With coſtly Iewels, fitting none but Kings;

* *His Actions.* * *With pureneſſe.*

Whi

Which (of themſelves though glorious, yet) receive
More glory from thoſe fingers, than they give;
His* breſts like Ivory, circled round about
With* veines, like Saphyres winding in and out,
Whoſe beautie is (though darkned from the eye)
Full of divine, and ſecret Majeſtie.

* *His ſecret counſels.* * *Inwardly glorious.*

6.

His* Legs like pureſt Marble, ſtrong and white,
Of curious ſhape (though quick) unapt for flight;
His Feet (as Gold that's oft refined) are
Like his upright proceedings, pure and faire;
His* Port is Princely, and his Stature tall,
And, like the Cedar, ſtout, yet ſweet withall:
O, who would not repoſe his life, his bliſſe,
Vpon a Baſe ſo faire, ſo firme as this?

* *His wayes conſtant, firme, and pure.* * *His whole carriage.*

2.

His mouth! but ſtay, what need my lips be laviſh
In choyce of words, when one alone will raviſh?
But ſhall, in briefe, my ruder tongue diſcover
The ſpeaking Image of my abſent Lover?
Let then the curious hand of Art refine
The race of vertues morall, and divine,
From whence, by heaven let there extracted be
A perfect Quinteſſence; even ſuch is He.

VIRGINS.

SONET XVIII.

THrice fairer than the faireſt, whoſe ſad teares,
And ſmiling words have charm'd our eyes, our eares;
Say, whither is this prize of beautie gone,
More faire than kinde, to let thee weep alone?
Thy tempting lips have whet our dull deſire,
And till we ſee him, we are all on fire:
Wee'll finde him out, if thou wilt be our guide:
The next way to the *Bridegroome* is the * *Bride*.

* *The Church is the way to Chriſt.*

BRIDE.

SONET XIX.

IF errour lead not my dull thoughts amiſſe,
My *Genius* tels me where my true Love is;
Hee's buſie lab'ring on his * flowry bankes,
* Inſpiring ſweetneſſe, and * receiving thankes,
Watring thoſe plants, whoſe tender roots are * drie,
And pruning ſuch whoſe creſts aſpire * too high,
Tranſplanting, grafting, reaping fruits from ſome,
And covering others that are * newly come.

* *Congregation of the faithfull.* * *Giving graces.* * *Receiving glory.* * *Deſpairing ſoules.* * *Not yet throughly humbled.* * *Strengthning the weake in ſpirit.*

2.

WHat if the frailtie of my feeble part
Lockt up the Portals of my drowſie heart?

He

He knowes the weakneſſe of the fleſh incombers
Th'unwilling Spirit, with ſenſe-bereaving ſlumbers,
My hopes aſſure me in deſpight of this,
That my Beloved's mine, and I am his:
My hopes are firm (which time ſhall ne'r remove)
That he is mine by faith, I his by love.

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XX.

THy timely griefe, (my teares-baptized Love)
Compels mine ears to hear, thy tears to move;
Thy blubber'd beautie to mine eye appeares
More bright than 'twas: Such is the * ſtrength of (teares:
Beautie and Terror meeting in thine eye
Have made thy face the Throne of Majeſtie,
Whoſe awfull beames the proudeſt heart will move
To love for feare, untill it feare for love.

* *The force of repentance.*

2.

REpreſſe thoſe flames, that furnace from thine eye,
They raviſh with too bright a Tyrannie;
Thy fires are too-too fierce: O turne them from me,
They pierce my ſoule, and with their rayes o'rcome (me,
Thy curious Treſſes dangle, all unbound,
With unaffected order, to the ground:
How orient is thy beautie! How divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

3.

THy Ivory * teeth in whiteneſſe doe out-goe
The downe of Swans, or winters driven Snow,
Whoſe eaven proportions lively repreſent
Th'harmonious muſick of unite conſent;
Whoſe perfect whiteneſſe time could never blot,
Nor age (the envious Worme of Ruine) rot:
How orient is thy beautie! How divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *Sincere Miniſters.*

4.

THy Temples are the Temples of chaſte love,
Where beauty ſacrific'd her milk-white Dove,
Vpon whoſe Azure paths are alwayes found
The heaven-borne Graces dauncing in a round:
Thy maiden * Bluſhes gently doe proclame
A * ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame;
How orient is thy beautie! how divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine!

* *Thy viſible parts.* * *Modeſtie and zeale.*

5.

YOu, you brave ſpirits, whoſe imperiall hand
Enforces, what your looks cannot command,
Bring forth your pamper'd Queens, the luſtfull prize,
And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes;
Surround the Circle of the earth, and levie
The faireſt Virgins in loves faireſt bevie;
Then take from each, to make one perfit grace,
Yet would my love out-ſhine that borrow'd face.

I

6.

IThou art ſhe, corrivall'd with no other,
Thou glorious daughter of thy glorious Mother
The new *Jeruſalem*, whoſe Virgin birth
Shall deifie the * Virgins of the earth:
The Virgins of the earth have ſeene thy beautie,
And ſtood amaz'd, and in a proſtrate duty
Have ſu'd to kiſſe thine hand, making thine eyes
Their Lamps to light them, till the Bridegroom riſe.

* *The pure in heart.*

7.

HArke how the Virgins, hallow'd with thy fire,
And wonder-ſmitten with thy beames, admire,
Who, who is this (ſay they) whoſe cheeks reſemble
Auroras bluſh, whoſe eyes heavens lights diſſemble?
Whoſe face is brighter than the ſilent Lampe
That lights the earth, to breathe her nightly damp;
Vpon whoſe brow ſits dreadfull Majeſtie,
The frowne whereof commands a victorie.

8.

FAire Bride, why was thy troubled ſoule dejected
When I was abſent? was my faith ſuſpected,
Which I ſo firmly plighted? Couldſt thou think
My love could ſhake, or ſuch a vow could ſhrink?
I did but walk among my tender Plants,
To ſmell their odours, and ſupply their wants,
To ſee my Stocks, ſo lately grifted, ſprout,
Or if my Vines began to burgen out.

Though

9.

THough gone was I, my heart was in thy breſt,
Although to thee (perchance) an unknown gueſt;
'Twas that that gave ſuch wings to thy deſire,
T'enjoy thy love, and ſet thy ſoule on fire;
But my returne was quick, and with a mind
More nimble (yet more conſtant) than the wind,
I came; and as the winged ſhaft doth flie
With undiſcerned ſpeed; even ſo did I.

* *My Spirit.*

10.

REturne, (O then returne) thou child of Peace,
To thy firſt joyes, O let thy teares ſurceaſe;
Returne thee to thy Love; let not the * night
With flatt'ring *ſlumbers, tempt thy true delight:
Returne thee to my boſome, let my breſt
Be ſtill thy Tent; Take there eternall reſt;
Returne, O thou, in whoſe enchanted eye
Are darts enough to make an Armie flie.

* *Security.* * *Worldly pleaſures.*

11.

FAire Daughter of the higheſt King, how ſweet
Are th'unaffected graces of thy * Feet!
From every ſtep true Majeſtie doth ſpring,
Fitting the Daughter of ſo high a King:
Thy Waſt is circled with a * Virgin Zone,
Imbelliſht round with many a precious * Stone.

* *Thy wayes.* * *The girdle of truth.* * *The precious gifts of the Spirit.*

Wherein

Wherein thy curious Workman did fulfill
The utmoſt glory of his diviner skill.

12.

THy * Navell, where thy holy Embrion doth
Receive ſweet nouriſhment, and heavenly growth,
Is like a Chryſtall ſpring, whoſe freſh ſupply
Of living waters, Sunne, nor Drought can drie:
Thy * fruitfull Wombe is like a winnow'd heape
Of pureſt grain, which Heavens bleſt hand did reap,
With Lillies fenc'd: True Embleme of rare treaſure,
Whoſe grain denotes encreaſe; whoſe Lillies pleaſure.

* *Whereby there is a receipt of ſpirituall Conceptions.* * *Increaſe of the faithfull.*

13.

THy dainty * Breſts, are like faire twins, both
In equall Majeſtie; in hue excelling (ſwelling
The new-falne ſnow upon th'untrodden mountaines,
From whence there flowes, as from exuberous foun-
Rivers of heavenly *Nectar*, to allay (taines
The holy thirſt of ſoules: Thrice happy they,
And more than thrice, whoſe bleſt affections bring
Their thirſty palats to ſo ſweet a Spring.

* *The old and new Teſtament.*

14.

THy * Neck doth repreſent an Ivory Tower,
In perfect pureneſſe, and united power,

* *Magiſtrates.*

Thine

Thine * Eyes (like pooles at a frequented gate
For every commer, to draw water at)
Are common treaſures, and like Chryſtall glaſſes,
Shewes each his lively viſage, as he paſſes.
Thy * Noſe, the curious Organ of thy Sent,
Wants nothing more, for uſe, for Ornament.

* *Teachers.* * *Glorious in all parts.*

15.

THy * Tyres of Gold (inricht with glorious Gems,
Rare Diamonds and Princely Diadems)
Adorne thy browes, and with their native worth
Advance thy glory, and ſet thy beautie forth:
So perfect are thy Graces, ſo divine,
And full of heaven are thoſe fair lookes of thine,
That I'm inflamed with the double fire
Of thy full beauty, and my fierce deſire.

* *The Ceremonies of the Church.*

16.

O Sacred Symmetrie! O rare connexion
Of many perfects to make one perfection!
O heavenly Muſick, where all parts doe meet
In one ſweet ſtraine, to make one perfect ſweet!
O glorious members, whoſe each ſeverall feature
Divine, compoſe ſo, ſo divine a Creature!
Faire ſoule, as all thy parts united be
Entire, ſo ſumm'd are all my joyes in thee.

Thy

17.

THy curious Fabrick, and erected ſtature
Is like the generous Palme, whoſe loftie nature
In ſpight of envious violence will aſpire,
When moſt ſuppreſt, the more it mounts, the higher;
Thy lovely breſts, (whoſe beauty reinvites
My oft remembrance to her oft delights)
Are like the ſwelling Cluſters of the Vine;
So full of ſweetneſſe are thoſe breſts of thine.

18.

ART thou my Palme? My buſie hand ſhall nouriſh
Thy fruitfull roots, and make thy branches floriſh:
Art thou my Vine? my skilfull arme ſhall dreſſe
Thy * dying plants; my living ſprings ſhall bleſſe
Thy * infant Buds; my blaſting breath ſhall quell
* Preſumptuous weeds, and make thy Cluſters ſwell:
And all that love thee ſhall attaine the favour
To taſt thy ſweetneſſe, and to ſmell thy ſavour.
* *Deſpairing ſoules.* * *Young Converts.* * *Oppoſers of the Truth.*

19.

THoſe Oracles that from thy lips proceed,
With ſweet Evangels, ſhall delight and feed
Th'attentive eare, and like the Trumpets voyce
Amaze faint hearts, but make brave ſpirits rejoyce:
Thy breath, whoſe Dialect is moſt divine, (ſhine;
Incends quick flames, where ember'd ſparks but
It ſtrikes the Pleaders Rhet'rick with deriſion,
And makes the dulleſt ſoule a Rhetorician.

BRIDE.

BRIDE.

SONET XXI.

MY faith, not merits, hath assur'd thee, mine;
Thy Love, not my desert hath made me thine:
Vnworthy I, whose drowsie soule rejected
Thy precious favours, and (secure) neglected
Thy glorious presence, how am I become
A Bride befitting so Divine a Groome!
It is no merit, no desert of mine,
Thy love, thy love alone hath made me thine.

2.

SInce then the bountie of thy deare election
Hath styl'd me thine, ô let the sweet reflection
Of thy illustrious beames, my soule inspire,
And with thy Spirit inflame my hot desire;
Vnite our soules; ô let thy Spirit rest
And make perpetuall home within my brest;
Instruct me so, that I may gaine the skill,
To suite my service to thy sacred will.

3.

COme, come (my soules preserver) thou that art
Th'united joyes of my united heart,
Come, let us visit with the morning light,
Our prosperous * Vines; with mutuall delight.
Let's view those grapes, whose clusters being * prest
Shall make rich wines, to serve our Mariage feast;
That by the thriving plants it may appeare,
Our joyes perfecting Mariage draweth neare.

* *Congregation of the faithfull.* * *By affliction.*

Behold,

4.

BEhold, my new * disclosed flowers present
Before thy gates, their tributary scent;
Reserve themselves for Garlands, that they may
Adorne the Bridegroome on his Mariage day:
My * Garden's full of * Trees, and every Tree
Laden with * fruit, which I devote to thee;
Eternall joyes betide that happy guest,
That tastes the dainties of the Bridegroomes feast.

* *Young Converts.* * *Assemblies.* * *Faut-full.* * *Faith and good works.*

5.

OWould to God mine eyes (these fainting eyes)
Whose eager appetite could ne'r devise
A dearer object, might but once behold
My Love (as I am) clad in fleshly mould!
That each may corporally converse with other
As friend with friend; as sister with her brother:
O how mine eies would welcome such a sight!
How would my soule dissolve with o'r-delight!

6.

THen should this hand conduct my faireſt Spouse,
To taste a banquet at my mothers * house;
Our fruitfull Garden should present thine eyes
With sweet delights; her trees should sacrifice
Their early fruits to thee; our tender Vine
Should chear thy palate with her unpresst wine;

* *The universall Church.*

Thy

Thy hand ſhould teach my living Plants to thrive;
And ſuch, as are a dying, to revive.

7.

THen ſhould my ſoule enjoy within this breſt
A holy Sabbath of eternall Reſt;
Then ſhould my cauſe, that ſuffers through deſpight
Of errour, and rude ignorance, have right;
Then ſhould theſe * ſtreames, whoſe tydes ſo often
Be ebb'd away from my ſuffuſed eies; (riſe,
Then ſhould my ſpirits fill'd with heavenly mirth,
Triumph o'r Hell, and find a heaven on earth.

* *Teares and ſorrowes.*

8.

ALL you that wiſh the bountifull increaſe
Of deareſt pleaſures, and divineſt peace,
I charge you all, (if ought my charge may move
Your tender hearts) * not to diſturbe my Love;
Vexe not his gentle Spirit, nor bereave
Him of his joyes, that is ſo apt to grieve;
Dare not to break his quiet ſlumbers, leſt
You rouze a raging Lyon from his reſt.

* *Not to vexe and grieve his Holy Spirit.*

9.

WHo ever lov'd, that ever lov'd as I,
That for his ſake renounce my ſelfe, deny
The worlds beſt joyes, and have the world forgone?
Who ever lov'd ſo deare, as I have done?

I sought my Love, and found him * lowly laid
Beneath the tree of Love, in whose sweet shade
He rested; there his eye sent forth the fire
That first inflam'd my amorous desire:

* *In humilitie.*

10.

MY dearest Spouse, O seale me on thy heart
So sure, that envious earth may never part
Our joyned soules; let not the world remove
My chast desiers from so choyce a Love;
For, O, my Love's not slight, her flames are serious;
Was never death so powerfull, so imperious:
My jealous zeale is a consuming fire,
That burns my soule, through fear and fierce desire.

11.

FIres may be quencht; and flames though ne'r so great,
With many drops shall faint, and lose their heat;
But these quick fires of love, the more suppreſt,
The more they flame in my inflamed breſt:
How dark is honour! how obscure and dim
Is earths bright glory, but compar'd with him!
How foule is Beauty! what a toyle is Pleasure!
How poore is Wealth! how base a thing is Treasure!

12.

I Have a * Sister, which by thy divine
And bounteous Grace, our Mariage shal make thine:
She is mine owne, mine onely sister, whom
My Mother bare, the youngest of her wombe:

* *The Church of the Gentiles then uncalled.*

Shee's yet a * child, her beauty may improve,
Her brests are small, and yet too greene for love;
When time and yeares shall adde perfection to her,
Say (dearest Love) what honour wilt thou do her?

* *Uncall'd to the truth.*

BRIDEGROOME.

SONET XXII.

IF she be faire, and with her beauty, prove
As chaste, as loyall to her virgin-Love,
As thou hast beene; then in that high degree
Ile honour her, as I have honour'd thee:
Be she as constant to her vestall vow,
And true to her devoted faith, as thou;
Ile crowne her head: and fill her hand with power,
And give a Kingdome to her for a Dower.

BRIDE.

SONET XXIII.

WHen time shall ripen these her greene desires,
And holy Love shall breathe her heav'nly fires
Into her Virgin brest, her heart shall be
As true to love, as I am true to thee:
O, when thy boundlesse bounty shall conjoyne
Her equall-glorious Majestie, with mine,
My joyes are perfect, then in sacred bands,
Wedlock shall couple our espoused hands.

BRIDE

BRIDEGROOME.

Sonet XXIIII.

I Am thy Gardner, thou my fruitfull Vine,
Whose rip'ned Clusters swell with richest Wine;
The Vines of *Salomon* were not so faire,
His Grapes were not so precious as thine are;
His Vines were subject to the vulgar will
Of hired bands, and mercinary skill;
Corrupted Carles were merry with his Vines;
And at a price return'd their barter'd Wines.

2.

BVt mine's a Vineyard, which no ruder hand
Shall touch, subjected to my sole command;
My selfe with this laborious arme will dresse it,
My presence with a busie eye shall blesse it;
O Princely *Salomon*, thy thriving Vine
Is not so faire, so bountifull as mine;
Thy greedy sharers claime an earned hire,
But mine's reserv'd, and to my selfe entire.

3.

OThou that dwell'st * where th'eternall fame
Of my renowne so glorifies my name,
Illustrious Bride, in whose celestiall tongue,
Are sacred Spels t'inchant the ruder throng;
O! let thy lips like a perpetuall story,
Divulge my graces, and declare my glory;

* *In the great Congregation.*

Direct those hearts, that errour leads astray,
Dissolve the * Waxe, but make obdure the * Clay.

* *The Pœnitent.* † *The presumptuous.*

BRIDE.

SONET XXV.

MOst glorious Love, and honourable Lord,
My heart's the vowed servant of thy Word,
But I am weake, and as a tender Vine,
Shall fall, unprop't by that deare hand of thine:
Assist me therefore that I may fulfill
What thou commandst, and then command thy will;
O leave thy sacred Spirit in my brest,
As earnest of an everlasting Rest.

The end.

SIONS ELEGIES.

VVept

BY *JEREMIE* THE PROPHET;

And

PERIPHRASD

By

FRA: QUARLES.

LONDON,
Printed by MILES FLESHER.
1638.

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To the READER.

IF *the ruines of* Troy, Rome, Thebes, *or* Carthage *have beene thought a subject worthy the imployment of more serious Pennes, to enable the remembrance thereof to posteritie, how much more worthy the paines of a livelier pen than mine, is this ancient, most true, and never enough to bee lamented desolation, and Captivity of* Jerusalem; Jerusalem, *the holy City of* GOD; Jerusalem, *the type of the Catholike Church?*

After eighteene months siege, in the eleventh yeare of Zedekiah, *the ninth day of the fourth month, (which was the eighteenth yeare of* Nebuchadonozor *over* Babylon*) the Princes of* Babylon *surprized and took this brave City of* Jerusalem: *presently after which,* Nabuzaradan *the Generall of the* Babylonian *Army (commanded by* Nebuchadonozor*) spoyled the Temple, carryed away the Vessels of Gold and Silver, that were consecrated to Gods service, and the great Lavar given by K.* Solomon, *and burned the Temple, the first day of the next month, which was one and twenty dayes after the surprizall:* 470. *yeares, sixe months, and ten dayes after the foundation thereof;* 1062 *years*

ſixe moneths, ten dayes after the departure of the people out of Ægypt; 1950. *yeares, ſixe moneths, ten dayes after the Deluge: and* 3513. *years, ſixe moneths, ten dayes after the Creation of* Adam. *Thus, and then was the Citie of* Jeruſalem *taken, and for ſeventie yeares remained the Iewes in this Captivity: And this, in briefe, is the generall occaſion why, and the time when theſe Lamentations were compoſed. Reader, I tender to thy conſideration two things: Firſt, the Pen-man: Secondly, the Art and Method of this* Threnodia. *As for the firſt, it was penned by* Ieremie *the Prophet, the ſonne of* Hilkiah, *a Prieſt: and undoubtedly endighted by the Spirit of God; ſome thinke it was written when the Prophet was in priſon: others when he was with* Godoliah *at* Maſpah: *but whether at the one place or the other, it is not much materiall to diſcourſe.*

Secondly, as touching the Art and Method, it is ſhort and conciſe, as being moſt naturall to ſo lamentable a ſubject. Cicero *ſayes,* Lamentationes debent eſſe conciſæ, & breves, quia cito lachryma exareſcit, & difficile eſt auditores, aut lectores, in illo effectu ſummæ commiſerationis, diu tenere. *The method is truely elegious, not bound to any ordinary ſet forme, but wildly depending upon the ſudden ſubject, that new griefes preſent, and indeed the deepeſt ſorrows cannot bee but diſtracted from all rules of method, the neglect of which,*

is

is veniall in ſuch ejaculations as theſe, as which in all the Scriptures, there is none ſo copious, none ſo ardent; concerning which Gregory Nazianzene *confeſſes,* Threnos Jeremiæ nunquam a leſiccis oculis lectos eſſe. *Yet ſome think there is a Method kept, but too fine and intricate, for our groſſe apprehenſions: Touching this point, Saint Ambroſe* Lib. 8. Epiſt. ad Juſt. *ſayes,* Demus, eas ſecundum artem non ſcripſiſſe, at certè ſecundum gratiam ſcripſiſſe fatendum eſt, quæ omnem artem longè ſuperat, *and with this I reſt.*

You ſhall obſerve, that the foure firſt Chapters of theſe Lamentations carry a ſtrict order in the Originall, for every Verſe throughout every Chapter begins with a ſeverall letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, except the third Chapter, wherein the firſt, and every third Verſe onely is tyed to a letter, and continues the Alphabet through; which forme the Prophet uſed, partly for Eloquence, partly for Memorie ſake; meaning either literally thus: that it ought to be perfect as the Alphabet in memory; or Hieroglyphically thus, that as the Alphabet is the Radix of all words: ſo the miſeries of the Iewes, were the combination of all miſeries.

For the ſame Cauſes, I likewiſe here in my Periphraſe, have obſerved the ſame forme, and continue the Alphabet in Engliſh, as the Prophet did in the Hebrew, deſiring to be his ſhadow as much as I can.

It appeares by the strictnesse of the Order, that these Lamentations were Originally writ in Verse, and as some think in Sapphicks, but many of our learned Neotericks deny, that any writings of the Iewes carry, now, any direct or certaine Lawes of Poesie, though (they confesse) some ruinous Accents, here and there discovered makes them imagine, they write some things in Verse; but now, it seems that GOD, in dispersing them, hath likewise dissolved, and struck dumbe their musick. Farewell.

TO

TO THE TRVE THEANTHROPOS,

Jesus Christ,

THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD:

His Servant implores his *favourable assistance.*

THOU *Alpha* and *Omega*, before whom
Things *past* and present, and things yet to *come*,
Are all alike; O prosper my designes,
And let thy spirit inrich my feeble lines;
Revive my passion; let mine eye behold
Those sorrowes present, which were wept of old:

Strike

Strike ſad my Soule, and give my Pen the Art
To move; and me an underſtanding heart.
O, let the accent of each word make knowne.
I mixe the Teares of *Sion*, with mine owne:
Preſerve all ſuch as beare true hearts to *Sion*.
We are thy *Lambes*, ô be thou ſtill our *Lion*.

SIONS

SIONS ELEGIES.

Threnodia I.

ELEG. 1.

AH griefe of Times! Ah, fable times of Griefe,
Whose torments find a voyce, but no reliefe!
Are these the buildings? these the Towre and state,
That all th'amazed Earth stood wondring at?
Is this that City, whose eternall Glory
Could finde no period, for her endlesse story?
And is she come to this? Her buildings raz'd,
Her Towers burnt? Her Glory thus defac'd?
O sudden Change! O world of Alterations!
She, she that was the Prince, the Queen of Nations
See, how she lies, of strength, of all, bereav'd,
Now paying Tribute, which she once receiv'd.

ELEG. 2.

BEhold! her eyes, those glorious eyes that were
Like two faire Sunnes in one celestiall Sphære,
Whose radiant beames did once, reflect so bright,
Are now eclipsed, and have lost their light.

And

And seeme like Ilands, about which appeares
A troubled Ocean, with a Tide of Teares;
Her servant Cities (that were once at hand,
And bow'd their servile necks to her command)
Stand all aloofe, as strangers to her moane,
And give her leave to spend her teares alone;
Her neighbours flatter, with a false reliefe,
And with a kisse, betray her to her griefe.

ELEG. 3.

COmpast around with Seas of brinie teares,
Iudah laments; distraught with double feares;
Even as the fearefull Partridge, to excuse her
From the fierce Gos-hawke, that too close pursues her,
Falls in a Covert, and her selfe doth cover
From her unequall Foe, that sits above her:
Meane while the treason of her quick Retrivers,
Discovers novell dangers, and delivers
Her to a second feare, whose double fright
Findes safety nor in staying, nor in flight:
Even so is *Iudah* vext, with change of woes,
Betwixt the home-bred and her forraine Foes.

ELEG. 4.

DId not these sacred Cawsies, that are leading
To *Sion*, late seeme pav'd, with often treading?
Now secret Dens, for lurking Theeves to meet,
Vnprest unlesse by sacrilegious feet;
Sion the Temple of the highest God
Stands desolate, her holy steps untrod;

Her

Her Altars lies defac'd, her Virgin fires
Surceaſe, and with a ſtink her ſmoke expires;
Her Prieſts have chang'd their Hymnes to ſighs and cries,
Her Virgins weep forth Rivers from their eyes:
O *Sion*, thou that wert the Child of mirth,
Art now the ſcorne and by-word of the earth:

ELEG. 5.

ENcreas'd in power, and high Cheviſance
Of Armes, the Tyrant foemen doe advance
Their craftie creſts; he, he that was thy father, (ther
And crown'd thee once with bleſſings, now doth ga-
His troops to work thy end; him, who advanc'd thee
To be *Earths* Queen, thy ſins have bent againſt thee:
Strange ſpectacle of griefe! Thy tender frie,
Whom childhood taught no language, but their cry
T'expreſſe their infant grief, theſe, wretched theſe
By force of childiſh teares, could not appeaſe
The ruthleſſe ſword, which deafe to all their cries,
Did drive them captives from their mothers eyes.

ELEG. 6.

FAire Virgin *Sion*, where (ah) where are thoſe
Pure cheeks, wherein the Lilly and the Roſe
So much contended lately for the place,
Till both compounded in thy glorious face?
How haſt thou blear'd thoſe Sun-bright eyes of thine,
Thoſe beames, the royall Magazens of divine
And ſacred Majeſtie, from whoſe pure light
The purblinde worldlings did receive their ſight?

Thy

Thy fearfull Princes leave their fenceleſſe Towers,
And flie like Harts before their ſwift purſuers;
Like light-foot Harts they flie, not knowing where,
Prickt on with Famine, and diſtracted Feare.

ELEG. 7.

GAll'd with her griefe, *Jeruſalem* recalls
To mind her loſt delights, her Feſtivals,
Her peacefull freedome, and full joyes, in vaine
Wiſhing what Earth cannot reſtore againe;
Succour ſhe ſought and begg'd, but none was there
To give the Almes of one poore trickling teare;
The ſcornfull lips of her amazed Foes
Deride the griefe of her diſaſtrous woes;
They laugh, and lay more ample torments on her,
Diſdaine to looke, and yet they gaze upon her,
Abuſe her Altars, hate her Offerings,
Prophane her Sabbaths, and her holy Things,

ELEG. 8.

HAdſt thou, (*Jeruſalem*) O, had thy heart
Beene loyall to his love, whoſe once thou wert,
O, had the beames of thy unveiled eye
Continu'd pure; hadſt thou beene nice, to trie
New pleaſures, thus thy glory ne'r had waſted,
Thy walls till now, like thy reproach, had laſted.
Thy Lovers, whoſe falſe beauties did intice thee,
Have ſeene thee naked, and doe now deſpiſe thee:
Drunk with thy wanton pleaſures, they are fled,
And ſcorne the bountie of thy loathed bed;

Left

eſt to thy guilt (the ſervant of thy ſin)
hou ſham'ſt to ſhow, what once, thou gloriedſt in.

ELEG. 9.

Eruſalem is all infected over
With Leproſie, whoſe filth, no ſhade can cover,
uft up with pride, unmindfull of her end,
ee how ſhe lies, devoid of help, or friend.
Great Lord of Lords (whoſe mercy far tranſcends
hy ſacred Iuſtice) whoſe full Hand attends
he cryes of empty Ravens, bow downe thine eares
o wretched *Sion*, *Sion* drown'd in teares:
hy hand did plant her, (Lord) ſhe is thy Vine,
Confound her foes: they are her foes, and thine:
Shew wonted favour to thy holy hill:
Rebuild her walls, and love thy *Sion* ſtill.

ELEG. 10.

KNees falſly bent to *Dagon*, now defile
Her waſted Temple, rudely they diſpoile
Th'abuſed Altars, and no hand releeves:
Her houſe of prayer is turn'd a den of theeves;
Her coſtly Robes, her ſacred treaſure ſtands,
A willing prey to ſacrilegious hands;
Her Prieſts are ſlaine, and in a lukewarme flood,
Through every channell runs the Levites blood;
The hallowed Temple of the higheſt God,
Whoſe purer foot-ſteps were not to be trod
With unprepared feet, before her eye,
Is turn'd a Grove, for baſe Idolatrie.

ELEG. 11.

LIngring with Death and Famine, *Judah* groanes,
And to the ayre, breathes forth her ayrie moanes:
Her fainting eyes waxe dim, her cheeks grow pale,
Her wandring steps despaire to speed, and faile,
She faints, and through her trembling lips, halfe dead
She whispers oft the holy name of bread:
Great God, let thy offended wrath surcease,
Behold thy servants, send thy servants peace,
Behold thy vassals, groveling on the dust;
Be mercifull (deare God) as well as just:
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, that sent this griefe,
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, can send reliefe.

ELEG. 12.

MY tougu's in labour with her painfull birth,
That finds no passage; Lord, how strange a dearth
Of words, concomitates a world of woes!
I neither can conceale, nor yet disclose:
You weary Pilgrimes, you whom change of Climes
Have taught you change of Fortune, and of Times,
Stay, stay your feeble steps, and cast your eyes
On me, the Abstract of all miseries.
Say (Pilgrimes) say, if e'r your eyes beheld
More truer Iliades; more unparallel'd,
And mateleſſe evils, which my offended God
Reulcerates, with his enraged Rod.

ELEG.

ELEG. 13.

NO humane power could, no envious Art
Of mortall man, could thus subject my heart,
My glowing heart, to these imperious fires:
No earthly sorrow, but at length expires;
But these my Tyrant-torments doe extend
To infinites, nor having ease, nor end;
Loe, I the Pris'ner of the highest God,
Inthralled to the vengeance of his Rod,
Lie bound in fetters, that I cannot flie,
Nor yet endure his deadly stroakes, nor die:
My joyes are turn'd to sorrowes, backt with feares,
And I (poore I) lie pickled up in teares.

ELEG. 14.

O! How unsufferable is the waight
Of sinne! how miserable is their state,
The silence of whose secret sinne conceales
The smart, till Iustice to Revenge appeales!
How ponderous are my crimes, whose ample scroule
Weighs downe the pillars of my broken Soule!
Their sowre, masqu'd with sweetnesse, overswai'd me,
And with their smiling kisses, they betray'd me;
Betraid me to my Foes, and what is worse,
Betraid me to my selfe, and heavens curse,
Betraid my soule to an eternall griefe,
Devoid of hope, for e're to finde reliefe.

ELEG. 15.

PErplext with change of woes, where ere I turne
My fainting eyes, they finde freſh cauſe to mourne:
My griefes move like the Planets, which appeare
Chang'd from their places, conſtant in their ſphære:
Behold, the earth-confounding arme of Heaven,
Hath cow'd my valiant Captaines, and hath driven
Their ſcattered forces up and downe the ſtreet,
Like worried ſheep afraid of all they meet;
My yonger men, the ſeed of propagation,
Exile hath driven from my divided Nation;
My tender Virgins have not ſcap'd their rage,
Which neither had reſpect to youth, nor age.

ELEG. 16.

QVick change of torments! equall to thoſe crimes,
Which paſt unthought-of in my proſp'rous times;
From hence proceed my griefs, (ah me) from hence
My Spring-tyde ſorrowes have their influence;
For theſe my ſoule diſſolves, my eyes lament,
Spending thoſe teares, whoſe ſtore will ne'r be ſpent;
For theſe my fainting ſpirits droop, and melt
In anguiſh, ſuch as never Mortall felt;
Within the ſelfe-ſame flames, I freeze, and frie,
I roare for help, and yet no help is nigh;
My ſonnes are loſt, whoſe fortunes would relieve me;
And onely ſuch triumph, that hourely grieve me,

ELEG.

ELEG. 17.

REnt from the glory of her loſt renowne,
Sion laments; Her lips (her lips o'rflowne
With floods of teares) ſhe prompteth how to breake
New languages, inſtructs her tongue to ſpeake
Elegious Dialects; She lowly bends
Her duſty knees upon the earth, extends
Her brawnleſſe armes to them, whoſe ruthleſſe eyes
Are red, with laughing at her miſeries;
Naked ſhe lies, deform'd, and circumvented
With troopes of feares, unpitied, unlamented,
A loathſome draine for filth, deſpis'd, forlorne;
The ſcorne of Nations, and the childe of ſcorne.

ELEG. 18.

SOwre wages iſſue from the ſweets of ſinne,
Heavens hand is juſt, this trecherous heart hath bin
The author of my woes: 'Tis I alone;
My ſorowes reape, what my foule ſinnes have ſowne;
Often they cry'd to Heaven, e'r Heaven reply'd,
And vengeance ne'r had come, had they ne'r cry'd;
All you that paſſe, vouchſafe your gracious eares,
To heare theſe cries; your eyes to view theſe teares;
They are no heat-drops of an angry heart,
Or childiſh paſſions of an idle ſmart,
But they are Rivers ſpringing from an eye,
Who ſtreams, no joy can ſtop, no griefe draw drie.

ELEG. 19.

TVrne where I liſt, new cauſe of woe preſents
My poore diſtracted ſoule with new laments;
Where ſhall I turne? ſhall I implore my friends?
Ah, ſummer friendſhip, with the Summer ends;
In vaine to them my groanes, in vaine my teares,
For harveſt friends can finde no winter eares;
Or ſhall I call my ſacred Prieſts for aid?
Alas! my pined Prieſts are all betraid
To Death, and Famine; in the ſtreets they cryed
For bread, & whilſt they ſought for bread, they dyed:
Vengeance could never ſtrike ſo hard a blow,
As when ſhe ſends an unlamented woe.

ELEG. 20.

VOuchſafe (great God) to turne thy tender eyes
On me poore wretch: Oh, let my midnight cries
(That never ceaſe, if never ſtopt with teares)
Procure audience from thy gracious eares;
Behold thy creature, made by change of griefe,
The bareſt wretch, that ever beg'd reliefe;
See, ſee, my ſoule is tortur'd on thy rack
My bowels tremble, and my heart-ſtrings crack;
Abroad, the ſword with open ruine frights me;
At home, the ſecret hand of Famine ſmites me;
Strange fires of griefe! How is my ſoule oppreſt,
That finds abroad no peace, at home no reſt!

ELEG.

ELEG. 21.

WHere, where art thou, O ſacred *Lamb* of peace,
That promis'd to the heavy laden, eaſe?
Thee, thee alone, my often bended knee
Invokes, that have no other help, but thee:
My foes (amazed at my hoarſe complaining)
Scoffe at my oft repeated cries, diſdaining
To lend their proſp'rous hand, they hiſſe and ſmile,
Taking a pleaſure to behold my ſpoile:
Their hands delight to bruize my broken reeds,
And ſtill perſiſt, to prick that heart that bleeds:
But there's a Day (if Prophets can divine)
Shall ſcourge their ſins, as they have ſcourged mine.

ELEG. 22.

YOu noiſome weeds, that lift your creſts ſo high,
When better plants, for want of moiſture die;
Think you to flouriſh ever? and (unſpide)
To ſhoot the flowers of your fruitleſſe pride?
If plants be cropt, becauſe their fruits are ſmall,
Think you to thrive, that beare no fruit at all?
Look down (great God) and from their places teare
Theſe weeds, that ſuck the juice, ſhould make us bear.
Vndew'd with ſhowers, let them ſee no Sun,
But feele thoſe froſts, that thy poor plants have done.
O cleanſe thy Garden, that the world may know
Weare the ſeed, that thy right hand did ſow.

Threnodia I I.

ELEG. 1.

ALas! my torments, my diſtracted feares
Have no commerce, with reaſonable teares:
How hath heavens abſence darkned the renowne
Of *Sions* glory with one angry frowne!
How hath th'Almighty clouded thoſe bright beames,
And chang'd her beauties ſtreamers, into ſtreames!
Sion, the glory of whoſe refulgent Fame
Gave earneſt of an everlaſting name,
Is now become an indigeſted Maſſe,
And ruine is, where that brave glory was:
How hath heaven ſtruck her earth-admired name
From th'height of honour, to the depth of ſhame!

ELEG. 2.

BEauty, nor ſtrength of building could entice,
Or force revenge from her juſt enterpriſe;
Mercy hath ſtopt her eares, and Iuſtice hath
Powr'd out full vialls of her kindled wrath;
Impatient of delay, ſhe hath ſtruck downe
The pride of *Sion*, kickt off *Juda's* Crowne;
Her ſtreets unpeopled, and diſperſt her powres,
And with the ground hath levell'd her high towers;
Her Prieſts are ſlaine, her captiv'd Princes are
Vnranſom'd priſ'ners; Slaves her men of war;
Nothing remaines of all her wonted glory,
But ſad memorialls of her tragick ſtory.

ELEG.

ELEG. 3.

CONfuſed horror, and confounding ſhame,
Have blurr'd the beauty, and renowned name
Of righteous *Iſrael*; *Iſraels* fruitfull land,
Entail'd by Heaven, with the uſurping hand
Of uncontroled Gentiles, is laid waſte,
And with the ſpoile of ruine is defac't;
The angry mouth of Iuſtice blowes the fires
Of haſty vengeance, whoſe quick flame aſpires
With fury to that place, which heaven did ſever,
For *Jacob* and his holy ſeed for ever;
No part, no ſecret angle of the Land,
Which bears no mark of heavens enrgaed hand.

ELEG. 4.

DArts, thrild frō heaven, transfix my bleeding heart,
And fill my ſoule with everlaſting ſmart,
Whoſe feſtring wound, no fortune can recure;
Th'Almighty ſtrikes but ſeldome, but ſtrikes ſure;
His ſinewie arme hath drawne his ſteely bow,
And ſent his forked ſhafts to overthrow
My pined Princes, and to ruinate
The weakned Pillars of my wounded State:
His hand hath ſcourg'd my deare delights, acquited
My ſoule, of all, wherein my ſoule delighted:
I am the mirrour of unmasked ſin,
To ſee her (dearly purchas'd) pleaſures in.

ELEG.

ELEG. 5.

EVen as the Pilot, whoſe ſharp Keele divides
Th'encountring waves of the *Cicilian* Tides,
Toſt on the liſts of death, ſtriving to ſcape
The danger of deep mouth'd *Charybdis* rape,
Rebuts on *Scylla*, with a forc'd careere,
And wrecks upon a leſſe ſuſpected feare:
Even ſo poore I, contriving to withſtand
My Foemans, fall into th'Almighties hand:
So I, the child of ruine, to avoid
Leſſe dangers, by a greater am deſtroy'd:
How neceſſary, Ah! How ſharp's his end,
That neither hath his God, nor man, to friend!

ELEG. 6.

FOrgotten *Sion* hangs her drooping head
Vpon her fainting breſt; Her ſoule is fed
With endleſſe grief, whoſe torments had depriv'd her
Long ſince, of life, had not new paines reviv'd her:
Sion is like a Garden, whoſe defence
Being broke, is left to the rude violence
Of waſtfull Swine, full of neglected waſte;
Nor having flower for ſmell, nor herbe for taſte;
Heaven takes no pleaſure in her holy Feaſts,
Her idle Sabbaths, or burnt fat of beaſts;
Both State and Temple are deſpoil'd, and fleece
Of all their beauty; without Prince, or Prieſt.

ELEG. 7.

GLory, that once did Heavens bright Temple fill,
Is now departed from that ſacred Hill;
See, how the emptie Altar ſtands diſguis'd,
Abus'd by Gentiles, and by heaven deſpis'd;
That place, wherein the Holy One hath taken
So ſweet delight, lies loathed and forſaken;
That ſacred place, wherein the precious Name
Of great *Iehovah* was preſerv'd, the ſame
Is turn'd a Den for Theeves; an open ſtage
For vice to act on; a defiled Cage
Of uncleane birds; a houſe of priviledge
For ſinne, and uncontrolled ſacriledge.

ELEG. 8.

HEaven hath decreed; his angry breſt doth boyle,
His time's expired, and he's arm'd to ſpoile;
His ſecret Will adjourn'd the righteous doome
Of threatned *Sion*, and her time is come;
His hand is arm'd with thunder, from his eyes
A flame more quick than ſulphrous *Etna*, flies;
Sion muſt fall: That hand which hath begun,
Can never reſt, till the full work be done.
Her wals are ſunke, her Towres are overthrowne,
Heaven will not leave a ſtone upon a ſtone;
Hence, hence the flouds of roaring *Iudah* riſe,
Hence *Sion* fils the Ciſternes of her eyes.

ELEG. 9.

JOy is departed from the holy Gates
Of deare *Ieruſalem*, and peace retraits
From waſted *Sion*; her high wals, that were
An armed proofe againſt the brunt of feare,
Are ſhrunke for ſhame, if not withdrawne, for pitie,
To ſee the ruine of ſo brave a City;
Her Kings, and out-law'd Princes live conſtrain'd
Hourely to heare the name of Heaven profan'd;
Manners and Lawes, the life of government
Are ſent into eternall baniſhment;
Her Prophets ceaſe to preach; they vow, unheard;
They howle to heaven, but heaven gives no regard.

ELEG. 10.

KIng, Prieſt, and People, all alike are clad
In weeds of Sack-cloth, taken from the ſad
Wardrope of ſorrow, proſtrate on the earth,
They cloſe their lips, their lips eſtrang'd to mirth:
Silent they ſit, for dearth of ſpeech affords
A ſharper Accent, for true griefe, than words:
The Father wants a Sonne, the Sonne a Mother;
The Bride, her Groom: the brother wants a Brother;
Some, Famine: Exile ſome: and ſome the ſword
Hath ſlaine: all want, when *Sion* wants her Lord:
How art thou all in all! There's nothing ſcant
(Great God) with thee; without thee, all things want.

ELEG.

ELEG. 11.

LAunch forth my ſoule into a ſea of teares,
Whoſe ballanc'd bulk, no other Pilot ſteares,
Then raging ſorrow, whoſe uncertaine hand,
Wanting her Compaſſe, ſtrikes on every ſand;
Driven with ſtorme of ſighes, ſhe ſeeks the Haven
Of Reſt, but like a *Noahs* wandring Raven,
She ſcowres the Maine: and, as a Sea-loſt Rover,
She roames, but can no land of peace diſcover:
Mines eyes are faint with teares, teares have no end,
The more are ſpent, the more remaine to ſpend:
What Marble (ah) what Adamantine eye,
Can looke on *Sions* ruine, and not cry?

ELEG. 12.

MY tongue? the tongues of Angels are to faint
T'expreſſe the cauſes of my juſt complaint;
See, how the pale-fac'd ſucklings roare for food,
And from their milkleſſe mothers breſts, draw blood:
Children ſurceaſe their ſerious toyes, and plead
With trickling teares, Ah mothers, give us bread:
Such goodly Barnes, and not one graine of corne?
Why did the ſword eſcap's? Why were we borne
To be devour'd and pin'd with famine? ſave us:
With quick reliefe, or take the lives, you gave us:
They cryde for bread, that ſcarce had breath to cry,
And wanting meanes to live, found meanes to die.

ELEG.

ELEG. 13.

NEver, ah! never yet, did vengeance brand
A State, with deeper ruine, than thy Land;
Deare *Sion*, how could mischiefe beene more keen,
Or strucke thy glory with a sharper spleen?
Whereto (*Ierusalem*) to what shall I
Compare this thy unequall'd misery?
Turne backe to ages past; Search deep Records:
Theirs are, thine cannot be exprest in words:
Would, would to God, my lives cheap price might be
Esteem'd of value, but to ransome thee;
Would I could cure thy griefe; but who is able
To heale that wound, that is immedicable?

ELEG. 14.

O *Sion*, had thy prosprous soule endur'd
Thy Prophets scourge, thy joyes had bin secur'd:
But thou (ah thou) hast lent thine itching eare
To such as claw'd, and onely such, wouldst heare;
Thy Prophets, noynted with unhallow'd oyle,
Rub'd where they should have lancht, & did beguile
Thy abused faith, their fawning lips did cry
Peace, peace, alas, when there was no peace nigh;
They quilted silken curtaines for thy crimes,
Belyde thy God, and onely pleas'd the times:
Deare *Sion*, oh! hadst thou but had the skill
To stop thine eares, thou hadst been *Sion* still.

ELEG.

ELEG. 15.

PEople, that travell through thy wasted Land,
Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed stand,
They shake their spleenfull heads, disdaine, deride
The sudden downfall of so faire a pride;
They clap their joyfull hands, and fill their tongues
With hisses, ballads, and with Lyrick songs:
Her torments give their empty lips new matter,
And with their scornfull fingers, point they at her:
Is this (say they) that place, whose wonted fame
Made troubled earth to tremble at her name?
Is this that State? are these those goodly Stations?
Is this that Mistris, and that Queen of Nations?

ELEG. 16.

QVencht are the dying Embers of compassion,
For empty sorrow finds no lamentation:
When as thy Harvest flourisht with full eares,
Thy sleighted griefe brought in a tyde of teares:
But now, alas! thy Crop consum'd, and gon,
Thou art but food, for beasts to trample on:
Thy servants glory in thy ruine, those
That were thy private friends, are publike foes:
Thus, thus (say they) we spit our rankrous spleen,
And gnash our teeth upon the worlds faire Queene:
Thrice welcome this (this long expected) day,
That crownes our conquest, with so sweet a prey.

ELEG. 17.

REbellious *Judah*! Could thy flattring crimes
Secure thee from the dangers of the times?
Or did thy ſummer Prophets ere foreſay
Theſe evils, or warn'd thee of a winters day?
Did not thoſe ſweet-lipt Oracles beguile
Thy wanton eares, with newes of Wine, and Oile?
But heaven is juſt: what his deep counſell will'd,
His Prophets told, and Iuſtice hath fulfill'd:
He hath deſtroy'd; no ſecret place ſo void,
No Fort ſo ſure, that Heaven hath not deſtroy'd:
Thou Land of *Judah*! How's thy ſacred Throne
Become a ſtage, for Heathen to trample on!

ELEG. 18.

SEe, ſee, th'accurſed Gentiles doe inherit
The Land of Promiſe; where heavens Sacred Spirit
Built Temples for his everlaſting Name,
There, there th'uſurping Pagans doe proclaime
Their idle Idols, unto whom they gave
That ſtolen honor which heav'ns Lord ſhould have:
Wink *Sion*; O let not thoſe eyes be ſtain'd
With heavens diſhonour, ſee not heaven profan'd:
Cloſe, cloſe thine eyes, or if they needs muſt be
Open, like flood-gates, to let water flee,
Yet let the violence of their flowing ſtreames
Obſcure thine open eyes, and maſk their beams.

ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

TRuſt not thy eye-lids, leſt a flattering ſleep
Bribe them to reſt, and they forget to weep:
Powre out thy heart, thy heart diſſolv'd in teares,
Weep forth thy plaints in the Almighties eares:
Oh let thy cries, thy cries to heaven addreſt,
Diſturbe the ſilence of thy midnight reſt;
Prefer the ſad petitions of thy ſoule
To heaven, ne'r cloſe thy lips till heaven condole
Confounded *Sion*, and her wounded weale;
That God that ſmit, oh move that God to heale;
Oh, let thy tongue ne'r ceaſe to call, thine eye
To weep, thy penſive heart ne'r ceaſe to cry.

ELEG. 20.

VOuchſafe, O thou eternall Lord of pitty,
To looke on *Sion*, and thy deareſt City
Confus'd *Jeruſalem*, for thy *Davids* ſake,
And for that promiſe which thy ſelfe did make
To halting *Iſrael*; loe, thy hand hath forc'd
Mothers (whom lawleſſe Famine hath divorc'd
From deare affection) to devoure the bloomes,
And buds, that burgeond from their painfull wombs;
Thy ſacred Prieſts and Prophets, that while-ere
Did hourely whiſper in thy neighbring eare,
Are ſlaine before the ſacrilegious ſword,
Even where, even whilſt they did unfold thy Word.

ELEG. 21.

WOunded, and wasted by th'eternall hand
Of heaven, I grovell on the ground; my La
Is turn'd a *Golgotha*; before mine eye,
Vnsepulchred, my murthred people lie;
My dead lie rudely scattred on the stones;
My Causies all are pav'd with dead mens bones:
The fierce Destroyer doth alike forbeare
The Maidens trembling, and the Matrons teare;
Th'imperiall sword spares neither Foole nor Wise,
The old mans pleading, nor the Infants cries:
Vengeance is deafe and blind, and she respects
Nor Young, nor Old, nor Wise, nor Foole, nor Sexe

ELEG. 22.

YEares heavy laden with their months, retire;
Months, gone their date of numbred dayes, expire
The dayes, full houred, to their period tend;
And howers, chac'd with lighs-foot Minutes, end;
Yet my undated evils, no time will minish,
Though years and months, though dayes and howers
Fears flock about me, as invited guests (finish
Before the Portals at proclaimed feasts; (fall
Where heav'n hath breath'd, that man, that state must
Heaven wants no thunderbolts to strike withall:
I am the subject of that angry Breath,
My sons are slaine, and I am mark'd for death.

Threnodi

Threnodia III.

ELEG. 1.

ALL you, whose unprepared lips did taste
The tedious Cup of sharp affliction, cast
Your wondring eyes on me, that have drunk up
Those dregs, whereof you onely kist the Cup:
I am the man, 'gainst whom th'Eternall hath
Discharg'd the lowder volley of his wrath;
I am the man, on whom the brow of night
Hath scowl'd, unworthy to behold the light;
I am the man, in whom th'Almighty showes
The dire example of unpattern'd woes;
I am that Pris'ner ransome cannot free;
I am that man, and I am oncly he.

ELEG. 2.

BOndage hath forc'd my servile neck to faile
Beneath her load; Afflictions nimble Flayle
Hath thresht my soule upon a floore of stones,
And quasht the marrow of my broken bones:
Th'assembled powers of Heaven enrag'd, are eager
To root me out; Heavens souldiers doe beleager
My worried soule, my soule unapt for fleeing,
That yeelds, o'rburthen'd with her tedious being;
Th'Almighties hand hath clouded all my light,
And clad my soule with a perpetuall night,
A night of torments, and eternall sorrow,
Like that of Death, that never finds a morrow.

ELEG. 3.

CHain'd to the brazen pillars of my woes,
I ſtrive in vaine. No mortall hand can looſe
What heaven hath bound; my ſoule is wall'd about,
That hope cannot get in, nor feare get out:
When e'r my wav'ring hopes to heaven addreſſe
The feeble voice of my extreame diſtreſſe,
He ſtops his tired eares, without regard
Of Suit, or Suitor, leaves my prayers unheard;
Before my faint and ſtumbling feet he laies
Blocks, to diſturbe my beſt adviſed wayes:
I ſeek my peace, but ſeek my peace in vaine;
For every way's a Trap; each path's a Traine.

ELEG. 4.

DIſturbed Lyons are appeas'd with blood,
And ravenous Bears are mild, not wanting food:
But heaven, ah! heaven will not implored be:
Lyons and Beares are not ſo fierce as He:
His direfull vengeance (which no meane confines)
Hath croſt the thriving of my beſt deſignes:
His hand hath ſpoil'd me, that e'rwhile advanc'd me,
Brought in my foes, poſſeſt my friends againſt me:
His Bow is bent, his forked Rovers flie
Like darted haile-ſtones from the darkned skie,
Shot from a hand that cannot erre, they be
Tranſfixed in no other mark, but me.

ELEG.

ELEG. 5.

EXil'd from heaven I wander to and fro,
And ſeek for ſtreames, as Stags new ſtricken doe,
And like a wandring Hart I flee the Hounds,
With Arrowes deeply fixed in my wounds;
My deadly hunters with a winged pace,
Prick forwards, and purſue their weary chace,
They whoope, they hollow me, deride and flout me,
That flee from death, yet carry death about me:
Exceſſe of torments hath my ſoule deceiv'd
Of all her joyes, of all her powres bereiv'd:
O curious griefe, that haſt my ſoule brim-fill'd
With thouſand deaths, and yet my ſoule not kill'd!

ELEG. 6.

FOllow'd with troops of feares, I flie in vaine,
For change of places breeds new change of paine;
The baſe condition of my low eſtate,
My exalted foes diſdaine and wonder at:
Turne where I liſt, theſe, theſe my wretched eyes,
They find no objects, but new miſeries;
My ſoule, accuſtom'd to ſo long increaſe
Of paines, forgets that ſhe had ever peace:
Thus, thus perplext, thus with my griefes diſtracted,
What ſhall I doe? Heavens powers are compacted
To work my eternall ruine; To what friend
Shall I make moan, when heaven conſpires my end?

ELEG. 7.

GReat God! what help (ah me) what hope is left
To him, that of thy presence is bereft?
Absented from thy favour, what remaines,
But sense and sad remembrance of my paines?
Yet hath affliction op'ned my dull eare,
And taught me what in weale I ne'r could heare:
Her scourge hath tutor'd me with sharp corrections,
And swag'd the swelling of my proud affections;
Till now I slumbred in a prosp'rous dreame,
From whence awak'd, my griefs are more extream;
Hopes newly quickned, have my soule assur'd,
That griefes discover'd, are one halfe recur'd.

ELEG. 8.

HAd not the milder hand of mercy broke
The furious violence of that fatall stroke
Offended Iustice struck, we had been quite
Lost in the shadowes of eternall night;
Thy mercy Lord, is like the morning Sunne,
Whose beames undoe, what sable night hath done;
Or like a streame, the current of whose course,
Restrain'd a while, runs with a swifter force;
Oh, let me swelter in those sacred beames,
And after bathe me in these silver streames;
To thee alone my sorrowes shall appeale;
Hath earth a wound, too hard for heaven to heale?

ELEG. 9.

IN thee (deare Lord) my penſive ſoule reſpires,
Thou art the fulneſſe of my choice deſires;
Thou art that ſacred ſpring, whoſe waters burſt
In ſtreams to him, that ſeeks with holy thirſt;
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirſt to bring
The fainting ſoule to ſo, ſo ſweet a ſpring;
Thrice happy he, whoſe well-reſolved breſt
Expects no other aide, no other reſt;
Thrice happy he, whoſe downie age had bin
Reclaim'd by ſcourges from the prime of ſinne,
And early ſeaſon'd with the taſte of Truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

ELEG. 10.

KNowledge concomitates Heavens painfull rod,
Teaches the ſoule to know her ſelfe, her God,
Vnſeiles the eye of faith, preſents a morrow
Of joy, within the ſableſt night of ſorrow;
Th'afflicted ſoule abounds in bareſt need,
Sucks pureſt honey from the fouleſt weed,
Deteſts that good, which pamper'd reaſon likes,
Welcomes the ſtroke, kiſſes the hand that ſtrikes;
In rougheſt Tides his well-prepared breſt,
Vntoucht with danger, finds a haven of reſt;
Hath all in all, when moſt of all bereaven;
In earth, a heſt, in hell he finds a Heaven.

ELEG. 11.

LAbour perfected, with the evening ends;
The Lamp of heaven (his course fulfill'd) descends;
Can works of nature seek, and find a rest;
And shall the torments of a troubled brest,
Impos'd by natures all-commanding God,
Ne'r know an end, ne'r find a period?
Deare soule despaire not, whet thy dull beliefe
With hope; heavens mercy will o'rcome thy griefe:
From thee, not him proceeds thy punishment,
He's slow to wrath, and speedy to relent:
Thou burnst like gold, consumest not like fuell;
O, wrong not Heaven, to think that Heaven is cruell.

ELEG. 12.

MOuntains shall move, the Sun his circling course
Shall stop; tridented *Neptune* shall divorce
Th'embracing floods from their beloved Iles,
Ere heaven forgets his servant, and recoyles
From his eternall vow: Those, those that bruise
His broken Reeds, or secretly abuse
The doubtfull Title of a rightfull Cause,
Or with false bribes, adulterate the Lawes
That should be chaste, these, these, th'Almighty hath
Branded for subjects of a future wrath;
Oh may the just man know, th'Eternall hastens
His plagues for trials; loves the child he chastens.

ELEG.

ELEG. 13.

NO mortall power, nor ſupernall might;
Not *Lucifer*, nor no infernall ſpright,
Nor all together joyn'd in one commiſſion
Can think or act without divine permiſſion;
Man wils, Heaven breathes ſucceſſe, or not, upon it;
What good, what evill befalls, but Heaven hath done it?
Vpon his right hand Health and Honors ſtand,
And flaming ſcourges on the other hand:
Since then the States of good or evill depend
Vpon his will, (fond mortall) thou attend
Vpon his Wiſdome; Why ſhould living Duſt
Complaine on Heaven, becauſe that Heaven is juſt?

ELEG. 14.

OLet the ballance of our eaven pois'd hearts
Weigh our afflictions with our juſt deſerts,
And eaſe our heavy ſcale; Double the graines
We take from ſinne, Heaven taketh from our paines;
Oh let thy lowly bended eyes not feare
Th'Almighties frownes, nor husband one poore teare;
Be prodigall in ſighes, and let thy tongue;
Thy tongue eſtrang'd to heaven, cry all night long;
My ſoule thou leav'ſt, what thy Creator did
Will thee to doe, haſt done what he forbid;
This, this hath made ſo great a ſtrangeneſſe be
(If not divorce) betwixt thy God and thee.

ELEG.

ELEG. 15.

PRepar'd to Vengeance, and reſolv'd to ſpoile,
Thy hand (juſt God) hath taken in thy toile
Our wounded ſoules; that arme which hath forgot
His wonted mercy, kils and ſpareth not;
Our crimes have ſet a barre betwixt thy Grace
And us: thou haſt eclipſt thy glorious face,
Haſt ſtopt thy gracious eare, leſt prayers inforce
Thy tender heart to pitty and remorſe:
See, ſee great God, what thy deare hand hath done;
We lie like droſſe, when all the gold is gone.
Contemn'd, deſpis'd, and like to Atomes, flie
Before the Sunne, the ſcorne of every eye.

ELEG. 16.

QVotidian fevers of reproach and ſhame,
Have chill'd our honour and renowned Name;
We are become the by-word and the ſcorne
Of heaven and earth; of heaven and earth forlorne;
Our captiv'd ſoules are compaſt round about,
Within with troops of feares, of Foes without;
Without, within, diſtreſt; and in concluſion,
We are the hapleſſe children of confuſion;
Oh how mine eyes, the rivers of mine eyes
O'rflow theſe barren lips, that can deviſe
No Dialect, that can expreſſe or borrow
Sufficient Metaphors, to ſhew my ſorrow!

ELEG.

ELEG. 17.

RIvers of mariſh teares have overflowne
My blubber'd cheeks; my tongue can find no Tone
So ſharp as ſilence, to bewaile that woe,
Whoſe flowing Tides an ebb could never know:
Weep on (mine eyes) mine eyes ſhall never ceaſe;
Speak on (my Tongue) forget to hold thy peace;
Ceaſe not thy teares; cloſe not thy lips ſo long,
Till heaven ſhall wipe thine eyes, and hear thy tongue:
What heart of Braſſe, what Adamantine breſt
Can know the torments of my ſoule, and reſt?
What ſtupid braine, (ah me!) what marble eye
Can ſee theſe, theſe my ruines, and not cry?

ELEG. 18.

SO hath the Fowler with his ſlye deceits,
Beguil'd the harmleſſe bird; ſo with falſe baits,
The treacherous Angler ſtrikes his nibbling prey;
Even ſo my foes my guiltleſſe ſoule betray;
So have my fierce purſuers, with cloſe wiles
Inthralled me, and gloried in my ſpoiles;
Where undermining plots could not prevaile,
There miſchiefe did with ſtrength of arme aſſaile;
Thus in afflictions troubled billowes toſt,
I live; but 'tis a life worſe had than loſt:
Thus, thus o'rwhelm'd, my ſecret ſoule doth cry,
I am deſtroy'd, and there's no helper nigh.

ELEG. 19.

THou great Creator, whoſe diviner breath
Preſerves thy creature, joy'ſt not in his death,
Looke downe from thy eternall Throne, that art
The onely Rock of a deſpairing heart;
Looke downe from heaven (O thou) whoſe tender eare
Once heard the trickling of one ſingle teare;
How art thou now eſtranged from his cry,
That ſends forth Rivers from his fruitfull eye?
How often haſt thou with a gentle arme,
Rais'd me from death, and bid me feare no harme?
What ſtrange diſaſter caus'd this ſudden change?
How wert thou once ſo neare, and now ſo ſtrange!

ELEG. 20.

VAnquiſht by ſuch as thirſted for my life,
And brought my ſoule into a legall ſtrife,
How oft haſt thou (juſt God) maintain'd my cauſe,
And croſt the ſentence of their bloody Lawes?
Be ſtill my God, be ſtill that God thou wert;
Looke on thy mercy, not on my deſert;
Be thou my Iudge betwixt my Foes and me;
The Advocate betwixt my ſoule and thee;
'Gainſt thee (great Lord) their arme they have advanc'd;
And dealt that blow to thee, that thus hath glanc'd
Vpon my ſoule; ſmite thoſe that have ſmit thee,
And for thy ſake, diſcharg'd their ſpleene at me,

ELEG.

ELEG. 21.

WHat squint-ey'd scorne, what flout, what wry-mouth'd scoffe
That sullen pride e'r took acquaintance of,
Hath scap'd the fury of my Foemans tongue,
To doe my simple Innocency wrong?
What day, what houre; nay, what shorter season
Hath kept my soule secuer from the treason
Of their corrupted counsels, which dispensed
Dayes, nights and howers, to conspire my end?
My sorrowes are their songs, and as sleight fables
Fill up the silence of their wanton tables;
Look downe (just God) and with thy power divine
Behold my Foes; they be thy foes and mine.

ELEG. 22.

YEt sleeps thy vengeance? Can thy Iustice be
So slow to them, and yet so sharp to me?
Dismount (just Iudge) from thy Tribunall Throne,
And pay thy Foemen the deserved loane
Of their unjust designes; make fierce thy hand,
And scourge thou thē, as they have scourg'd my land;
Break thou their Adamantine hearts, and pound them
To dust, and with thy finall curse confound them:
Let horror seize their soules, O may they be
The scorne of Nations, that have scorned thee:
O, may they live distrest, and die bereaven
Of earths delights, and of the joyes of heaven.

ELEG.

Threnodia IIII.

ELEG. 1.

ALas! what alterations! Ah, how ſtrange
Amazement flows from ſuch an uncouth change
Ambitious Ruine! could thy razing hand
Find ne'r a ſubject but the holy Land?
Thou ſacrilegious Ruine, to attempt
The houſe of God; was not heavens houſe exempt
From thy accurſed Rape? Ah me! behold,
Sion, whoſe pavement of refulgent gold,
So lately did reflect, ſo bright, ſo pure,
How dimme, how drowſie now, (ah!) how obſcure!
Her ſacred ſtones lie ſcatter'd in the ſtreet,
For ſtumbling blocks before the Levites feet.

ELEG. 2.

BEhold her Princes, whoſe victorious browes
Fame oft had crowned with her Lawrell boughs;
See how they hide their ſhame confounding creſts,
And hang their heads upon their fainting breſts;
Behold her Captaines, and brave men at armes,
Whoſe ſpirits fired at wars loud alarmes,
Like worried ſheep how flee they at the noiſe
Of Drums, and ſtartle at the Trumpets voice!
They faint, and like amazed Lions, ſhow
Their fearfull heeles if Chaunticleere but crow;
How are the Pillars (*Sion*) of thy ſtate
Transform'd to clay, and burniſht gold ſo late!

ELEG.

ELEG. 3.

CAn furious Dragons heare their helpleſſe brood
Cry out, and fill their hungry lips with food?
Hath Nature taught fierce Tygers to apply
The breſt unto their younglings empty cry?
Have ſavage beaſts time, place, and natures helps,
To feed and foſter up their idle whelps?
And ſhall the tender babes of *Sion* crie,
And pine for food, and yet their Mothers by?
Dragons, and Tygers, and all ſavage beaſts
Can feed their young, but *Sion* hath no breaſts:
Diſtreſſed *Sion*, more unhappy farre,
Than Dragons, ſavage Beaſts, or Tygers are!

ELEG. 4.

DEath thou purſueſt, if from death thou flee,
Or if thou turn'ſt thy flight, death follows thee:
Thy ſtaffe of life is broke; for want of bread,
Thy City pines, and halfe thy Land is dead;
The ſon t'his father weeps, makes fruitleſſe moane;
The father weeps upon his weeping ſonne:
The brother calls upon his pined brother,
And both come crying to their hungry mother:
The empty Babe, in ſtead of milk, drawes downe
His Nurſes teares, well mingled with his owne;
Nor change of place, nor time with help ſupplies thee;
Abroad the Sword, Famine at home deſtroyes thee.

ELEG. 5.

EXceſſe and Surfet now have left thy Coaſt,
The laviſh Gueſt now wants his greedy Hoſt,
No wanton Cooke prepares his poynant meat,
To teach a ſatiate palate how to eate;
Now *Bacchus* pines, and ſhakes his feeble knees,
And pamper'd *Envy* looks as plump as Hee's;
Diſcolour'd *Ceres*, that was once ſo faire,
Hath loſt her beauty, ſing'd her golden haire;
Thy Princes mourne in rags; aſham'd t' infold
Their leaden ſpirits in a caſe of Gold;
From place to place thy Stateſmen wandring are;
On every dung-hill lies a man of warre.

ELEG. 6.

FOule *Sodome*, and inceſtuous *Gomorrah*,
Had my deſtruction, but ne'r my ſorrow:
Vengeance had mercy there; her hand did ſend
A ſharp beginning, but a ſudden end;
Iuſtice was mild, and with her haſty flaſhes
They fell, and ſweetly ſlept in peaceſull aſhes;
They felt no rage of an inſulting Foe,
Nor Famines pinching furie, as I doe;
They had no ſacred Temple to defile;
Or if they had, they would have helpt to ſpoile;
They dy'd but once, but I, poore wretched I,
Die many deaths, and yet have more to die.

ELEG

ELEG. 7.

GOld from the Mint; Milk, from the uberous Cow,
Was ne'r so pure in substance, nor in show,
As were my *Nazarites*, whose inward graces
Adorn'd the outward lustre of their faces;
Their faces robb'd the Lilly, and the Rose,
Of red and white; more faire, more sweet than those.
Their bodies were the magazens of perfection,
Their Skins unblemisht, were of pure complexion,
Through which their Saphire-colour'd veins descride
The Azure beauty of their naked pride;
The flaming Carbuncle was not so bright,
Nor yet the rare discolour'd Chrysolite.

ELEG. 8.

HOw are my sacred *Nazarites* (that were
The blazing planets of my glorious Sphere)
Obscur'd and darkned in Afflictions cloud?
Astonisht at their owne disguize, they shrowd
Their soule transformed shapes in the dull shade
Of sullen darknesse; of themselves afraid;
See how the brother gazes on the brother,
And both affrighted, start, and flie each other;
Blacke as their Fates, they crosse the streets unkend,
The Sire, his Sonne; the friend disclaymes his friend:
They, they that were the flowers of my Land,
Like withered Weeds, and blasted Hemlocke stand.

ELEG. 9.

IMpetuous Famine, Sister to the Sword,
Left hand of Death, Childe of th'infernall Lord,
Thou Torturer of mankinde, that with one stroake,
Subject'st the world to thy imperious yoake:
What pleasure tak'st thou in the tedious breath
Of pined mortals? Or their lingring death?
The Sword thy generous brother's not so cruell,
He kils but once, fights in a noble Duell,
But thou (malicious Furie) dost extend
Thy spleene to all, whose death can find no end;
Alas! my haplesse weale can want no woe,
That feeles the rage of Sword, and famine too.

ELEG. 10.

KInde is that death, whose weapons doe but kill,
But we are often slaine, yet dying still:
Our torments are too gentle; yet too rough
They gripe too hard, because not hard enough:
My people teare their trembling flesh, for food,
And from their ragged wounds they suck forth blo
The Father dies, and leaves his pined Coarse,
T'inrich his Heire with meate; The hungry Nurse
Broyles her starv'd suckling on the hasty coales,
Devoures one halfe, and hides the rest in holes.
O Tyran famine! that compell'st the Mother,
To kill one hungry Childe to feed another!

ELEG

ELEG. II.

LAment, O ſad *Ieruſalem*, lament;
O weepe, if all thy teares be yet unſpent,
Weepe (waſted *Iudah*) let no drop be kept
Vnſhed, let not one teare be left unwept;
For angry heaven hath nothing left undone,
To bring thy ruines to perfection:
No curſe, no plague the fierce Almighty hath
Kept backe, to ſumme the totall of his wrath:
Thy City burnes; thy *Sion* is diſpoyl'd;
Thy wives are raviſht, and thy maides defil'd:
Famine at home; the ſword abroad deſtroyes thee:
Thou cry'ſt to heav'n, and heav'n his eare denies thee

ELEG. III.

MAy thy dull ſenſes, (ô unhappy Nation,
Poſſeſt with nothing now but deſolation)
Collect their ſcatter'd forces, and behold
Thy novell fortunes ballanc'd with the old?
Couldſt thou, ô could thy proſp'rous heart conceive,
That mortall pow'r, or art of State could reive
Thy illuſtrious Empire of her ſacred glory,
And make her ruines the *Threnodian* ſtory
Of theſe ſad times, and ages yet to be?
Envie could pine but never hope to ſee
Thy buildings cruſht, and all that glory ended,
Which man ſo fortifi'd, and Heav'n defended.

ELEG. 13.

NE'r had the ſplendor of thy bright renowne
Been thus extinguiſht *(Judah,)* Thy laſt Crow
Had ne'r beene ſpurn'd from thy Imperiall brow,
Plenty had nurs'd thy ſoule, thy peacefull plough
Had fill'd thy fruitfull Quarters with encreaſe,
Hadſt thou but knowne thy ſelfe, and loved peace;
But thou haſt broke that ſacred truce, concluded
Betwixt thy God, and thee; vainly deluded
Thy ſelfe with thine owne ſtrength, with deadly fe
Thy furious Prieſts and Prophets have purſu'd
The mourning Saints of *Sion*, and did ſlay
All ſuch as were more juſt, more pure than they.

ELEG. 14.

O How the Prieſts of *Sion*, whoſe pure light
Should ſhine to ſuch, as grope in Errors night,
And blaze like Lamps before the darkned eye
Of Ignorance, to raiſe up thoſe that lye
In dull deſpaire, and guide thoſe feet that ſtray,
Ay me! How blinde, how darke, how dull are they!
Feare, rage and fury drives them through the ſtreet,
And, like to mad men ſtabbe at all they meet;
They weare the purple Livery of Death,
And live themſelves, by drawing others breath:
Say (waſted *Sion*) could Revenge beholde
So foule an acted Sceane as this, and holde?

ELEG. 15.

PRophets, and ſacred Prieſts, whoſe tongues while-ere
Did often whiſper in th'Eternals eare,
Diſclos'd his Oracles, found ready paſſage
Twixt God and Man, to carry heavens Embaſſage,
Are now the ſubjects of deſerved ſcorne,
Of God forſaken, and of man forlorne;
Accurſed Gentiles are aſham'd to know,
What *Sions* Prieſts are not aſham'd to doe;
They ſee and bluſh, and bluſhing flee away,
Fearing to touch things ſo defil'd as they;
They hate the filth of their abomination,
And chace them forth fro their new conquer'd nation.

ELEG. 16.

QVite baniſht from the joyes of earth, and ſmiles
Of heaven, and deeply buried in her ſpoyles,
Poore *Iudah* lies; unpittied, diſreſpected;
Exil'd the world; of God, of man rejected,
Like blaſted eares among the fruitfull wheat,
She roames diſperſt, and hath no certaine ſeat:
Her ſervile neck's ſubjected to the yoake
Of bondage, open to th'impartiall ſtroake
Of conquering Gentiles, whoſe afflicting hand
Smites every nooke of her diſguiſed Land;
Of Youth reſpectleſſe, nor regarding Yeares,
Nor Sex, nor Tribe; like ſcourging Prince and Peeres.

ELEG. 17.

REnt and depoſed from Imperiall ſtate,
By heavens high hand, on heaven we muſt await:
To him that ſtruck, our ſorrowes muſt appeale;
Where heaven hath ſmit, no hand of man can heale:
In vaine our wounds expected mans reliefe,
For diſappointed hopes renew a griefe:
Egypt oppreſt us in our fathers loynes,
What hope's in Egypt? Nay, if Egypt joynes
Her force with *Iudah*, our united powres
Could ne'r prevaile 'gainſt ſuch a foe as our's:
Egypt, that once did feele heav'ns ſcourge for grieving
His flock, would now refinde it for relieving.

ELEG. 18.

SO the quick-ſented Beagles, in a view,
O'r hill and dale the fleeing chaſe purſue,
As ſwift-foot death and ruine follow me,
That flees, afraid, yet knowes not where to flee:
Flee to the fields? there with the ſword I meet;
And, like a Watch, Death ſtands in every ſtreet:
No covert hides from death; no Shade, no Cels
So darke, wherein not Death and Horror dwels:
Our dayes are numbred, and our number's done,
The empty Houre-glaſſe of our glorie's runne:
Our ſinnes are ſumm'd, and ſo extream's the ſcore,
That heaven could not doe leſſe, nor hell do more.

ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

TO what a downfall are our fortunes come,
Subjected to the ſufferance of a doome,
Whoſe lingring torments Hell could not conſpire
More ſharpe! than which Hell needs no other fire:
How nimble are our Foemen to betray
Our ſoules? Eagles are not ſo ſwift as they:
Where ſhall we flee? or where ſhall ſorrow finde
A place for harbour? Ah, what proſp'rous winde
Will lend a gale, whoſe bounty ne'r ſhall ceaſe,
Till we be landed on the Ile of peace?
My foes more fierce than empty Lyons are;
For hungry Lyons, woo'd with teares will ſpare.

ELEG. 20.

VSurping Gentiles rudely have engroſt
Into their hands thoſe fortunes we have loſt,
Devoure the fruits that purer hands did plant,
Are plumpe and pampred with that bread we want,
And (what is worſe than death) a Tyran treads
Vpon our Throne; Pagans adorne their heads
With our loſt crownes; their powers have disjoynted
The members of our State, and heavens Anoynted
Their hands have cruſht, and raviſht from his throne,
And made a ſlave for ſlaves to tread upon:
Needs muſt that flock be ſcattred and accurſt,
Where Wolves have dar'd to ſeize the Shepherd firſt.

ELEG. 21.

VVAxe fat with laughing (*Edom*) with glad eie
Behold the fulneſſe of our miſeries;
Triumph (thou Type of Antichriſt) and feed
Thy ſoule with joy, to ſee thy brothers ſeed
Ruin'd, and rent, and rooted from the earth,
Make haſte and ſolace thee wi h early mirth:
But there's a time ſhall teach thee how to weepe
As many teares as I; thy lips as deepe
Shall drinke in ſorrowes Cup, as mine have done,
Till then cheare up thy ſpirits, and laugh on:
Offended Iuſtice often ſtrikes by turnes:
Edom, beware, for thy next neighbour burnes.

ELEG. 22.

YEE drooping ſonnes of *Sion*, ô ariſe,
And ſhut the flood-gates of your flowing eyes,
Surceaſe your ſorrowes, and your joyes attend,
For heaven hath ſpoke it, and your griefes ſhall end:
Beleeve it *Sion*; ſeeke no curious ſigne,
And wait heav'ns pleaſure, as heav'n waited thine:
And thou triumphing *Edom*, that doſt lie
In beds of Roſes, thou whoſe proſp'rous eye,
Did ſmile, to ſee the Gates of *Sion* fall,
Shalt be ſubjected to the ſelfe-ſame thrall:
Sion, that weeps, ſhall ſmile: and *Edoms* eye,
That ſmiles ſo faſt, as faſt ſhall ſhortly cry.

THE

The Prophet IEREMY his Prayer for the distressed people of *Ierusalem* and *Sion*.

GReat God, before whose all-discerning eye,
The secret corners of mans heart doe lie
As open as his actions, which no Clowd
Of secresie can shade, no shade can shrowd:
Behold the teares, ô hearken to the Cries
Of thy poore *Sion*; Wipe her weeping eyes,
Binde up her bleeding wounds, ô thou that art
The best Chirurgeon for a broken heart:
See how the Barbarous Gentiles have intruded
Into the Land of promise, and excluded
Those rightfull owners from their just possessions,
That wander now full laden with oppressions;
Our Fathers (ah!) their savage hands have slaine,
Whose deaths our Widow-mothers weepe in vaine:
Our Springs, whose Chrystall plenty once disburst
Their bounteous favours to quench every thirst:
Our liberall Woods, whose palsie shaken tops,
To every stranger bow'd their yeelding lops,
Are sold to us that have no price to pay,
But sweat and toyle, the sorrowes of the day:
Oppressors trample on our servile necks;
We never cease to groane nor they to vexe;
Famine and dearth have taught our hands t'extend
To *Assur*, and our feeble knees to bend
To churlish *Pharao*: want of bread compels
Thy servants to beg Almes of Infidels:
Our wretched Fathers sinn'd, and yet they sleepe
In peace, and have left us their sonnes to weepe:

We

We, we extracted from their sinfull loynes,
Are guilty of their sinnes; their *Ossa* joynes
To our high *Pelion*; Ah! their crimes doe stand
More firmely entailed to us, than our Land:
We are the slaves of servants, and the scorne
Of slaves; of all forsaken and forlorne;
Hunger hath forc'd us to acquire our food,
With deepest danger of our deerest blood:
Our skins are wrincled, and the fruitlesse ploughs
Of want have fallow'd up our barren browes:
Within that *Ston*, which thy hands did build,
Our wives were ravisht, and our maids defil'd:
Our Savage Foe extends his barbarous rage
To all, not sparing Sexe, nor Youth, nor Age:
They hang our Princes on the shamefull trees
Of death; respect no Persons, no Degrees:
Our Elders are despised, whose gray hayres
Are but the Index of their doating yeares;
Our flowring youth are forced to fulfill
Their painfull taskes in the laborious Mill:
Our children faint beneath their loads, and cry,
Oppress with burdens under which they lie:
Sages are banisht from judiciall Courts,
And youth takes no delight in youthfull sports:
Our joyes are gone and promise no returning,
Our pleasure's turn'd to pain, our mirth to mourning;
Our hand hath lost his sword; our head his Crowne;
Our Church her glory; our weale our high renowne.
Lord, we have sinn'd, and these our sins have brought
This world of griefe; (ô purchase deerely bought!)
From hence our sorrowes, and from hence our fears
Proceed; for this our eyes are blind with teares;
But that (aye that) which my poore heart doth count
Her sharpest torture, is thy sacred Mount,

Sacred

Sacred Mount *Sion*; *Sion* that divine
Seat of thy glory's raz'd; her tender Vine,
Laden with ſwelling Cluſters, is deſtroy'd,
And Foxes now, that once thy Lambs enjoy'd.
But thou (ô thou Eternall God) whoſe Throne
Is permanent, whoſe glory's ever one,
Vnapt for Change, abiding ſtill the ſame,
Though earth conſume, and heaven diſſolve her frame,
Why doſt thou, (ah!) why doſt thou thus abſent
Thy glorious face? Oh, wherefore haſt thou rent
Thy mercy from us? O! when wilt thou be
Atton'd to them that have no truſt but Thee.
Reſtore us (Lord) and let our ſoules poſſeſſe
Our wonted peace; O, let thy hand redreſſe
Our waſted fortunes; let thine eye behold
Thy ſcattered Flock, and drive them to their Fold:
Canſt thou reject that people, which thy Hand
Hath choſe, and planted in the promis'd Land?
O thou (the Spring of mercy) wilt thou ſend
No eaſe to our Afflictions, no end?

The end.

AN ALPHABET OF ELEGIES,

VPON

The much and truly lamented death of that famous for Learning, Piety, and true Friendſhip, Doctor AILMER.

A great favourer, and faſt friend to the Muſes, and late Areh-deacon of LONDON.

Imprinted in his Heart, that ever loves his Memory.

Written by FRA. QVARLES.

Cum privilegio { *Am* / *Dol* } *eris.*

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

Readers,

GIve mee leave to performe a neceſſary duty, which my affection owes to the bleſſed memory of that reverend Prelate, my much honoured friend, Doctor *Ailmer*: Hee was one, whoſe life and death made as full and perfect a Story of worth and goodneſſe as earth would ſuffer, and whoſe pregnant vertues deſerve as faithfull a Regiſter, as earth can keepe: In whoſe happy remembrance, I have here truſted theſe Elegies to time and your favours: had hee beene a Lampe to light me alone, my private griefes had beene ſufficient; but being a Sun, whoſe beames reflected on all, all have an intereſt in his memory; to which end I recommend theſe memorialls to the publike, in teſtimony of my undiſſembled affection, and true piety that I owe, to ſo great an example of Vertue and Learning.

[illegible]

FVNERALL ELEGIES.

ELEG. 1.

ALL you whose eyes would learne to weepe, draw (neare,
And heare what none, without full teares can heare;
Come marble eyes, as marble as your hearts,
I'le teach you how to weepe a teare in parts;
And you false eyes, that never yet let fall
A teare in earnest, come, and now ye shall
Send forth salt fountaines of the truest griefe,
That ever sought to language for reliefe:
But you, you tender eyes, that cannot beare
An Elegie, wept forth, without a teare,
I warne you hence; or, at the most, passe by,
Lest while you stay, you soone dissolve, and die.

ELEG. 2.

BVt stay: (said *Genius*) How doe griefes transport
Thy exil'd senses? Is there no resort
To fork'd *Parnassus* sacred Mount? No word,
No thought of *Helicon*? No Muse implor'd?
I did invoke, but there was none repli'd;
The nine were silent, since *Maecenas* dy'd:
They have forsaken their old Spring, 'tis said,
They haunt a new one, which their teares have made:
Should I molest them with my losse? 'Tis knowne,
They finde enough to relament their owne:
I crave no ayde, no Deitie to infuse
New matter: Ah! True sorrow needs no Muse.

ELEG. 3.

CAl back (bright *Phœbus*) your sky-wandring steed
Your day is tedious, and our sorrow needs
No Sun: when our sad soules have lost their light,
Why should our eyes not finde perpetuall night?
Goe to the nether world, and let your rayes
Shine there: Bestow on them our share of dayes;
But say not, Why: lest when report shall show
Such cause of griefe, they fall agrieving too,
And pray the absence of your restlesse wayne,
Which then must be return'd on us againe,
Deare *Phœbus* grant my suit; if thou deny't,
My teares shall blind me, and so make a night.

ELEG. 4.

DEath, art thou grown so nice? can nothing please
Thy curious palate, but such Cates as these?
Or hath thy ravenous stomach been o'rpresst
With common dyet at thy last great feast? 16
Or hast thou fed so neare that there is none
Now left but delicates to feed upon?
Or was this dish so tempting, that no power
Was left in thee to stay another hower?
Or didst thou feed by chance, and not observ'd
What food it was, but tooke as fortune carv'd?
'Tis done. Be it or Fortunes act or thine,
It fed the one, whose want made Millions pine;

ELEG

ELEG. 5.

ENvie now burſt with joy, and let thine eyes
Strut forth with fatneſſe: let thy Collops riſe
Pampred and plumpe: Feed full for many yeares
Vpon our loſſe: be drunken with our teares:
For he is dead, whoſe Soule did never ceaſe
To croſſe and violate your malicious peace:
He's dead; but in his death hath overthrowne
More vices than his happy life had done:
In life he taught to dye; and he did give
In death a great example how to live:
Though he be gone, his fame is left behinde:
Now leave thy laughing, Envy, and be pin'd.

ELEG 6.

FArewell thoſe eyes, whoſe gentle ſmiles forſooke
No miſery, taught Charity how to looke:
Farewell thoſe cheerefull eyes, that did e'rwhile,
Teach ſuccour'd miſery how to bleſſe a ſmile:
Farewell thoſe eyes whoſe mixt aſpect, of late
Did reconcile humility and ſtate:
Farewell thoſe eyes, that to their joyfull gueſt,
Proclaim'd their ordinary fare, a feaſt;
Farewell thoſe eyes, the load-ſtars, late, whereby
The Graces ſail'd ſecure, from eye to eye:
Farewell deare eyes, bright Lamps; ô who can tell
Your glorious welcome, or our ſad farewell!

ELEG. 7.

GOe glorious Saint! I knew twas not a ſhrine
Of fleſh, could lodge ſo pure a ſoule as thine;
I ſaw it labour (in a holy ſcorne
Of living duſt and aſhes) to be ſworne
A heavenly Quiriſter: It ſigh'd and groan'd
To be diſſolv'd from mortall, and enthron'd
Among his fellow Angels, there to ſing
Perpetuall Anthems to his heavenly King:
He was a ſtranger to his houſe of Clay;
Scarce own'd it but that neceſſary ſtay,
Miſcall'd it his; and onely zeale did make
Him love the building for the builders ſake.

ELEG. 8.

HAd Vertue, Learning, the Diviner Arts,
Wit, judgement, wiſdome, (or what other parts
That make perfection, and returne the minde
As great as earth can ſuffer) been confin'd
To earth, had they the Patent to abide
Secure from change, our *Ailmer* ne'r had dy'd:
Fond earth forbeare and let thy childiſh eyes
Ne'r weep for him thou ne'r knew'ſt how to prize,
Shed not a teare blinde earth; for it appeares,
Thou never lov'dſt our *Ailmer*, by thy teares:
Or if thy flouds muſt needs o'rflow their brim,
Lament, lament thy blindneſſe, and not him.

ELEG.

ELEG. 9.

I Wondred not to heare ſo brave an end,
Becauſe I knew, who made it could contend
With death, and conquer, and in open chace
Would ſpit defiance in his conquered face;
And did: Dauntleſſe he trod him underneath,
To ſhew the weakneſſe of unarmed death:
Nay, had report, or niggard Fame deny'd
His name, it had beene knowne 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd.
It was no wonder, to heare rumour tell,
That he which dy'd ſo oft, once dy'd ſo well:
Great Lord of life, how hath thy dying breath
Made man, whom death had conquer'd, conquer death!

ELEG. 10.

KNowledge (the depth of whoſe unbounded main
Hath been the wreck of many a curious braine,
And from her (yet unreconciled) ſchooles
Hath fill'd us with ſo many learned fooles)
Hath tutor'd thee with rules that cannot erre,
And taught thee how to know thy ſelfe, and her:
Furniſht thy nimble ſoule in height of meaſure,
With humane riches and divineſt treaſure,
From whence as from a ſacred ſpring, did flow
Freſh Oracles, to let the hearer know
A way to glory; and to let him ſee,
The way to glory, is to ſtudy thee.

ELEG. 11.

LOoke how the body of heavens greater light
In riches each beholder with his bright
And glorious rayes, untill the envious Weſt
Too greedy to enjoy ſo faire a gueſt,
Cals him to bed, where raviſht from our ſight,
He leaves us to the ſolemne frownes of night:
Even ſo our Sunne in his harmonious ſpheare
Enlightned every eye, rapt every eare,
Till in the early ſunſet of his yeares
He dy'd, and left us that ſurvive, in teares;
And (like the Sunne) in ſpight of death and fate,
He ſeemed greateſt in his loweſt ſtate.

ELEG. 12.

MOleſt me not, full ſighs and flowing teares,
You ſtorms & ſhowres of nature; ſtop your eares,
Fond fleſh and blood, againſt the ſtrong temptation
Of ſullen griefe, and ſenſe-bereaving paſſion:
Ceaſe to lament; Let not thy ſlow-pac'd numbers
Diſturbe his reſt, that ſo, ſo ſweetly ſlumbers;
The childe of vertue is aſleepe, not dead;
He dies, alone, whom death hath conquered:
Why ſhould we ſhed a teare for him? or why
Lament we, whom we rather ſhould envie!
He lives, he lives a life ſhall never taſte
A change, ſo long as Crownes of glory laſt.

ELEG. 13.

NO, no, he is not dead; The mouth of fame,
Honors ſhrill Herald, would preſerve his name,
And make it live in ſpight of death and duſt,
Were there no other heaven, no other truſt.
He is not dead: The ſacred Nine deny,
The ſoule that merits Fame, ſhould ever dye:
He lives; and when the lateſt breath of fame
Shall want her Trumpe, to glorifie a name,
He ſhall ſurvive, and theſe ſelfe-cloſed eyes,
That now lie ſlumbring in the duſt, ſhall riſe,
And fill'd with endleſſe glory, ſhall enjoy
The perfect viſion of eternall joy.

ELEG. 14.

O But the dregs of fleſh and blood! how cloſe
They grapple with my ſoule, and interpoſe
Her higher thoughts; which, yet but young of wing,
They cauſe to ſtoope and ſtrike at every thing;
Paſſion preſents before their weakned eye,
Iudgement and better reaſon ſtanding by!
I muſt lament, Nature commands it ſo:
The more I ſtrive with teares, the more they flow;
Theſe eyes have juſt, nay double cauſe of moane,
They weep the common loſſe, they weep their owne.
He ſleeps indeed; then give me leave to weep
Teares fully anſwerable to his ſleep.

ELEG. 15.

PArdon my teares, if they be too too free,
And if thou canſt not weepe, I'le pardon thee,
Dull Stoick; if thou laugh to heare his death,
I'le weep, that thou wert born to ſpend that breath
Thou dry-braind Portick, whoſe Ahenian breſt
(Tranſcending paſſion) never was oppreſt
With griefe; ô had your flinty Sect but loſt
So rare a prize, as we lament and boaſt,
Your hearts had croſt your Tenet, and disburſt
As many drops as we have done, or burſt:
No marvell that your marble braines could croſſe
Her lawes, that never gave you ſuch a loſſe.

ELEG. 16.

QVick-ſoul'd *Pythagoras*, ô thou that wert
So many men, and didſt ſo oft revert
From ſhades of death, (if we may truſt to fame)
With loſſe of nothing but thy buried name;
Hadſt thou but liv'd in this our *Ailmers* time,
Thou wouldſt have dy'd once more to live in him;
Or had our *Ailmer* in thoſe dayes of thine,
But dy'd, and left ſo glorious, ſo divine
A ſoule as his, how would thy haſty breſt
Have gaſp'd to entertaine ſo faire a gueſt!
Which if obtained, had (no doubt) ſupplide thee
With that immortall ſtate thy Syre deny'd thee.

ELEG.

ELEG. 17.

RAre ſoule, that now ſits crowned in that Quire
Of endleſſe joy, fill'd with celeſtiall fire;
Pardon my teares, that in their paſſion would
Recall thee from thy kingdome, if they could;
Pardon, ô pardon my diſtracted zeale;
Which, if condemn'd by reaſon, muſt appeale
To thee, whoſe now lamented death, whoſe end
Confirm'd the deare affections of a friend;
Permit me then to offer at thy herſe
Theſe fruitleſſe teares, which if they prove too fierce,
O pardon, you that know the price of friends;
For teares are juſt that nature recommends.

ELEG. 18.

SO may the faire aſpect of pleaſed heaven
Conforme my noone of dayes, & crown their even;
So may the gladder ſmiles of earth preſent
My fortunes with the height of joyes content;
As I lament with unaffected breath,
Our loſſe (deare *Ailmer*) in thy happy death:
May the falſe teare, that's forc'd, or ſlides by Art,
That hath no warrant from the ſoule, the heart,
Or that exceeds not natures faint commiſſion,
Or dares (unvented) come to compoſition;
O, may that teare in ſtricter judgement riſe
Againſt thoſe falſe, thoſe faint, thoſe flattering eyes.

ELEG.

ELEG. 19.

THus to the world, and to the ſpacious eares
Of fame, I blazon my unboaſted teares:
Thus to thy ſacred duſt, thy Vrne, thy Herſe
I conſecrate my ſighes, my teares, my Verſe;
Thus to thy ſoule, thy name, thy juſt deſert
I offer up my joy, my love, my heart:
That earth may know, and every eare that heares,
True worth and griefe were parents to my teares:
That earth may know thy duſt, thy Vrne, thy Herſe,
Brought forth & bred my ſighes, my teares, my Verſe;
And that thy ſoule, thy name thy juſt deſert,
Invites, incites my joy, my love, my heart.

ELEG. 20.

VNconſtant earth! Why doe not mortalls ceaſe
To build their hopes upon ſo ſhort a Leaſe?
Vncertaine leaſe, whoſe terme but once begun,
Tels never when it ends, till it be done:
We dote upon thy ſmiles, not knowing why:
And whiles we but prepare to live, we die:
We ſpring like flowers, for a dayes delight,
At noone, we flouriſh, and we fade at night:
We toyle for Kingdomes, conquer crownes, & then
We that were Gods but now, now leſſe than men:
If wiſedome, learning, knowledge cannot dwell
Secure from change, vaine bubble earth, farewell.

ELEG.

ELEG. 21.

WOuldst thou, when death had done, deserve a (story
Should stain the memory of great *Pompeyes*
Conquer thy selfe; example be thy guide; (glory?
Die just, as our selfe-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.
Wouldst thou subdue more kingdoms, gain mo crowns
Than that brave *Hero Cæsar* conquer'd townes?
Then conquer death; Example be thy guide,
Die just, as our death-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd:
But wouldst thou win more worlds than he had done
Kingdomes, that all the earth had over-runne?
Then conquer heaven; Example be thy guide;
Dye just, as our heaven-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.

ELEG. 22.

YEares, fully laden with their months, attend
Th'expired times acquitance, and so end:
Months, gone their dates of numbred dayes, require
Bright *Cynthia's* full discharge, and so expire;
Dayes deeply ag'd with howers, lose their light
And having runne their Stage, conclude with night:
And howers, chac'd with light-foot minutes, flie,
Tendring their labour to a new supply;
Yet *Ailmers* glory never shall diminish, (finish:
Though years and months, though dayes and howers
Yet *Ailmers* joyes for ever shall extend, (end.
Though years, and months, though dayes and howers

FINIS
Doloris nullus.

His Epitaph.

ASke you, why ſo many a teare
Burſts forth; I'le tell you in your eare:
Compell me not to ſpeake aloud,
Death would then be too too proud,
Eyes that cannot vye a teare,
Forbeare to aske, you may not heare:
Gentle hearts that overflow,
Have onely priviledge to know:
In theſe ſacred Aſhes, then,
Now (Reader) that a man of men
Eyes covered: Fame and laſting glory
Make deare mention of his ſtory:
Nature when ſhe gave him birth,
Op'd her treaſure to the earth,
Put forth the modell of true merit,
Quickned with a higher ſpirit:
Rare was his life; His lateſt breath
Saw, and ſcorn'd, and conquer'd death:
Thankleſſe Reader, never more
Urge a why, when teares runne o'r:
When you ſaw ſo high a Tyde,
You might have knowne 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd.

Obiit, Ian. vj. MDCXXV.

Vivet poſt funera Virtus.

AN ELEGIE

VPON

THE REVEREND, learned, and my honoured FRIEND,

DOCTOR WILSON, OF the Rolles.

By FRA. QVARLES.

LONDON,

Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.

1638.

AN
ELEGIE
FROM
THE REVEREND,
learned, and my honoured
friend,
DOCTOR WILSON, OF
the Rolls.

By FRA. QUARLES.

LONDON,
Printed for John Marriot.
1633.

TO MY MVCH HONOVRED FRIEND,

Robert Cæſar,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, Esquier:

Sonne to the right Honourable Sr Julius Cæsar, Knight, Maſter of the Rolls, and one of his Majeſties moſt Honourable Privie *Counſell.*

SIR,

HAD the hand of Death but ſhooke, when it levelled at this reverend Doctor, the Dart had ſtrucke either you or me; for, at his laſt meale, made at your Honourable Fathers Table (which he

out-lived not two houres) he ſate between us, healthfull and chearfull. The Cuſtome of the Ægyptians was at their ſolemne Feaſts, to bring in death by Proxy; here he came in Perſon. GOD keepe him long from the upper end of this Table: As I, who ſate by his left hand, preſume to bee his Poet; ſo you, who ſate on his right, vouchſafe to be my Patron; to whom I devote this Elegie, as a Monument of his excellent worth, and my entire love, who am

Yours in the true affection

of a faithfull heart,

FRA: QUARLES.

AN ELEGIE.

1.

I Cannot hold; My day growes darke and dull;
My troubled Ayre is dampe: my clouds are full;
The windes are ſtill; my ſtormy ſighes are ſpent;
I muſt powre downe; my ſoule muſt burſt, or vent:
No Azure dapples my bedark'ned skies;
My Paſſion has no April in her Eyes:
I cannot ſpend in miſts: I cannot mizzle:
My fluent braines are too ſevere to drizzle
Sleight drops: my prompted fancie cannot ſhowre,
And ſhine within an howre.

2.

YEt thoſe that weepe on truſt, that feed their eares
With ſad reports, and ground their Inhorne tears
On babling Fame, whoſe wiſdomes are perplext
To draw forth learned Coments from the Text
Of unknowne worth, that uſe t'embalme the dead
With drops of courſe, and Art (drops lively ſhed
From copied paſſion) ô let ſuch perfume
Suſpitious lines with skill; whileſt I preſume
On ſtrength of Nature; Sorrow can infuſe
A ſpirit without a Muſe.

3.

I Need no Art to ſet a needleſſe gloſſe
Vpon true griefe, or beautifie a loſſe
With rak'd invention; My rude Pen forbeares
To burniſh ſorrow, or to poliſh tearrs;
No farre-fetch'd Metaphor ſhall ſmooth or ſlick
My ruffled ſtraine, no ſtrict review ſhall lick
My rugged lines; our ſlow pac'd feet ſhall tread
A careleſſe garbe, and being ſadly led,
Shall blunder on, like thoſe whoſe ſteps are turning
To the ſad houſe of mourning.

4.

COme Reader come, Put off thy common weed,
And dreſſe thy ſoule in ſables; come and feed
Thy Lungs with lib'rall ſighs, and drench thine eyes
With holy water; let thy Fountaines riſe
And fill thy ſanguine Ciſternes to the brim:
Spread forth thy widened Armes, and learne to ſwim
In thine owne teares, or elſe their haſty ſtreames
May chance to overwhelme thee in th'extreames
Of boyſtrous paſſion: Paſſion has no bounds;
It conquers, or compounds.

This

5.

THis day our darkned Hemiſpheare has loſt
A glorious ſtarre, whoſe brightneſſe did, almoſt,
Appeare another Sunne, whoſe heaven-bred rayes
Shot forth ſuch Flames at darkneſſe, that our dayes,
Vnſoil'd with ſhades, did ſeeme to overthrow
Hell Gates, and make another heaven below:
But now our heaven is clouded, our bright ſtarre
Is raviſht hence, our Iſraels Weſterne Carre
Hath loſt a wheele; and we have chang'd our light
To ſhades; our day to night.

6.

THis day a Starre is falne, whoſe golden head
Guilt everie eye with flame, whoſe luſtre led
The wandring Wiſemen of the world to ſee
The ſacred object of a bended knee:
That Starre, by whoſe faire conduct we addreſt
To view that Babe, new-borne in every breſt;
That gracious Starre, which glorified our ſpheare;
That fill'd each eye with object, every eare
With Oracle; That Starre has loſt her light,
And cloath'd our eyes with night.

7.

THis day a Pillour's falne, that did ſupport
The holy Rafters of faire *Sions* Court;
A great Coloſſe, whoſe marble ſhoulders bore
So large a ſhare, that even the ſacred floore
Did ſtartle, and her conſecrated wall
Did ſhake and tremble at the ſudden fall:
Our Pillour's downe, that Pillour which became
By day, our Iſraels Cloud; by night her flame:
What eye that loves our *Sion* can behold
Such ruines, and yet hold?

8.

GReat pale-fac'd Tyrant, child of mans tranſgreſſi-
O could thy crueltie finde no expreſſion (on,
More milde than this? In ſuch a time to beare
A Shepheard hence, and the bold Wolfe ſo neare?
What arm ſhall reſcue us? what crook ſhall guide us?
What hand ſhall fold us? or what Cave ſhall hide us?
O, what heroick heart will interpoſe
Betwixt our lifes, and our blood-thirſtie foes?
Great pale-fac'd Tyrant, 'tis our Shepheards heart
That bleeds; but ours, that ſmart.

But

9:

BVt what can teares availe? Or what reliefe
Can ſad complaint expect! Can whining griefe
Vnlocke the brazen Gates of griſly death,
And warme his Aſhes with a ſecond breath?
Husband thy fighes; hoard up thy fluent teares
For thine owne uſe: Thy well-examin'd yeares
Will finde a juſt occaſion to diſpend
More drops than thy poore Stock can recommend;
Leave him to reſt; His bleſt eſtate appeares
No ſubject for thy teares.

10.

GOe glorious Soule, and lay thy Temples downe
In *Abrams* boſome, in the ſacred Doune
Of ſoft Eternitie; be full poſſeſt
With holy Armefuls of Angellike reſt:
Put on thy Milke-white Robe, and take the prize
Of promis'd glorie; let the gladder eyes
Of ſmooth-fac'd Cherubims, enrich'd with ſmiles,
Dart beames of everlaſting joy; the whiles
Poore we transforme our teares into a truſt,
To ſpring a Phœnix from a Phœnix duſt.

Merces peccati mors eſt; & janua vita.

MILDREIADOS.

TO

THE BLESSED

MEMORY OF THAT

faire Manuſcript of Vertue and unblemiſht Honour,

MILDRED,

LA. LUCKYN.

The late Wife of Sr *William Luckyn*, of little *Waltham* in the County of *Eſſex*, BARONET:

Daughter to Sr *Gamaliell Capell* of Rookwoods Hall in the ſaid County, Knight.

Conſecrated and written by FR. QUA.

LONDON,

Printed for IOHN MARRIOT.

1638.

——nomen
Semper honorandum (sic Numina vultis) habebo.

TO MY HONOURABLE AND DEARE FRIEND,

Sr William Luckyn, BARONET.

SIR,

TO whom can theſe leaves owe themſelves, but you? whoſe the Author is; and to whom the bleſſed life and death of this Sainted Lady hath beene, and is (to my knowledge) a religious and continued Meditation. Shee was yours: and the termes whereon you parted with her, was no ill Bargaine. Having a double Intreſt (and, in that, a treble Bleſſing) for more than twelve yeares, could you expect leſſe than to loſe the Principall? But Almighty GOD hath ſhowne

ſhowne himſelfe ſo gracious a Dealer, that wee looke for extraordinary Penny worths at his bountifull Hand. Your wiſe dome knowes practically that our Affecti ons muſt keep ſilence when his Will's th Speaker: Hee knew her fitter for Heaven than Earth, and therefore tranſplanted her. He found her full ripe, and therefore ga thered her. I preſent what here is to you wherein you ſhall receive but the ſelf-ſam by Number and by Meaſure; which, be fore, you had by Waight. Bee pleaſed t accept it from the hand of him that make a Relique of her Memorie, and is

Your moſt affectionate friend

to ſerve you,

FRA: QUARLES

AN ELEGIE.

1.

ARe all Quils dead? Or be they buried deepe
In black-mouth'd *Lethe's* bottomeleſſe abyſſe?
How come our Poets, that were wont to keepe
Sorrows ſad Vigils ſtrictly, ſo remiſſe?
Are they growne dull or drowzy? Can ſoft ſleepe
Charme them at ſuch a needfull Time as this?
Or has dumbe Griefe found out a newer faſhion
To character her thoughts, & cloath her Paſſion,
Then eye-bedawbing teares, and printed Lamentatiõ?

2.

BE what it will be, Reader; I muſt pay
My vows to Vertes Altar, muſt be bold
To ſcorne Example, and to tread that way
Which blunt Affection leads; Or, new, or old,
I value not: I have a Word to ſay,
That all the world muſt heare: I cannot hold.
Great Spirit of Truth; If this Threnodian ſtory
Entend her Honour with thy loſſe of Glory.
Strike dumb theſe lips; ſtrike dead theſe knees that fal (before ye.

3.

COme ſweet Infuſer of Diviner Straines,
From whõ the ſtreams of hallowed Paſſion flow,
Dart thy bright beames into my raviſh'd Braines;
Enlarge my ſtraightned thoughts, that they may
To all the world, frõ Princes, down to Swains, ſhow
What heav'nly Powers, and warbling Angels know;
Guide thou my hand; Inſpire my Quill & me (be
With Truth and Art; Thou know'ſt thoſe tears that
Dropt for the death of Saints are conſecrate to Thee.

Diſturbe

4.

DIsturbe me not you loads of Fleſh and Blood,
You nat'rall Parents of unnaturall Paſſion;
Sinke not mine eyes in that tempeſtuous flood,
Which hurries Faith from her appointed ſtation;
Hence lumpiſh Griefe, that onely ſerves to brood
The mungrell whelps of dunghill Contemplation;
Hence all that's earthy; O, my ſoule, refine
Thy droſſy thoughts (or be no thoughts of mine)
And like our ſubject prove no leſſe, than all divine.

5.

EVen ſuch was Shee: Her richly furniſh'd breſt
Was a faire Temple; and her heart, a Shrine,
Guarded with troops of Angels, where did reſt
A Glorie nine times greater than the Nine:
Her ſoule was fill'd with Heav'n, and full poſſeſt
With heav'nly Raptures; She was all divine:
She was a Harmony, where ev'rie Part
Was ſung by Graces, ſo compos'd by Art,
It rouz'd up ev'ry eare, it raviſht ev'ry heart.

6.

FOr ever blaſted be thoſe narrow Eyes,
That looke aſquint upon this holy Shrine;
Thrice be thoſe lips accurs'd that dare diſguize
The Sacred Temple of the glorious Trine;
Still may thoſe eares be fed with Iarres and Lies,
That cannot reliſh Muſick ſo Divine:
Who ere thou be, that dare attempt to ſpot
So pure a Name, O may it prove thy lot,
For ever to be knowne the Thing that ſhe was not.

7.

GVſh forth mine Eyes,& when your floods be ſpent,
Borrow new Tides from Paſſions Oratory;
Take ſtreames on truſt, untill your Flood-gates vent
The Common ſtock, and weep an Allegorie;
If hearts turne ſtones, make very ſtones relent,
And help to beare the burthen of thy Story:
O, here's a Subject that ſhall force and teare
The Portals of an Adamantine eare; (teare.
Yet ſooner breake a heart, perchance, than broach a

8.

HAd ſhe beene onely that, which ſerves to raiſe
The name of woman to a common height;
Had ſhe been onely that, which, now adayes,
With ſome Allowance makes perfection weight;
She had deſerv'd her ſhare of common praiſe,
Perchance, and had been priz'd above her rate,
But ſhe was All, her ſubſtance had no Skumme
She was a perfect Quinteſſence, in whom
All others Items met, and made one Totall ſumme.

9.

IN Birth, her Blood was Noble; In her life,
Severely pious; ſweet in Converſation;
A happy Parent; and a loyall Wife;
In words, diſcreet; Divine in Contemplation:
Slow to admit, apt to compoſe a ſtrife;
Secret in Almes; and full of milde Compaſſion;
Potent and free in *Canaans* Oratory;
In life and death a rare ſelected Story,
In life a Saint in Grace; In death, a Saint in Glory.

Knowledge

10.

KNowledge that often puffs the ſpungy Braine,
Gave her the Treaſure of a lowly breſt;
Wiſedome, that, once abus'd, turns Trap and Traine,
Built in her ſimple heart the Turtles neſt;
Riches, that cloathe the brow with proud diſdaine,
Made her appeare farre leſſer than the leaſt; (which
She had true knowledge, wiſdome, wealth, in
Sh'enjoy'd her God, his glory was her pitch;
True knowledge made her wiſe; True wiſdome made (her Rich.

11.

LAdies, let not your emulous ſtomacks ſwell
To heare Perfection crown'd: There may accrew
Some honour to your names: If you excell,
Joves Bird has fruitfull wings, which daily mue
More ſprightly Quils than ours; die you as well,
(Heav'n grant ye may) they'll doe no leſſe for you?
Till then expect it not, know halfe your Glory
Shines at your death; But dead, they wil reſtore ye,
From your forgotten Duſt, & write your perfect ſtory.

12.

MAy this rare Patterne dwell before your eye,
When time ſhall pleaſe t'unclaſpe your fleſhy Cage;
Her holy death will teach ye all to die,
And ſcorne the malice of Infernall rage;
She dy'd at halfe her dayes; and know ye, why?
She was a Rule propos'd to Youth, to Age;
She way a light, that glorified your dayes;
Obſcur'd, alone, by our inferiour Praiſe;
The vertue of the world was but her Periphraſe.

Now

13.

NOw blow thy Trumpe, and see if Envy durst
Presume to snarle, or vent her frothy Gall;
Fame blow aloud; Let Envy snarle her worst;
Doe; let her fret, and fume, and foame, and fall
Stark-mad: Blow louder, till the Bedlim burst,
And stinck; and taint her newes-corrupting Hall;
Blow Fame, & spare not: If some base-bred tongue
That wants a name to lose, should chance to wrog
Thy honour'd Trumpets breath, then make thy blast
(more strong

14.

OBut this light is out: What wakefull eyes
E'r mark'd the Progresse of the Queen of light,
Rob'd with full Glorie in her Austrian skies.
Vntill at length in her young Noone of night
A swarth Tempestuous Cloud doth rise, and rise,
And hides her lustre from our darkned sight:
Even so too early Death (that has no cares
Upon to suits) in her scarce Noone of yeares,
Dasht out our light, and left the Tempest in our teares.

15.

PAtents of humane lifes are short; and drawne
Without a Clause, and with a secret Date;
Our day is spent, before it scarcely dawne,
Each Vrn's appointed, come it soon or late;
The coorse-grain'd Lockrom, and the white-skin
Are both subjected to the selfe-same Fate;
Fate throwes at all, Death sips of ev'rie blood,
Had she but slain the bad, she spar'd the Good
Our Quil had spar'd this Trick, our eies had spar'd
Blood.

16.

QVickfinger'd Death's impartiall, and let's flie
Her ſhafts at all; but aimes with fouler ſpite
At fairer Markes; She, now and then, ſhoots by
And hits a Foole; but levels at the White.
She often pricks the Eagle in the Eye,
And ſpares the Carkas of the flagging Kite;
Queens drop away; when blue leg'd *Maukin* lives;
drones thrive, whē Bees are burnt within their hives
And Courtly *Mildred* dies, when Country *Madge*
(ſurvives,

17.

RETract that word, falſe Quill: O let mine Eyes
Redeeme that language with a thouſand teares:
Our *Mildred* is not dead: How paſſion lies!
How ill that ſound does reliſh in theſe eares!
Can ſhe be dead, whoſe conqu'ring ſoule defies
The Bands of death; and worſe than death, the fears?
No, no, ſhe ſits enthron'd, and ſmiles to ſee
Our childiſh paſſions; ſhe triumphs, while we
n ſorow, blaze her death, that's death-& ſorow-free.

18.

SWeet ſoule, forgive the Treaſon of my Pen,
Which makes thy State the ſubject of a teare,
nd with falſe whining kils thee once agen;
Forgive our folly, or diſdaine to heare;
hou art an Angel, we, alas, but Men,
Our words are Nonſenſe in thy purer eare:
We craul below, while thou ſitt'ſt crown'd above,
Fill'd with the peace of Heav'ns Tri-une Iehove;
t in our childiſh teares accept our childiſh love.

Thou

19.

THou sitt'st attended with those heav'nly Bands,
That bring our Tydings to th'Eternall Throne:
Thy blood-watht soule, now views and understands
That glorious One in Three, that Three in One;
To th'safe protection of whose sacred hands,
Thy gasping lips convey'd their latest groane:
Thou seest those Glorious Persons, whereunto
Thy dying breath did tender, and bestow (too.
The care of thy deare Spouse, and Babes, and th'Infant

20.

UNdoubted Peace, and sempeternall Ioy
Rests thy faire Soule in everlasting Blisse;
Compar'd to thine, how I contemne this Toy,
This life, and all this silly world cals, This!
At all adventures, may those hands convey
My soule, (which carried thine) where thy soule is:
Blest Heire of life, If such a Thing could be, (Thee,
That Heav'ns pearle Portals should bee close to
What should become of Man! what should become of
(me!

21.

WOrds call in words! O from this fruitfull Theam,
As from a Spring, floods issue forth, and meet,
And swell into a Sea: Streame joynes with streame:
Our weary Numbers have regain'd new feet,
And bring in Stuffe more fit to load a Reame,
Then to be lodg'd within a slender Sheet:
The thirsty soule, whose trembling fingers touch
The swelling Bowle may soone transgresse; & such
That ne'r can speak enough, may easly speak too much.

18.

YEt one word more; And then my Quill and I
Will woo *Apollo*, and beg leave to play:
Youth, learne to live; and deeper Age, to die;
This heav'n-fled Saint hath scor'd ye both, the way:
Your Rule's above, but your Example's by;
Heav'n sets not earth such Copies ev'ry day.
Her vertues be your Guide; They lie before ye;
So shall ye adde more Honour to her Story,
And gain your selves a Crowne; and gain her Crown
(more Glory

The end.

Her EPITAPH.

Wee boaſt no vertues, and wee beg no teares;
O Reader; if thou haſt but Eyes and Eares
It is enough; But tell mee, why
Thou com'ſt to gaze? Is it to pry
Into our Coſt, or borrow
A Copy of our ſorrow?
Or doſt thou come
To learne to die,
Not knowing whō
To practice by?
If this bee thy deſire
Thē draw thee one ſtep nigher;
Here lies a Preſident; a rarer
Earth never ſhow'd; nor heav'n, a fairer,
She was--But room forbids to tel thee what;
Summe all perfection up, and She was That.

Eſſe ſui voluit Monumentum & Pignus Amoris.